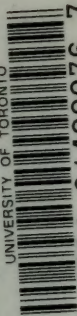


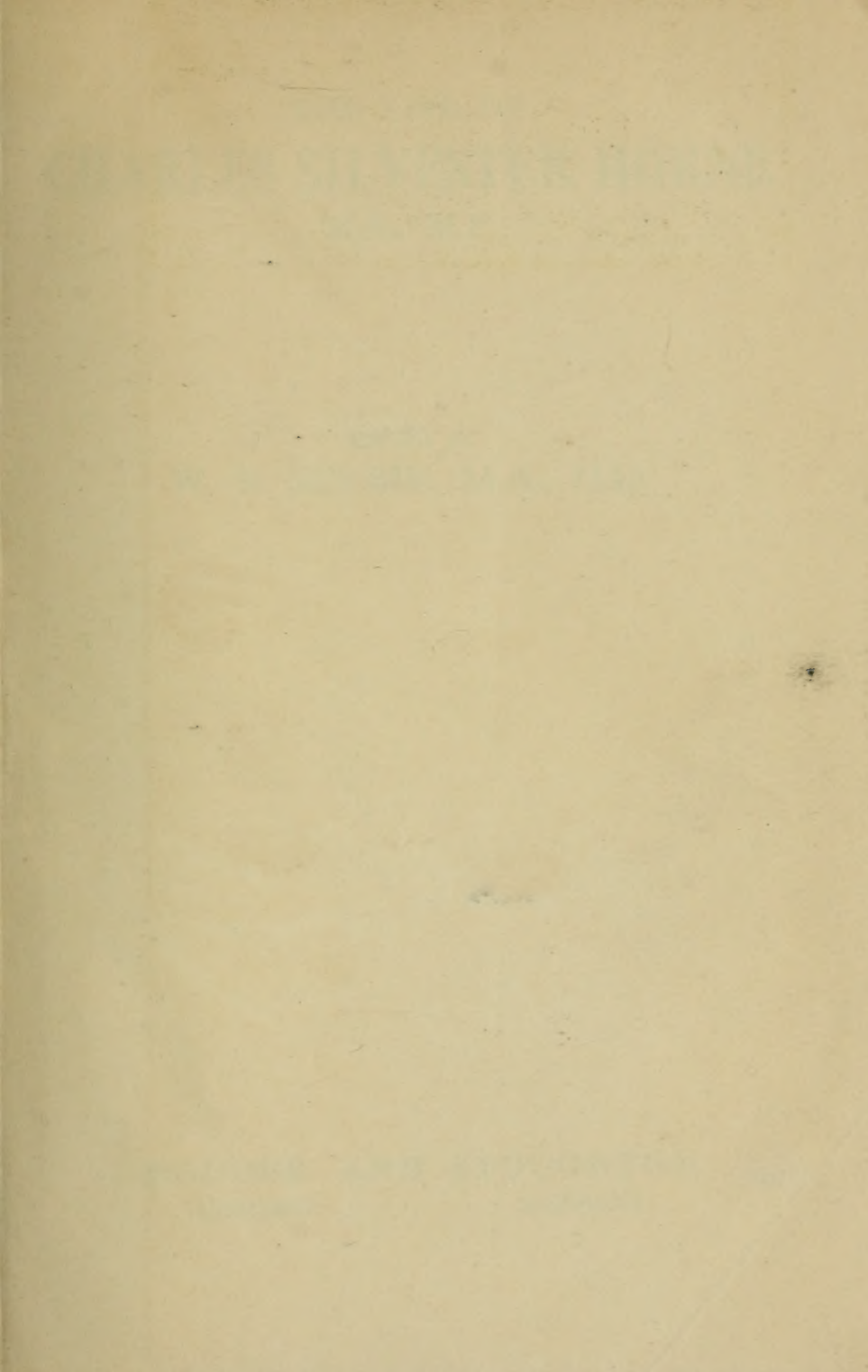
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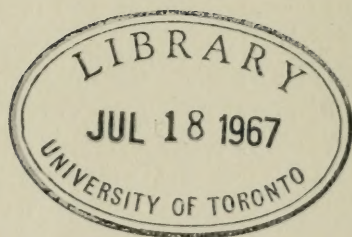
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THE LIFE OF
CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE
M.A., M.P.

EDITED BY
W. B. SELBIE, M.A., D.D.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LIMITED LONDON



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PREFACE

THIS book is overdue. Its appearance has been delayed by the war and other causes, and would hardly have been possible now but for Mrs. Horne, who has spent infinite pains in collecting and arranging her husband's voluminous papers and letters. My work has been largely that of an editor, and has been greatly helped by her, and by Horne's two brothers, and other members of his family, as well as by his close friend Dr. J. D. Jones. I have thought it well, wherever possible, to let Horne speak for himself. Hence the numerous extracts from his diary and letters. This method accounts for the fact that the space allotted to his work at Whitefields seems somewhat less than the importance of the work requires. The diary had come to an end by that time, and the letters of that period naturally deal with events away from home. The book might have been longer and fuller, but it was thought well to keep it within strict limits, that it might be issued at a price within the reach of all. I hope, however, that it will serve as a not inadequate memorial of a great soul and a strenuous and most useful life.

W. B. SELBIE.

OXFORD,
August 1920.

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

IF "the proper study of mankind is man," then no further excuse is needed for attempting to write a biography. Even the most commonplace lives have an interest of their own, and can contribute something of warning or example to the sum total of human experience. But in the case of those who stand out from the common crowd, and leave a deeper mark upon their time, there is an added reason for placing on record something of what they were and did. Piety as well as curiosity has its claims, and it is well to show the world that the good that men do can be made to live after them. To his friends Silvester Horne was one of those radiant beings whom to know was to love, and whose memory irresistibly invites to the task of commemoration. Though he was cut off in his prime, he had had his "crowded hour of glorious life," and the record of his earnest service and passionate devotion to great causes has still its work to do. As though he had some foreboding that his days would not be long in the land, he spent his powers almost recklessly, meeting life like a great adventure, and losing himself utterly in the tasks he found to his hand. He was ever an impenitent Radical and an incurable idealist, and it is certain that he would have those who come after him forget the man in the work he tried to do, or at least only remember him in order to enhance and further the causes for which he stood. If there is any section of the community to which the story here told

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should make a special appeal, it is to the younger men and women of the Free Churches all over the world. Horne stood always for a positive Free Churchmanship, and for the Congregational Church order as its best means of expression. Superior people will probably say that this meant for him a narrow outlook and a restricted range of influence. Nothing could be further from the truth. A Congregational minister who is worthy of his vocation, and takes it seriously, occupies a position of the greatest possible freedom. He calls no man Master or Lord, and he is able to declare without fear or favour the truth as he has received and knows it. Bound by no written creed, he can shape his message to suit the changing need of the times, and yet in humble submission to the Spirit of God, who guides men into all the truth, can remain utterly loyal to the great fundamentals of the Christian faith. The power and liberty which this position gives are well illustrated in the life before us. In the pulpit, on the platform, and in the Press, Silvester Horne gave a Christian witness of consistent and cumulative force. Being dead he still speaks; and if the story of his life can but enshrine his message in some more permanent form, it will not have been written in vain.

It was in the quiet village of Cuckfield, in Sussex, that Charles Silvester Horne first saw the light, on April 15, 1865. He was the youngest of four children of Charles Horne, minister of the Cuckfield Congregational Church, and his wife, Harriet Silvester. The father had been trained at Springhill College, Birmingham, where he was a contemporary of Dr. Dale and Dr. Paton. He graduated at London University, and throughout his life retained his interest in things intellectual, and especially in theology. He was an ardent politician, intensely patriotic, and devoted heart and soul to the cause of progress. Among his friends he was much relied on for his sound judgment, both in

private and public matters ; but he was a man of few words, modest and retiring to a fault, and content to make himself felt rather than seen or heard. His wife, a daughter of Leonard Simpson, of Birkenhead, was a woman of strong character and keen and enthusiastic temperament. She was Puritan in her strictness and self-repression, and the atmosphere of the home owed everything to her high ideals and devout spirit. The children were made to feel that the two things which mattered supremely were religion and education. Of money there was little enough, but it was always regarded as but a means to an end. Personal expenditure came second to religious and charitable objects, and there was no hesitation in spending capital in order to give the children the best education possible.

When the youngest child was still an infant, the family removed from Cuckfield to the little market town of Newport, in Shropshire. Here Charles Horne became editor of the local newspaper, the *Newport Advertiser*, which was owned by his wife's uncle, Charles Silvester. He also became partner with Mr. Silvester in a printing and bookselling business, to the control of which he ultimately succeeded. For this purpose he gave up the Congregational Ministry, so that it is only in a very limited sense that his boy would be described as a son of the manse. It was at Newport that Silvester Horne was educated and spent the whole of his boyhood. Though just on the border of Staffordshire, and within easy reach of a busy industrial district, Newport itself is a purely agricultural market town of some 3,000 inhabitants. Its chief distinction is an old endowed grammar school, where an excellent education is provided at a moderate cost. At this school the Horne boys were brought up, and the elder brother Leonard writes of it as follows: "In those days the Headmaster of the Grammar School was Mr. Tom Collins, whose manly character, energy, and good nature exerted a very

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strong and healthy influence. He fostered games, which, however, never assumed the importance attached to them in boarding schools; and he saw that a good all-round education was given, though his own chief interest was in teaching Greek and Latin. An exception must be made as regards science, of which the boys learnt little at that time. Charlie passed through the school, rising from class to class with too little exertion, his quick intelligence and retentive memory making everything easy to him. He did not distinguish himself, however, except in English, where he showed real power of expression and the faculty of committing to memory long poems and speeches in the plays of Shakespeare. He played cricket and football with zest and success. The boys who attended the school were largely sons of farmers of the neighbourhood and of the professional men and tradesmen of the town. But there was also a large contingent of the sons of labourers and artizans who entered with scholarships from the elementary schools, and this fusion of classes was probably one of the influences which helped to make Charlie so much at home with all sorts and conditions of men, and especially with the congregations of little village chapels up and down the country."

But other and more potent influences even than the school went to the shaping of Silvester Horne. During his boyhood the home life was very much under the domination of the newspaper which his father edited. The whole family was sometimes occupied in proof-reading—an excellent training in accuracy and correct expression—and at a very early age Horne became familiar with the processes of printing, and used to set up in type his own compositions, both in prose and verse. But the paper also led naturally to politics, and under his father's wise guidance the boy began to acquire the taste and enthusiasm for politics which remained with him throughout his life. Though known as an ardent

Liberal and Nonconformist, the elder Horne was accustomed to write with a sobriety and fairmindedness which, except, perhaps, at election times, commended his paper to many whose politics were of a very different complexion from his own. He always recognized that there are two sides to most questions, and tried to understand opinions which he could not share. His weekly "leaders" won him very considerable influence in the locality, and men looked to see what he had to say on matters both of local and national interest. In those days politics were very lively. Newport was a stronghold of Conservatism, though it contained a good many Radicals who found their inspiration in the Birmingham of Dale, Chamberlain, and Bright. At this same fountain of inspiration Silvester Horne gladly and eagerly drank.

Another and very powerful influence of Horne's boyhood was the Newport Congregational Chapel and the Sunday school attached to it. The chapel was the most considerable Nonconformist place of worship in the town, and exercised an unusual influence, largely through Mr. Mark Thompson and Mrs. Horne's kinsman, Charles Silvester, a man of fine presence and saintly character, and the little band of devout fellow-workers who gathered round them. Horne joined the church at the age of sixteen, but he does not seem to have owed much to any of its ministers. Nonconformity was a very unfashionable thing in Newport, and the church could only afford a small stipend. So ministers came and went without leaving any very permanent mark. The real life of the church centred in the good men and women who composed its membership and carried on its work. They were in those days a fine and enthusiastic company. In the cliquy atmosphere of a little country town it was to friendships within the church that the Horne family were almost entirely confined, and it was to the teachers in the Sunday school and to the leaders of the

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Mutual Improvement Society that Silvester Horne owed all the religious education he obtained outside his home. In the Sunday school he learned to know his Bible well, and owed much to the example and devotion of the humble and simple men and women who gave their time and energy to the training of the young in Christian ways. Horne began teaching himself at an early age. When he was between fourteen and fifteen he had charge of a class of small boys, and at the same time we find him writing papers for the Chapel Literary Society, then almost the only centre of intellectual interest in the town. A little later he began to help in the services at a village preaching station called the Outwoods, and he was not much more than sixteen when he preached his first sermon there in a farm kitchen to a handful of village folk. Though he had sometimes thought of the Bar as a career, from this time forward grew his desire to be a preacher of the Gospel. The religious convictions formed thus early deepened with the years, and even amid storm and stress never lost their first passion and buoyancy. But there was nothing morbid or precocious about the religion of his early years. He was a perfectly natural boy, keen, lively, and intelligent, with a marked faculty for making friends with all sorts and conditions of people. He had a saving sense of humour which would break out into doggerel rhymes on all sorts of occasions. These, like his more serious efforts at versification in later years, were often above the average, and always showed considerable command of language. They witness to his irrepressible youthfulness of spirit, and formed a real relief from graver things.

At the early age of sixteen Horne found himself at the top of the Grammar School. Newport could do nothing more for him, and he was too young for an English University. It was therefore decided to send him to Scotland. After a few months' private study at Kingston-on-Thames under the tuition of his brother Leonard,

who had just graduated at Cambridge, he gained an open bursary at Glasgow, and went into residence there in the autumn of 1881.

Horne went up to Glasgow with his future still uncertain, but with a growing inclination towards the Congregational ministry. He showed no special brilliance as a student, but did his work conscientiously and well, though he was often critical as to the methods followed and sceptical as to the utility of the results achieved. The only one of his teachers who seems to have permanently influenced him was Dr. Edward Caird,¹ then Professor of Moral Philosophy. Among his fellow-students he easily took the lead, and was always popular. He soon became the leading champion of Liberalism in their debates, and his power as a speaker made him one of the best-known men in the university in his time. He thoroughly enjoyed the robust intellectual atmosphere of the north, and in his classical, literary, and philosophical studies he laid an excellent foundation for the theological course which was to follow.

Of the life at Glasgow Horne's friend and fellow-student, the Rev. A. Furner, writes as follows :—

“When I want to set down my recollections of my early companionship with Horne, the task is not so easy as I thought it would be, for there seems so much it is good to remember, and so little to record, when he and I were fellow-students at Glasgow and lived together. The picture my memory draws of him in those days differs little from my remembrance of him in later years, for happily success did not spoil him, nor did his strenuous life rob him of that almost boyish zeal with which he threw himself into every task he undertook.

“Of his years as a student at Glasgow there is, I think, nothing of special interest to record. He always took

¹ Afterwards Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

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a good place in his classes, yet without any special distinction that I remember. That happy gift of doing things quickly and easily which was so characteristic in his later years was his then, and though he worked quite honestly in all his college work, he knew nothing of the 'fag and grind of midnight oil' which is associated with the idea of the arduous student. But his days were never wasted, for his reading and interests embraced many things which lay very wide of the regular work of his college life.

"In those days, in all political affairs connected with the University, Horne was an enthusiastic Liberal, and he entered into them with the whole-hearted enthusiasm which we were familiar with in his later years. In the election of Lord Rector, which was the great political occasion in the University life, Horne was always in the forefront of the fray—a merry, inventive, and most enthusiastic worker. In the 'Dialectic,' too, where he was a frequent and popular speaker, it was the political contests in which he most gladly took part. G. H. Morrison, Hugh Black, Cosmo Lang,¹ with Horne and others whose names have since then become familiar, shared the honours of those eager discussions, and so gave early promise of the success which later years have brought to them.

"The students at Glasgow had not many opportunities for preaching, but Horne and I knew the ministers at Coatbridge and Airdrie, and often went to one or other of those churches to conduct the services; and we helped in some of the missions, and were frequent speakers at the Sunday morning meetings of the Foundry Boys Association. In all such work Horne was a willing helper, and although always a welcome speaker, there was no suggestion then of the power which his later ministry revealed. During his time in Glasgow Horne was connected with Elgin Place Church, where Dr. Goodrich

¹ Now Archbishop of York.

then ministered, and he owed much, as indeed we all did, to Dr. Goodrich's ministry and friendship.

"Some of my happiest memories of those student days gather about our summer holidays. In 1886 Horne and I had a walking tour in Wales with James Culross. Then, again, in 1888, we went up the Rhine together, and stayed for a time at Heidelberg. These holidays Horne always planned and managed, and although often the plans proved wrong or the management faulty, his companionship made them holidays never to be forgotten."

During the whole of his time at college Horne kept up a regular correspondence with his home. The following letters show, better than any description, the variety of his aims and interests at this time.

To his Mother

"GLASGOW,

"December 8, 1884.

". . . The first Dialectic debate came off on Friday. The first debate always excites considerable interest, as it may be taken as indicative of the way the divisions are likely to go. So far I am quite satisfied with the results of my canvassing. The subject was 'Hereditary Government.' The debate was a good one and lively. I found that references to Earl Cairns and Lord Garmoyne had a riling effect on the Tories, also that mention of Lord Fitzwilliam's name, who was in prison at the division on the Franchise Bill, did not tend to soothe them. We had much fun at the expense of the Lords, and won by a majority of nineteen. So far, so good.

"A movement has been set on foot for providing a Students' Union for Glasgow, on a similar plan to the Oxford and Cambridge Unions. The Edinburgh men are hard at work raising funds now, and there is no doubt

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that we ought to have one. Representatives from all the leading clubs and societies are to meet this week or next. I am appointed as a representative of the Liberal Club, and I intend to take the matter up heartily. Unless you have had experience of the life here, you have no idea of what a need this is. To students living out of College there are so few opportunities of getting to know one another and making those real College friendships and having that student intercourse which one feels will be always valuable. Jebb and Ramsay are quite enthusiastic, and I believe most if not all of the professors will co-operate heartily. A reference to it at a business meeting of the Dialectic after the debate on Friday provoked great enthusiasm among the men.

"I have been offered the superintendency of the Sunday school, but as you will easily imagine, I am not enthusiastic. In fact, I don't know that I have natural sternness enough for such a set of children as ours, and consequently it would only be a burden. At the same time, there are many improvements I think which ought to be made in the school and might be made. For this reason I feel inclined to try it, but have not decided yet."

To his Father

"GLASGOW,

"February 16, 1885.

"... Last Tuesday John Morley was up delivering his Presidential address to the Junior Liberal Association, and on Saturday I received from the Secretary 100 tickets to distribute to members of our Club. They were Reserved Seat tickets, so we were fortunate. . . . The Hall was very well filled and the platform uncomfortably full. John Morley is very young-looking, with a finely cut head and a good delivery. His speech

was the most striking one I ever listened to, and his utterances on the Egyptian question came in very useful. Probably you read the speech, so there is no need for me to describe it, but every sentence told. There was a crowded Dialectic meeting on Friday, the Foreign Policy being all the go just now. I had had such a sore throat all the week that I was afraid I should not be able to speak, but fortunately this was not so. It was very difficult to get on, because feeling ran so high that there were violent demonstrations at almost every sentence. One Liberal spoke on the other side, and there was a tremendous shout of jubilation from the Tories, and, of course, of execration from the Liberals. The voting was very exciting, and no one seemed to know who had won. At last, however, the official count proved the result a tie, and then Lambie, our Radical Chairman, voted against the Foreign Policy, and I was done. It's just like my luck. Last time I led a debate on Total Abstinence, I was defeated by the casting vote of the Chairman.

"And now I must tell you of the Union meeting, held on Saturday in the Bute Hall. There was a crowded attendance of students, but during the first part of the proceedings they were very quiet. Lambie explained our scheme, and then Dr. Bruce Young moved that 'it is desirable to form a Union.' This was carried with great enthusiasm. Wenley moved the election of a Committee, consisting of representatives from all the Clubs and societies. This was carried, as also were the other two motions which you will see stated in the report. . . .

"There was an unprecedented scene at Natural Philosophy on Tuesday morning. Last Monday the paper was a most absurd one. I could not do a question in it, and it seemed my case was that of about one-third of the class. Some, like Jim, fell back on the ingenious idea of sending in so many blank sheets with their name at the back, so that if he weighs the papers, as

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seems probable, they would get good marks. Well, on Tuesday, as soon as Bottomley came in, there was a howl and a hiss and a general uproar. The scene 'beggars description.' Bottomley did not evidently understand, and I was perplexed as to what it meant, though I half guessed. Bottomley stood there as white as a sheet amid the most frightful execrations. At last one student got up and explained that it was the paper that was objected to. On this Bottomley, amid prolonged howls, produced a paper and endeavoured to defend it, but the Class would hear of no defence. All through the hour there was a steady tramping of feet and periodic hisses. The Paper to-day is only slightly better. I don't know what to do. Here is half the term gone by and I seem to have got hardly elementary notions as to Natural Philosophy. Thomson ¹ and Bottomley seem to vie with one another to give you as little as possible that is helpful. The hours are literally wasted. If I am not to come a complete cropper in Mathematics I must contrive to get up some thoroughly sound ideas out of the textbooks. I am disgusted with the whole concern. . . ."

To his Mother

"GLASGOW,

" November 16, 1885.

" . . . I should like to be able to shut my ears till after Friday week, on which day Glasgow elections will be decided. The Kirk question rages here—everybody discusses it, and the whole thing is quite thrashed out. It is, I suppose, quite impossible to go to an Established Church now without hearing half the sermon devoted to Disestablishment. My landlord is an Established Churchman, but the sermons for Church Defence have so dis-

¹ Later Lord Kelvin. Though not greatly helped by his lectures, Horne often spoke of the simplicity and earnestness of his prayers at the opening of the session.

gusted him that he goes in now for Disestablishment. A few more Sundays of Church Defence sermons and Disestablishment will be safe.

"A few of us who are Congregational students held a meeting here the other evening, and decided to have a tea for the Congregational students of the University. We intend to invite the Congregational ministers of Glasgow, and we also intend to talk to them about their duty to students. We have elected Joseph Jones as President, because he is both a student (attending Hebrew and Church History) and an ordained minister. I am secretary for the present. We reckoned up about twenty-five that we know well, and we are going to put a notice up asking Congregational students to send in their names.

"On Saturday I went out to Airdrie to see Jones. Mr. Jenkins, the Congregational minister at Coatbridge, near Airdrie, was very unwell, and asked me to preach for him on the Sunday morning, which of course I did. I walked out to Coatbridge, a largish place of about 17,000 people. The Congregational Church is a very nice building, but unfortunately has a tremendous debt—a great burden to the people. There is a back gallery, but it is not opened. The body of the Church was well filled. It is very likely I may go over and preach for Mr. Jenkins again, as he thinks of taking a holiday.

"I went back to Airdrie after the service and went to Jones' place at night. This is an exceedingly nice chapel, wonderfully bright and attractive both inside and out. The people are very enthusiastic about him, and they tell me that the congregations are very greatly improved. If he preaches as well as he did last night, I don't wonder at it. . . ."

To his Mother

" GLASGOW,

" December 5, 1885.

" . . . My first word must be of hearty congratulation on the splendid success of Mr. Bickersteth. Indeed, you have done well in Shropshire to send three Liberals and one Tory for four county seats. All the counties have done well—Yorkshire especially. The Irish vote has helped the Tories to carry two county seats here : but that is nothing great to boast of, as they were both carried by very narrow majorities. I regret nothing so much in the whole election as Sir Wilfrid Lawson's defeat by ten votes. He is a man the House of Commons cannot afford to spare. . . .

" The most interesting event of the week has been the annual *soirée* of Jones' Church. This was held on Thursday last. As a rule they get one or two Glasgow ministers to go over and speechify, but as one or two who were asked could not go, Jones asked Furner, E. K. Evans, and me to go over instead. We agreed to go, and Jim came with us. The result, of course, was amusing. That we might not clash in our subjects we made the arrangement that Furner was to dress down the pastor (Jones), I was to dress down the congregation, and Evans' only remaining alternative was to dress down 'the previous speakers.' So far everything was satisfactory. We arrived and made our first trial of a real Scotch *Soirée*. As you deliver up your ticket you are handed a mysterious bag—much resembling the bag our children get at Treats—and with this bag you march to your seat gallantly. After due speculation from the outside, you explore the interior of the bag and find—everything. A sort of Scotch Haggis dry. Scones and cakes, biscuits and a packet of sweets, etc. etc. Then you have your tea, which you have to contrive to make stand upon the slanting pew-board. This is a lesson

in the inclined plane. I pass over the sneering remarks with which Furner passed me four or five cups of tea, insisting that it was to keep me from being 'very dry'; they were unworthy of the occasion. My turn to jeer was coming. I asked Jones in Furner's presence if there was good egress from his Church, as I was confident there would be a rush for the doors when Furner began to speak, and in the crush to get out a calamity might occur. Having been satisfied on this point, Furner, Evans, and I mounted the platform. The church was crowded, and looked very animating. After an address from an Airdrie minister, Furner's turn came. I must say he made a capital speech, as amusing as usual. His dry hits, however, were many of them lost on the Scotch congregation. They refused to see his joke that he had given up in despair the idea of talking on 'the Failings of Church Members,' as that subject would take years rather than minutes. But they screamed over his description of the eloquent young student who was closing a brilliant speech, and exclaimed 'My friends! the great need of the Church to-day is more men and fewer of them.' Evans sang the people a Welsh song, which seemed to highly amuse them. He has a very musical voice. I spoke on being charitable—the prevailing habit of criticism and so on. We had a most bright and interesting meeting, and got home to Glasgow about eleven o'clock. Furner is out preaching at Coatbridge to-day. . . .

"We shall have a tremendous row next Friday on Disestablishment at the Dialectic. Am afraid there is no chance of carrying it. They say it has never been carried. Had a good debate on the Theatre on Friday. I was in the Chair. . . .

"Have you seen that Mr. Goodrich¹ has been invited to Baldwin Brown's Church at Brixton? He is nearly

¹ Minister of Elgin Place Congregational Church, and afterwards of Chorlton Road, Manchester.

sure to go, as Glasgow has never suited him, and his wife has been ordered a change. . . . I certainly think he ought to go, and refused to sign the young men's petition asking him to stay. I went to hear him preach to-day, and he gave us a splendid sermon on the spirit of adoption. In point of preaching he will do well at Brixton, I should think.

"Nothing like turning elections to account. Furner has offered to stand treat if Harcourt and Roe got in for Derby if I would do the same if Bickersteth got in for Newport. I knew the first two were a certainty, and that the latter was very doubtful, so willingly closed the bargain. The result has been great feasting in Willowbank Street. Arthur also invited me to tea as Winterbotham was in. I have always thought well of Elections—especially when Liberals get in. . . ."

To his Mother

"GLASGOW,

"December 13, 1885.

" . . . On Tuesday, after classes, at three o'clock Jim and I sallied forth to Loch Burnie and had a grand time at skating until it was too dark to see. The ice was beautifully hard and clear, and the evening very bright with a splendid sunset. We enjoyed ourselves hugely. On Friday, when Furner and I got up to College, we found notices up that the Senate had granted a 'Skating Holiday,' and no classes would meet; but as it was then rapidly thawing, and continued so all day, the purpose of the holiday was a fraud.

"Mr. Goodrich has declined the invitation to succeed Baldwin Brown. We are all very much surprised up here that he should have refused it, as we felt certain he would go as soon as we heard that he had been invited. However, here he is *the* Congregational minister of Scotland: there he would be but one among very

many. Perhaps his present position is the most enviable.

"I am sending you a programme of our Total Abstinence Conversazione of last Wednesday night. It was a success: the room being well filled, and there being far more students present than at previous meetings of the kind. Professor Calderwood (Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh) made a most capital speech. He is the President of the T.A.S. at Edinburgh, and he impressed upon us that Professors and Students have their duties 'outside the class-room,' a sentiment that I cheered to the echo. In fact, he believes the more important part of our education is received otherwise than at classes and from books. I feel a great respect for Calderwood.

"McKendrick, our President, made a capital speech, and generally was invaluable in providing orchestra and performers. Furner and I persuaded several members of Jones' congregation to come over, and they all enjoyed themselves immensely. Furner has gone to Coatbridge to preach again, and I preach at Airdrie on Sunday next and at Macclesfield the Sunday after.

"The Debate on Disestablishment fell flat. There was an audience of little over a hundred. The holiday no doubt militated against it, and English and Welsh students did not take enough interest in the Disestablishment of the Scotch Church. The result was Disestablishment was lost by 50 to 36. All the Established Church Theological Hall of course trooped up and carried the day.

"I went to a Foundry Meeting this morning—a large hall very closely packed, about 400 in all, but of very varying ages. They sang splendidly, and I think we all enjoyed the meeting.

"To-morrow we have our Congregational students' gathering, when we hope to have a capital evening. On Saturday next is Caird's first Examination, involving very close work this week. . . ."

To his Mother

"GLASGOW,

"January 10, 1886.

" . . . At work again ! I am glad, after all, to be able to write it. There is but little more than three months till examination time and the final tug of war. Furner came back on the Tuesday morning, arriving at 6 a.m. He brought a great box of good things for our consumption, so that we are well supplied with luxuries just now. The weather has been a caution ! We have had deep snow and hard frosts : one complete thaw and severe frost in a single night leaving the streets as a sheet of glass. Yesterday we had glorious skating ; this morning we woke to find two inches of snow, which is now thawing fast. On Thursday morning I received a notice from the Secretary of the Dialectic Society that the President was resigning, as he had too much work on his hands. Next morning I found everyone in a fluster, as similar notices had been sent out generally. After consideration and deliberation with the other fellows, the general opinion was that I ought to stand for the Presidency, which with great hesitation I consented to do. The Election had, of course, to take place on Friday night. Stevenson was put up on the part of the Tories, and having been seven or eight years connected with the Society, had a great advantage in this way over myself. However, I did not trouble, not being very anxious either way, and the result showed that there was no necessity, as I received 50 votes to Stevenson's 15. The only troublous part of the business is that I shall thus have to sit opposite Professor Jebb at the dinner and hob-a-nob with all those old professors ! . . . Next piece of news. The result of Caird's Moral Philosophy Examination is published. The names are put in classes, but only in alphabetical order in the several classes. I am in the First class, but have no means of telling my position in it."

To his Mother

"GLASGOW,

"January 25, 1886.

"... Yesterday morning I went to speak at a Foundry meeting at Springbank. I was once before there at a meeting. It is a large, square hall holding, I should say, four or five hundred, and despite the weather, every seat was full. Furner came with me. The singing was capital. The mixing, however, of children who are pretty young with young men and women of twenty-five or so makes it a most difficult meeting to address successfully. On the whole we had a very good time, and enjoyed it.

"We are practising an anthem up at Mrs. B.'s. I ordered 'Daughter of Zion' at a music-seller's here, and he got me the wrong piece; but we got the right one afterwards, and I think all like it. I am practising the accompaniment on the violin, and as the others have no conception of the time, or M. B. of how to play the accompaniment, it is lively for the neighbours.

"Jim and I went to Mr. Goodrich's yesterday afternoon and heard a sermon to young women. Quite a treat to hear them pitched into: it's always young men who get it hot from the pulpit. L. ought to have been there! . . .

"This week promises to be very full of work. It continually happens here that a month's work will accumulate, whether you like it or not, on to one week. We have essays for Caird, exercises for Caird, Prose for Jebb, exam. coming on for Jebb, besides other work of a more regular description. This week, for the first time, my exercises for Caird were put in the First Class.

"The more I think of it and the more I read Fairbairn's articles, the more I am drawn towards Oxford. It is early yet to decide but not to consider. If there was a

20 EARLY DAYS, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

chance of getting a £25 scholarship, there ought to be a reasonable hope of materially increasing that sum by one's supply work. Then the fees should not be heavy at Mansfield, and lodging out of College ought to be reasonable. I hope you and Father will talk it over. I hear from Furner that the amalgamation of Airedale¹ and Rotherham has been submitted to an arbitration committee."

To his Father

"GLASGOW,

"January 31, 1886.

"... Dr. Macleod, one of our medical professors, told his class on Friday that a certain friend of his, a doctor in Glasgow, had asked him how best he could immortalize his name in connection with the University. Dr. Macleod suggested the Union, and the said friend, whose name is not as yet to be divulged, has intimated to the Senate his desire, with their consent, to build and furnish throughout a Students' Union at his own expense! Of course everybody is full of speculations as to who this doctor is, but here are all our burdens of money-getting removed from us just as they were beginning to look formidable. Glasgow scores off Edinburgh again, for they are still in the throes of money-begging for their Union. I think your advice about summing up at the Dialectic is right, and that it will be best not to do it. It would be impossible, I fancy, for me to sum up without letting my opinion be known. We had an amusing (to me) discussion the other Friday as to whether we could alter our constitution without consulting the Senate. Of course I ridiculed the idea of our being dependent on the Senate, and ruled at once that we could do as we liked. The *Glasgow News*, which brings out a column of University News every week

¹ Two Yorkshire Colleges, now "The Yorkshire United College, Bradford."

and is a rabid Tory organ, calls my speech ' prompt and spirited,' which is as amusing as the discussion.

" Have you seen that the Baptist Union Committee has unanimously resolved to nominate Dr. Culross as Vice-President of the Union this year, which means that he will be President next, all being well. Jim tells me he was asked once before when minister in London, but declined. He felt, however, obliged to consent this time because of his position. I am very glad. . . .

" I am glad the Government are out. It is not representative Government when we are ruled by a Government that has a large minority in the House. Don't you think Parnell ought to be Chief Secretary? . . ."

To his Mother

" GLASGOW,

" February 6, 1886.

" . . . On Saturday we had a great public meeting of students to consider the constitution of the Union. As the last was a very noisy meeting, we anticipated no Elysian time. It was a very big meeting, but contrary to expectation most orderly and business-like. I did not want to speak; but they gave me a resolution to propose, so I had to do so. It was rather a good thing, too, as it gave me an opportunity of trying whether I could be heard in our big Bute Hall. A friend of mine told me I was distinctly and easily heard at the end, and I spoke with no effort at all, so am satisfied. We had one big division, and the fellows divided over to opposite sides of the hall. Then Wenley and I counted one side by benches and two others the other side, and we managed very well. . . ."

To his Father

" GLASGOW,

" February 14, 1886.

" . . . To-day we have heard two sermons from Dr. Macfadyen,¹ of Manchester, at Mr. Goodrich's. He is very bald, with an exceptionally long head. I should imagine him a very kind man, with an altogether beautiful spirit. His sermons have been very vigorous, fresh, and inspiring. This afternoon, preaching on the Crucifixion from the words 'They crucified the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame,' he mentioned several people who had a part in the Crucifixion—Caiaphas, Herod, Pilate, the Disciples—since they fled—and Judas, and made them all types of people in our own day. On the whole, however, this morning's sermon was the more striking one. As he is to lecture to-night in St. Andrew's Halls, he is being well worked while here.

" You would see by the papers that Professor Nichol has been arrested in Naples. It has been all the talk of the quadrangles this week, and has occasioned great merriment. Most fellows, I think, regard it as paying off a lot of old scores : the general opinion is that we should like to have seen him glare at those unfortunate gendarmes who had to arrest him.

" To-day Hugh Price Hughes has been in Glasgow, and I have heard him twice, this morning at a Wesleyan Church and this evening at St. Andrew's Halls on Total Abstinence. Both addresses were very characteristic—racy and telling. The sermon was just as much a platform speech as the evening lecture. He preached on witness-bearing. Speaking of the necessity for being bold in bearing witness, he said many ministers were afraid of Conferences or Unions. 'Emancipation from the fear of the Wesleyan Conference is one of the most delightful things I know.' . . ."

¹ Then Minister of Chorlton Road Church.

To his Mother

"GLASGOW,

"February 21, 1886.

" . . . Another very busy week has passed, and with Caird's exam. over, I can breathe freely again. It was held on Saturday morning, and was very stiff. I did not do particularly well, only fairly. My essay on Stoicism is first in the Second Class, there being four others above it. I see now that Father was right when he said I had not a philosophical mind. As I write an essay, I consider how it would sound to an audience, the result being an essay in a popular rather than philosophical spirit. I fear I have not, and shall not acquire that great spiritual gift of dryness which is essential to the successful philosopher. Caird says my essay was well written, many expressions being very happy, but it lacked 'firmness of thought,' which I presume is, being interpreted, long philosophical technicalities arranged in rigid logical sequence.

"Next week we are to have our elections for a students' representative Council. I have been chosen to act as returning officer and conduct the elections in the first and second year of Arts. No doubt those wild, raw, undisciplined first-yearers will lead me a pretty dance, before doing their business. It will be great fun, and I hope successful also. By the bye, I may as well mention here a certain fact that has transpired, and which is a source of considerable amusement to many of us. I have two more meetings arranged in connection with the Foundry Association. On the plan sent me one was set down as 'The City Hall.' This I took to be one of the small halls there, but it turns out to be a large meeting held in the great hall which seats 4,000 people. So I shall have a chance of holding forth, at any rate once in my life, in a great building. It is, of course, no small score, and I am greatly rejoicing at the prospect.

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(N.B.—Don't imagine there will be anything like 4,000 people there !)

“ On Friday night we had one of the events of the session from a student's point of view. Once a year the Medical Society here comes and joins the Dialectic in a joint debate. This year the subject was ‘ Class Examination,’ and as the Medical President took the chair last year, it fell to my lot this year. There was a big meeting and an animated debate. The four opening papers were splendid—Wenley's especially so—the general opinion being that Class Exams. should be voluntary, though one or two went in strongly for their abolition. We are going to have a great election time soon, electing the first really representative Students' Council, or really Union Committee. We are going to vote in ‘ years,’ the first year in Arts voting together, the first in Medicine, and so on. The fourth-year men and upwards meet together. All the principal Clubs and Societies have representatives as well, so I hope we shall have a really strong Council. Caird's second exam. is on Saturday, so this week will be a very busy one. I shall be glad to have it over. . . . Jones is lecturing to the Airdrie Mechanics' Institute on Victor Hugo on Tuesday. There is a movement on foot to present Edward Caird with his portrait. It is a very swell Committee. They sent me a circular the other day, but as the subscription is limited to from 1 guinea to 5 guineas, it is out of the question. . . .”

To his Mother

“ GLASGOW,

“ February 28, 1886.

“ . . . This morning I had a walk right away into the East End to a Foundry meeting, and, of course, an address to give. We had a most splendid meeting. The President of the meeting stopped to tell me that he is

coming over from the Presbyterians to the Congregationalists, and wanted to know about our new society at College for Independent students. This afternoon Canon Farrar was preaching at the College Chapel, so off we went, Arthur, Jim, and I. I never should have believed that so many people could have been got into the Bute Hall. It was crammed in every part. We had very good places, and the service was very grand. The main thing that struck me about the Canon was his marvellous voice. It was like a beautiful silver bell, clear and ringing. The sermon was on Missions, and the language was perfect; but there were no striking thoughts, and I feel sure I have heard as good missionary sermons from people who would not have attracted an audience of a hundred people. But they are not Canons and D.D.'s, and so are unknown. Then to-night I have been off again to the South Side—at least two miles—to speak at a meeting for a friend of mine who is a town missionary. It was a crowded meeting, and pretty much used me up. Then the walk home, and now, as I say, I feel tired.

“I must tell you now of a most successful gathering we had this week of Independent students. You remember that when we Congregational students last met we resolved to broaden the basis of our society and admit Baptists and Evangelical Unionists. The result was, we had on Friday a gathering of between thirty and forty students. Jones was there, but had to leave early. We had tea, and then made a constitution and formed our Society. After this Jones left, and I took the Chair, and we had the social part. It was a great success, everybody entering heartily into it and enjoying themselves immensely. Altogether it was a most successful inauguration, and I believe the Society will be a success. I am especially interested in it because the idea originated with me, and it will be something definite to leave behind.

“Our Elections have gone on busily during the week.

On the whole I think the Council will be a good one : the fellows seem to have chosen mostly sensible and suitable representatives. The Elections I had to conduct were orderly and business-like, and the results quite satisfactory. My constituency is the Dialectic. Now, O Senate of Glasgow, look out for squalls ! We are concentrating our power ! There will be life here in the future, and liberty more than nominal ! Amen and Amen. But I shall not ' be there to see ' ! It is unfortunate to be leaving with the rise of the Union, the Independent Association, the Council, and so on. It is now known for certain that the donor of the Union has given £5,000. We had expected the building to cost £4,500, but since this gift we have slightly enlarged our plans, and shall collect a further sum probably so as to have the Union complete in every way. To-morrow is a holiday, and I am going to Airdrie. . . ."

To his Mother

" GLASGOW,

" March 15, 1886.

" . . . We had the results of Caird's second exam. this week, and I am again in the First Class : there is no order of merit beyond classes. There is only one more exam. in Caird's class. We had to pay in our guineas for the various departments of our degree this week. Of course I had only to pay one guinea for Philosophy. There seem to be a great many fellows entering. On Tuesday last we had the first meeting of the Students' Representative Council, to appoint office-bearers, and so on. Wenley was chosen President. I was made Secretary for Arts for the remainder of the session. They also want me to be made President of the Liberal Club, and hold the office till next November, as there is a difficulty otherwise in filling it up. I don't know how it will be decided. . . .

“ The final debate at the Dialectic on a vote of confidence in the present Government came off on Friday. The Vice-President took the Chair that I might be able to make a final speech. The debate was very good and lively. The division was the closest we have had this session, there being a majority of two in favour of the Government. In connection with the presentation of a portrait to Edward Caird, I was asked to superintend a class subscription, so on Friday we had a meeting, which was considerable fun. It's no joke to preside at such a meeting, for everybody speaks at once, and to bring order out of chaos and get anything done is a caution. We did succeed in getting a Committee appointed, and that was pretty much all.

“ That the end of the session is approaching is witnessed by the Class prizes having been voted in Literature. I am very glad to say that Griffith has got the fourth prize in the Junior. The Senior prizes seem to have been as unfairly voted as ever, but Stowell, of Airedale, came in fifth.

“ Joseph Jones has gone home to Wales, from whence he writes in high glee over the narrow division on Welsh Disestablishment. It is indeed ‘ the writing on the wall.’ He says Wales is rejoicing greatly at the near prospect of Disestablishment. I hope they will not be much longer disappointed. I went over to Airdrie on Saturday to take his place on Sunday. We had good congregations both times. In the afternoon I took his Bible Class, which means a half-hour's address. All the people were as usual exceedingly kind, and I enjoyed my stay very much indeed.

“ This morning, in coming back to Glasgow I was one of the first passengers to go through the underground railway which is opened to-day. . . .”

To his Father

"GLASGOW,

"April 3, 1886.

" . . . Thank you very much for the offer of Dr. Dale's books. I should like them immensely. I had thought that if you offered me some books I should ask you for Frederick Robertson's, but I have no idea what is the price of the latter. Which do you think would be more useful to me? I may say I have Dale's Week-day Sermons and Congregational Principles. . . .

" There is little news to tell you this week. It has become the dull monotony of the drudgery that precedes the actual struggle. Caird's final exam. was on Saturday—a very stiff paper—almost, if not quite, unfair. Am afraid I shall come down a class because of it. Jebb's results are out. I am seventh in Plutarch and eighth in Oedipus, my marks in both being about the same, 250 out of 300.

" Furner, Arthur, and I went to see Preston North End play the Queen's Park on Saturday. Jones also came over from Airdrie. The match was a magnificent one, but the Scotchmen were not in it in dribbling and passing. The Preston men ran in and out of them like anything, but were very weak in front of goal. The Queen's Park, as usual, did best in rushes.

" By the bye, half in fun, half in earnest, I wrote to Mr. Ruskin last week about his calling Emerson 'poisonous' when in Fors he praises him for his appreciation of true heroism. To-day I had a letter from him highly amusing and characteristic. You shall see it when you come. . . ."

The writer of these letters is obviously very much of a boy, with a boy's irresponsibility, and yet with a gravity beyond his years. Horne's student days were evidently formative in many senses, but he does not seem to have passed through any serious spiritual or intellectual crisis

such as is common at the period of adolescence. This was partly due to the fact that religion had never been presented to him in any hard dogmatic way, and partly to the practical bent of his own mind. His beliefs were rooted in experience, and so held in such form as to be easily adaptable to new conditions and a larger intellectual outlook. At the same time, his keen interest in human nature, and his determination to make his faith the foundation of a message to others, saved him from anything in the nature of mere theorizing. It was often remarked of him that his religion seemed to be so utterly natural. He had grown up gradually into the truths he learned to live by; but he held them, or rather they held him, as firmly as if they had been won at the cost of much storm and stress. This is not to say that he never had qualms or doubts. He had, and they made him extraordinarily sympathetic with those in like case. But they never mastered him or hindered him as they do some. They were but the growing pains of his soul, and only served to increase his assurance and the fervour of his testimony. In debates with his fellow-students he always gave proof of a singularly open mind, but also of an unusual maturity of conviction on fundamental Christian truths.

CHAPTER II

OXFORD AND KENSINGTON

AFTER taking his degree, Horne set himself to undergo three years' training in theology, that he might be thoroughly equipped for the great work of the Christian ministry. It had originally been intended that he should join Spring Hill College, Birmingham, his father's Alma Mater. But just at that time plans were under discussion for the removal of Spring Hill to Oxford. Horne was greatly attracted to Oxford and to Dr. Fairbairn, who was to be head of the new college; but he was not anxious to join Spring Hill in the then uncertain state of its fortunes. He wrote to his father from Glasgow: "I sincerely hope the move will be made to Oxford this Summer. To tell the truth, I do not much take to the idea of going to Spring Hill with no kind of knowledge whether they will move in my time or not." Fortunately the change was made just at the right moment for him, and in the autumn of 1886 Mansfield College was established in Oxford, and Horne became one of its first small band of students. Of his admission to the college he wrote to his parents as follows:—

To his Father

"3 WALTON CRESCENT, OXFORD,

"October 18, 1886.

"To set your minds at rest, I may as well say at the beginning that I have been admitted a student of Mansfield with a scholarship of £50, and that I am to have £10

at once, an excellent arrangement—the remainder to be paid in instalments of £10 at given periods. Now as to the whole history of the proceedings. I got here about 9 o'clock, and am exceedingly pleased with my habitation. The landlady is very pleasant and the rooms are luxurious. I have a nice bookshelf that just takes all my present stock of books, and there is plenty of room for more in other parts. After due survey of my whereabouts, I sallied forth to find High Street, purchased a University Calendar, noted the site of our present rooms, and then returned. At 12.30 I found a large crowd of old boys assembled outside 90 High Street, and when they had all passed in, I made a trembling entrance. My fellow-victims then began to arrive, and we were shown into one of the Mansfield Halls, where Dr. Fairbairn received us most kindly. I liked him at once; a manner very like Dr. Culross's, and just his Scotch accent. Of course the victims became friendly: there was a Mr. Wolfendale of Cambridge, Selbie of Oxford, Dr. Macfadyen's son, Mr. Robinson of Edinburgh, and two old Spring Hill men—Sharpe and Parker. Macfadyen and the two last are taking the Degree course here. Wolfendale was executed first: he seemed very nervous, but no doubt got through all right. Then Fairbairn fetched me. There were a lot of old dons, but most of them strangers to me; Dr. Dale asked the questions, Fairbairn sat next to him, and Mackennal of Bowdon next. Then there was Mr. Clarkson of Birmingham, and Alderman Manton. I am not sure if Dr. Conder was there or not. I did not feel at all nervous, for I could not see most of them, and Dr. Dale I felt at home with. After a few general questions as to age and date of going to Glasgow, and where educated and so on, Dr. Dale asked if I had ever had any doubts since I joined the Church of my acceptance with God. I said 'None.' 'Be very thankful for that, my friend,' he said with great emphasis, whereat one or two chuckled. Then

followed questions as to what kind of Christian work I had engaged in. I told them as well as I could. Dr. Dale seemed amused when I said I preached before going to Glasgow. 'You began pretty young,' he said. Then followed the only amusing part of the proceedings. Dr. Dale asked me to give them some idea of how I preached. 'Do you use manuscript?' he said. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Always?' 'Yes, always.' 'Did you belong to a debating society at Glasgow?' 'Yes.' 'How did you speak there?' 'From small notes,' I replied. 'Did you never try without any notes?' 'Yes,' I said, and added after a pause, 'once!' 'Oh,' said Dr. Dale, 'didn't that encourage you to try again?' I shrugged my shoulders and said 'No' decisively, which tickled the Board immensely. After this the questions were as to whether Glasgow life influenced my religious views at all, and so on. This was all. Dr. Dale asked if anybody else would like to question me. Mr. Clarkson asked if I meant Home or Foreign work. Another old boy asked if my health was good, another if I liked preaching. These answered, I forsook the assembly of the saints, having enjoyed it far better than I thought. When the others had duly been through the ordeal, we were all called in, and Dr. Dale announced that five of us had been granted Theological scholarships and Macfadyen a literary one. He then gave a very beautiful address, saying that while others came to Colleges that were full of old traditions, we had got to make the traditions of Mansfield. A prayer by Mackennal concluded the proceedings. The lunch was at 2.15, at the swell Hotel here—the Randolph. We were there *in good time*, and as I breakfasted at 7.30, I was hungry—properly ravenous. A gentleman called me by name to sit down by him, and said he expected I knew his brother Mark. It was Mr. Simon of Leicester. He and I chatted most of luncheon-time about Wollerton and Newport. Dr. Dale proposed Mansfield and its

Principal, and Fairbairn replied. At 4 o'clock the inaugural address was delivered by Fairbairn. It was quite a splendid effort. Then followed a brief prayer-meeting of a most inspiring character, Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Mackennal, and Dr. Dale taking part. At the conclusion there was a general hand-shaking, Dr. Dale asking to be remembered to you. Dr. Fairbairn stopped me going out, and asked me to come along to his house at 7 o'clock, as I could not be there last Friday. Accordingly I went and saw the Dr., who was much exhausted. Mr. Mackennal came in, and we had tea. Fancy a tea-meeting consisting of Dr. Fairbairn, the President of the Congregational Union, and little me. It was very jolly. Mr. Mackennal said that Mr. Horne and himself went at the same time from different colleges to Burton-on-Trent and Odiham to preach. They would not have Mr. Horne at Burton nor *him* at Odiham. They changed about ; and then Mr. Horne was invited to Odiham and he to Burton-on-Trent.

“ But the most interesting and inspiring thing about Mansfield came from Dr. Fairbairn. We are having lectures in historical rooms. The main lecture hall is the old Oxford Union, where Gladstone delivered all his great orations. The other hall is King Charles I's room, where he stayed during the siege of Oxford, celebrated in *John Inglesant*. Truly, as Fairbairn says, we are on classic soil. After tea, a number of others came in—two Macfadyens, a Balliol man who knew Owen Edwards, and several more ; lastly Horton's friend, W. L. Courtney, whose lectures delighted Leonard so much. We discussed the plans of Mansfield, which are very handsome indeed. Dr. Hatch, Jowett, and Canon Freemantle have all been down to examine the plans, and have made various practical suggestions. This reminds me to say that Fairbairn says we shall have quite enough work from him and Massie and the Hebrew tutor, and that we shall only attend Hatch besides, who

only lectures one hour a week, and who, he says, will not be very interesting. We left Dr. Fairbairn's about half-past ten.

"Wolfendale is lodging at No. 12 in this crescent, and seems a very nice fellow. There is a probability, so Fairbairn says, of Paton coming next term, and also a suggestion that A. W. Dale should be appointed professor of Church polity here.

"And so opens what the High Churchmen here are pleased to call the 'Dissenteries.' . . ."

This letter indicates something of the zest and interest with which Horne began his work in Oxford. Though a graduate of another university, and a little older than the average undergraduate in Oxford, he threw himself eagerly into the life of the place. As was the custom with Mansfield men, he matriculated as a non-collegiate student. This enabled him to join the Union and other university societies, where he soon began to make himself felt. In the little circle at Mansfield especially he was like a breath of fresh air. To tell the truth, it was rather a self-conscious little group. The men felt that they were helping to make history, and were anxious to lay well the foundations of the new college and to establish its junior common-room life on sound traditions. Coming, as he did, from the bracing atmosphere of a big Scotch university, Horne brought to their deliberations a touch of robust criticism and sanctified common sense. He acted as secretary of the J.C.R. during the whole of his three years at the college—an unusually long tenure of the office—and he certainly left his mark on the young society. He was popular with everyone, being still very much of a boy, and having that personal charm that is so much more easily felt than described. He had a marked influence on the religious life of the college. In spite of his youthful manner and appearance, there was an unexpected maturity in his spiritual experience.

His ideal of the ministry was a high and noble one, without the least taint of that professionalism which is the greatest peril of theological students. Even among his fellows Horne soon showed himself a born preacher. He had a remarkably easy command of language, with a vivid and impetuous style. But he was never merely fluent. He always knew what he meant to say, and did not let his tongue run away with him. Above all, he was tremendously in earnest. He had a Gospel to preach, and the word was "like a fire in his bones." Even in these early days Horne showed all that passion for evangelism which marked him throughout his career, and made him in time one of the most convincing and successful of evangelists. This was but the natural outcome of an intense religious experience and an unusually strong grip of the fundamentals of the Christian faith.

At Oxford Horne soon became known in a much wider circle than that of Mansfield. He joined the Union at once, and began to take part in its debates. His experience at Glasgow stood him in good stead, though the political atmosphere of the two places was about as different as it could well be. The causes which Horne loved to champion were not those most in favour in the Oxford of his day, and, if he won some rather surprising victories, something was no doubt due to the skill and fervour with which he presented his case. On one memorable occasion he proposed *and carried* a motion, "That this House regrets its past history as recorded in the minutes of public business." It was not difficult to compile from the Union records a damning story of reaction, and Horne did it inimitably. On other occasions he spoke in favour of disestablishment, education reform, Sunday closing of public-houses, and against coercion in Ireland. Of the last-named debate he writes :—

"The motion was proposed by an ex-President, a

clever man, but who was rather off the point. It was opposed by Lang,¹ an old Glasgow man, the cleverest Tory the Union has had for a long time. I spoke third, and by this time the Union was in a most excited state. The Tories had all the fierceness of despair and the Liberals the exaltation of success. For fully three minutes I had to stand after declaring that it was the duty of the Irishmen to resist the Coercion Act. 'Treason! treason!' they cried, while the Liberals applauded tumultuously. Altogether it was fine fun, and we polled 43, a very good number."

Horne also became one of the founders and chief promoters of the Milton Club, a society of the younger Free Churchmen in the university for the discussion of subjects in which they were specially interested. It took the place of the older Nonconformist Union and Society for the Promotion of Religious Equality. At its more informal discussions Horne was at his best. His Free Churchmanship was of a very robust type, almost too much so for some of his contemporaries on whom the influence of Oxford was strong. Many of them will remember fierce and prolonged debates in which he championed his cause and withstood his enemies with equal eloquence and good humour.

At Mansfield Horne was no more than a good average student. His interest did not lie in the direction of exact scholarship, and he allowed himself too many distractions ever to excel in examinations. But he was keenly alive to the necessity for a rigorous intellectual discipline as a preparation for his life work, and he was at least as well read as the best men of his time. There is rather a characteristic outburst in a letter to his father written at the end of his first year: "Next week we are to have a swarm of exams., to my intense disgust. I did hope that the Mansfield authorities would contrive

¹ Now Archbishop of York.

to rise above the present sickening craze, especially as there are but six of us ; but it is not to be so." It should be added, however, that he took a good second class in all the papers. There is no doubt that even in his student days his chief interest was in preaching, and to this everything else had to give way. Already his fame had begun to spread in the churches, and he received many invitations to preach in some of the most notable Congregational pulpits. He first preached for Dr. Dale at Carr's Lane, Birmingham, in 1887. Writing to his father, he describes in a half-humorous way his youthful tremors at the sight of the grave and reverend deacons, and his sense of unfitness for the task. But he tells, too, how it was all dissipated at the spectacle of the vast congregation and the sound of their singing, and how he was able to preach to them with entire freedom and comfort on "The love of Christ constraineth us." This was an experience which he repeated in several of the chief Congregational churches in London and the provinces, and he became much in request as a preacher of great attractiveness and promise. Such almost premature popularity would have turned the head of a weaker man. But Horne never lost his modesty, and was almost overpowered by the sense of his vocation and of the responsibility of his work. He loved these historic chapels. They stood to him for the cause of religious freedom with which he had long ere this thoroughly identified himself. They were made sacred to him by great memories, and by the names of ministers whom he had been taught to revere. It was an inspiration to stand in the pulpits of such men, and, however unworthily, to follow in their steps. But quite apart from such associations, Horne was moved even in his student days by that passion for preaching the Gospel which came to dominate his whole life. Even in the most crowded years of his later ministry he never lost the sense of his vocation as a "watcher for souls," and in these early days it was with him as a

veritable "burden of the Lord." Even while he was yet at Oxford it led him to conduct evangelistic missions—one at Broseley in conjunction with a fellow-student, the Rev. T. A. Wolfendale, and the other at Crosby, near Liverpool, in the church of the Rev. T. H. Darlow. Of this latter Mr. Darlow writes :—

"It was the most beautifully natural thing of the kind which I ever attended. He preached then just as a bird sings, and the echoes of his words linger on in many hearts even now. We were all of one mind about the services. He lived at my house throughout, and the power of the meetings grew and deepened in quiet intensity right through to the close. But I cannot describe the singular charm of his speech—so artless and simple and penetrating. One man called him 'an inspired boy.' Literally, the love of Christ constrained him and those who listened. This is a poor pale reflection of an unforgotten radiance. It was indeed good to be there."

Horne made many friends at Oxford. Chief among them were W. H. Cozens-Hardy, of New College, and C. A. V. Magee, of Merton. With these and certain of his Mansfield fellow-students he lived on terms of the closest intimacy—held high debate far into the night and spent glorious hours tramping the country round and on the river. Among them he was easily *primus inter pares*, and their affection and admiration for him knew no bounds. He enjoyed his life at the university to the full, and took more than his share in its many-sided activities. Though he felt the atmosphere of it to be somewhat alien, and confessed himself at times a stranger in a strange land, he accepted it all with good-humoured tolerance, and was quite content to belong to the minority. He had a healthy scorn for the rather blind conservatism of some of his contemporaries, and took immense delight in tilting at the windmills of reaction.

But as time went on, he felt all the fascination of Oxford, and became one of her most loyal sons. Both a son and daughter have succeeded him there, and that not unworthily.

The following letters belong to this period :—

To his Mother

“ OXFORD,

“ June 6, 1887.

“ Oxford has been vying with Glasgow in the matter of foul and abominable weather. Personally I am distinctly opposed to the competition, and am quite willing to give Glasgow the prize without a contest. We have very nearly had most serious floods on the river, but the state of the streets has been more serious still, being extremely detrimental to summer clothes. At last there seems to have come a change—yesterday was a beautiful day, but to-day looks by no means settled. I am feeling thoroughly tired out to-day from the effects of a very long and tiring day yesterday. Starting at 9.30, they drove me half-way to Woodstock, and I had to walk the remaining four miles in less than an hour and conduct the service in a very perspiring state. It is quite a small chapel, and they heard of me thro’ one of the Baptist ministers in Oxford for whom I took an evening service once. I stayed with a very pleasant, sensible Scotchman, who was very kind, and took me a three-mile walk over Blenheim Park, after the address to the Sunday School in the afternoon. We had then just time for tea before the evening service, hot and exhausting, at the close of which I had to set out and walk my four miles back to meet my conveyance. Arrived in Oxford, I went straight to Mansfield rooms to hear Andrew Mearns’ address, and then walked home at half-past ten, and you will not wonder that I am tired to-day. Andrew Mearns was splendid : I have never heard Oxford men

express themselves as so enthusiastically delighted before. The humour and pathos of his anecdotes and the genuine common sense of his methods appealed to us irresistibly, and tired as I was, I would not have missed it for anything. There was a very large attendance of men. They had tea at 8.30, and his address began at 9 o'clock. Our first idea was to have him here for a conference on work in London, but we preferred to hear him speak, and he is coming again for the Conference later on.

"I am going to preach in Oxford again on Sunday evening next, Fairbairn preaching in the morning. My very kind entertainer at Birmingham wrote to me to-day inviting me to go over there any Sunday when I should like to hear Dr. Dale, and enclosing a circular that he has sent round among his Carr's Lane congregation in view of the collection for Mansfield on Sunday next. As I shall probably be preaching at Steel House Lane in the vacation, I hope to see them and stay with them then. . . .

"Had a delightful row on Saturday right up the river to a place called Eynsham. Six of us started, but one man who was sculling alone upset and had to trot home.

"My landlady wants to know if I shall come back to my rooms next term. I am very comfortable, but there is just this—that Selbie is very anxious for me to lodge with him, and he is a very fine fellow whom it would be a great advantage to know more of. Still I am not anxious to move; but if you have any choice one way or the other, let me know in this week's letter. . . ."

To his Father

" OXFORD,

" June 13, 1887.

"I appear to be out of ever so much fun and frivolity just now. What with picnics to the Wrekin, to Shifnal,

to Broseley, there must be a great deal of excitement going on. I am sorry that I shall not see Fred before he goes, but as we have an exam. to-morrow and an exam. on Friday, Saturday is the earliest day I can escape, and I have written to Birmingham to ask for an invitation for the Sunday. It will be my last chance of hearing Dr. Dale for a long time. Of course I shall come flying home on the Monday. On Friday after the Hebrew exam. we are going to row Dr. and Mrs. Fairbairn and their two little girls up the river as far as Eynsham. It will be a Mansfield College Excursion, and we shall have good fun I expect. We did our first exam. on Saturday morning in Paleography. I felt it was quite ridiculous for anyone to go in for an exam. with so absurdly small a knowledge of the subject as I had. But there is a certain amount of comfort in the thought that nobody seemed to do much better. Dr. Sanday is examining, and has invited us to dinner on Wednesday, after which he is going to look over the papers. Verily the jam and the pill are reversed.

“Yesterday morning I preached at Summertown. It was scorchingly hot walking out there, but we had a good congregation and a very quiet, nice service. In the afternoon I went to Dr. Fairbairn’s, and we had afternoon tea on the lawn, which was pleasant. The evening service at George Street was, on the whole, good. Dr. Fairbairn came, but I have ceased to mind him, and he was very nice at the close. After this I went, in company with four others, to Bagley Wood to hear the nightingale. It was a superb evening. The sun had set, and the whole sky was crimson, fading off into blue and green. The nightingale we did not hear till we had come some little distance away; but then we heard it fairly well. We got home at a quarter to twelve.

“The river is by far the jolliest place there is now. To paddle contentedly up and lie under the trees and read—philosophy, that is, in the shape of a novel—is a

very profitable kind of life. I am going to ask Dr. Fairbairn on Friday, when we go up the river, if he does not think that

One impulse from a vernal wood
Can teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

“The Cricket Match between Surrey and the University was a great defeat for the Varsity, but a great treat to those of us who wanted to see some really good cricket. The way Shuter and Read hit was terrific. They simply slashed the Oxford bowling to the boundary over after over. I have never seen such fast scoring; indeed, I suppose scoring has very seldom been so fast.

“The Ruskin Society was photographed on Friday in Worcester Gardens. I don’t know what sort of a success it will be, but I fancy fairly good.

“Owen Edwards has just been in for his final degree exam., and has had a hot week of it. Should think he has done well. They have renewed his scholarship for him this vac. to enable him to travel, and he is off to the Continent. . . .”

While he was yet a student at Oxford, and had more than a year of his course to complete, Horne was called to the pastorate of Allen Street Church, Kensington.¹ It is a church famous in the annals of London Congregationalism. Its foundation dates from the year 1793, and was the result of religious work done in the Royal Borough by a Mr. Saunders, “body coachman” to George III. This led to the formation of a dissenting interest, and under the leadership of one John Broadwood, “a harpsichord maker,” the following appeal was

¹ A full account of its history will be found in Dr. Stoughton’s book *Congregationalism in the Court Suburb*, and in Horne’s centenary volume, *A Century of Christian Service*.

addressed to the “ friends of Christianity and religious liberty ” in the neighbourhood :—

“ We, the undersigned, having been educated in the religious principles of Protestant Dissenters, from motives of Religion and Piety, for conveniency to ourselves and families, and to others who may be like minded with us in matters of Religion, being likewise solicited by many serious, well-disposed Christians, and depending on the blessing of Divine Providence, with the mild government of this country, have resolved to erect a Chapel for the worship of Almighty God in the Parish of Kensington.”

Then followed an appeal for money, of which £2,000 was eventually raised, and the first chapel was built in Hornton Street. It was opened for public worship in the following year under licence from the Bishop of London “ pursuant to the Act of Toleration.” The first minister was the Rev. John Neal Lake. He was followed by as noble a succession of men as any church was ever privileged to know, viz. John Clayton, John Leifchild, Robert Vaughan, John Stoughton, Alexander Raleigh, and Colmer B. Symes. It was under Dr. Stoughton that the present building in Allen Street was erected in 1855. The chapel is large and commodious, but æsthetically little can be said in its favour. It is dull, stiff, and formal according to the Nonconformist pattern of the time. But it is what the Americans call an excellent auditorium, easy for both speaker and hearers, and with an air of solid comfort about it that is not without its attraction.

Mr. Colmer Symes resigned the pastorate at Kensington in March 1887. He left the church in a strong and healthy condition, under the leadership of an unusually capable body of deacons. Among them were Thomas Walker, then editor of the *Daily News*, William

Holborn, William Winterbotham, Edward Spicer, and Henry Wright, all well known and honoured names in Congregational circles. Shortly after the church became vacant, Horne was invited to preach as a "supply." He produced so deep an impression that the invitation was at once repeated, and the thoughts of many began to turn to him as a possible candidate for the pulpit. He had aroused the eager interest and enthusiasm of the younger members of the congregation, while the elders among them, of whom there were many, found in his preaching an unexpected maturity and spiritual insight which greatly inclined them in his favour. Negotiations were opened up with Dr. Fairbairn, and Horne was made aware of what was going on. He wrote to his father in November 1887 as follows :—

To his Father

" OXFORD,

" November 11, 1887.

" How I wish it were possible to run down home to-night and have a right good talk with you about a matter that has come to disturb the even surface of my present life, and which is more than skin-deep. The Dr. has been greatly amazing and bewildering me by a long chat we have had together, in which he has surprised me by some very unexpected intelligence. It is in connection with the Kensington Church—he wants me to face the fact that I shall have to consider whether I should be willing to go there. How far matters have gone I do not know—and he is too astute a diplomatist to reveal, but they want me to go for two successive Sundays in January, and I suppose intend to decide finally then. But the main fact is, so the Dr. says, that there is a general movement in favour of this, and the leading men of the Church have written to him to this

effect. The question, as he puts it to me, is this, 'Will you offer a resolute resistance to any proposal from the Kensington Church?' I have told the Dr. frankly what my first feeling is. (1) I do not think it would be a congenial sphere—not that I do not like the people, for they were more than kind, but that my sympathies have always been with the working class of people. His answer is, 'You must try to do them good.' (2) It is too big a field and too heavy a soil for so young a steer to plough—this the Dr. laughed at. He says he told the Kensington people this, and they said, 'We want a young man, we have a number of competent people who will rally round him and take the burden off his shoulders.'

"I cannot make out what Dr. Fairbairn's opinion is. He agreed with many of my objections and yet seemed greatly at times to favour going further with the affair. I suggested that I should not preach there any more—and I could agree not to do so with a very light and relieved soul—but this he is not at all agreeable to. At the same time he seems to be jealous of my interests, so far as binding myself as yet is concerned. The people at Kensington said to me when I was there, significantly as I now see, 'We are in no hurry, we can afford to wait for anyone whom we like.'

"I have told you the whole affair. Of course you will tell no one else. I would not have any of the Mansfield men know about it for anything. Think it over, and talk it over with Mother on Sunday, and write me some guidance. It is very troubling to have to decide these things so early. It would be almost better for a fellow not to preach at all till his last year. I shall look forward to hearing from you, for the question of engaging myself for two Sundays in January must be decided soon, and that may be the first step.

"Meanwhile I must try and brace my nerves to face the Lyndhurst Road congregation, and pray to be

delivered from the fear of them and to be filled with the Spirit."

To his Father

" 6 LADBROKE TERRACE, LONDON, W.,

" January 13, 1888.

" I am staying here with Mr. Winterbotham till Monday, and am looking forward to a thoroughly pleasant time. The event I dreaded most is over—the interview with the deacons which was held after last night's week-night service. The service was an extraordinary one, the large lecture hall being full from end to end. Tell Mother I gave them practically my first sermon, ' I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.' Then came the ordeal. I felt *so* young among all those deacons; but they were wonderfully kind, and I managed to stammer out a few sentences of thanks for their unexpected kindness, and then I told them quite frankly the difficulties that had suggested themselves to my mind, the greatness of the work, my own inexperience, my need for ampler leisure for private reading than I was likely to get here, the long time before I could come for good, and so on. Finally I asked for a fortnight before a final answer: in that time I shall see Dr. Fairbairn and Horton, and shall be better able to make up my mind. Mr. Holborn, for the deacons, fully acknowledged all the difficulties, but promised the most cordial help they could give. He thought I was quite entitled to ask for a fortnight to consider the question. In order that I might understand fully all the details, he proceeded to speak on financial subjects. He said the proposal of the deacons was that if I accepted, they would wish me to preach twelve Sundays in the year, and would pay me 100 guineas a year, Mr. White taking the remainder of the salary. At the completion of my course I should enter into the full stipend, which ranges from £600 to £700 a year. Of course one feels this is

dangerously much for a youngster like myself, but there is the Church to be considered, and one knows that if they do not raise this money for the minister they would very likely not give it at all.

“ We have now, I think, the whole scheme fairly before us ; we can see it in all its aspects. I have already learned greatly to revere and love some of the people, and their enthusiasm is of course now a great factor in the question. Edward White has written agreeing to do his part if I do mine. Mr. Winterbotham says the oldest and most cautious of the members have had no doubt, the younger ones are earnestly enthusiastic. Amazing as this is, one can only humbly thank God and look to Him for light. ‘ We will surround you,’ says Mr. Walker, ‘ with our affection and our diligence.’ Has anyone, have I least of all, a right to shrink from the prospect of personal labour and strain when others of far greater age are willing to step in and share the burden ? ”

Ultimately it was agreed that he should preach on the two Sundays in January, and that practically settled the matter. The church enthusiastically called him to the pastorate, and expressed its willingness to wait for the next eighteen months in order that their new minister might complete his college course. It was arranged, at the same time, that the Rev. Edward White, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, who had recently resigned his long pastorate at Kentish Town, should take charge of the church meanwhile. It was an excellent arrangement, and thus secured for Kensington, as was said, the services of the youngest old man and the oldest young man in Congregationalism simultaneously. Horne preached once a month during the interregnum, but otherwise Mr. White took entire charge of the church, and most loyally prepared the way for the new ministry. Horne writes of him :—

“ On Tuesday morning I went to see Edward White and have lunch with him. I don’t know that I have ever taken to anyone at once and so heartily as to him. He is simplicity and kindness itself, so unselfish and generous. ‘ I have no future,’ he said laughing, ‘ I am only an animated past. My only concern can be to make the whole thing answer.’ He will take a house at Kensington, if the arrangement is so made, and it will be, he says, a home for me when I am there. I don’t know how to say sufficient of his kindness. He had intended to retire now and devote himself to writing, but the call has come to Kensington, and he is willing to give up his former schemes and resume pastoral work. ‘ My only fear,’ he says, ‘ is lest I should not last out long enough for you.’ ”

The formal “ call ” to Kensington was received early in January, 1888. It took the rather unusual form of a pledge to invite Horne to the pastorate at the completion of his college course, and was accompanied by the following letter signed by all the deacons :—

“ KENSINGTON CHAPEL,

“ *January 9, 1888.*

“ To

Mr. Charles Sylvester Horne, Master of Arts.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ It is with the greatest pleasure that we, the Deacons, find ourselves authorized and directed to approach you, with regard to your acceptance of the Pastorate of this Church, and to hand you a transcript of the resolution, to such effect, which was passed at a special meeting of members held in the Lecture Hall on Thursday evening last.

“ The course has been arrived at after the most serious and prayerful consideration, which its solemn importance and momentous issues demand.

“ For a long succession of years this Church has enjoyed the great blessing of a faithful ministry—exercised by godly and learned men, who have asserted and enforced the great truths of the Evangelical Faith, as set forth in the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we are more than ever convinced that it is from the clear apprehension, hearty reception and sincere application of those truths that the elevation of individual and family life, the efficiency of the Church, and the regeneration of society are to be hoped for.

“ Desiring to renew and perpetuate the blessing of such a ministry, and being convinced of your agreement with us in fundamental belief and principal aims—a confidence which originated in the testimony of others and has been confirmed and increased as we have profited by your preaching—we have agreed as a Church to ask you to labor among us in the Lord. The importance we attach to a thorough grounding in biblical study—the most extensive, profound and fruitful of all studies—and the advantages we look for from a sound exegetical theology, have not permitted us to defer to the wishes of those who, in the desire to profit at once by your labors, requested us to ask for a curtailment of your career at Mansfield College. Our proposal, therefore, is that in the event of your compliance with our wishes, pledges should be exchanged, between this Church and yourself—the Church now engaging to give you a legal call to the pastorate when your College career is completed—you in return to accept the same at that period.

“ The resolution of the Church will satisfy you as to the Spirit in which this invitation is made, and the working details of the proposed arrangement may be best settled on personal conference. In the meantime we affectionately and hopefully commend our proposal to your earnest and prayerful consideration, believing that in the office to which we invite you, you will find

the association of many loyal and warm hearts of sympathy, to uphold and to encourage you in a sphere of labor, worthy of the highest gifts and largest acquirements and opportunities of serving our Glorious Master, not inferior to any that are to be elsewhere met with.

“Yours, dear Mr. Horne, very faithfully,

HENRY WRIGHT

THOMAS WALKER

JOHN BUDGEN

ELI PLATER

EDWARD SPICER

THOMAS WILLIAMS

WILLIAM H. WINTERBOTHAM

WILLIAM HOLBORN (*Secy.*).”

The action of the Kensington church was watched with deep interest and perhaps some misgiving in Congregational circles. That a church with its history and traditions should call a young and untried student was regarded as, at least, a doubtful experiment. It was much as though a canonry at Westminster had been offered to a raw curate. The fact, too, that Horne came from Mansfield did not predispose people in his favour. Mansfield itself was still in the experimental stage, and in certain circles in Congregationalism was not looked upon too hopefully. Nor were the misgivings all on one side. Horne, too, approached the momentous decision with great fear and trembling. He knew, more than most, how big was the task that lay before him and how slender was his equipment for it. But the cordiality and unanimity of the people made his duty plain, and that being so, there was no further room for hesitation. As always, he took the brave and straight line. He writes in his diary, January 23, 1888 :—

“Wrote, directed, and posted an acceptance of the call to Kensington. And now one pauses and holds

one's breath and thinks of what one is committed to, and hardly dares look the whole thing fully in the face, but puts one's hand in God's and says, 'My Father, I will go there—or anywhere—with Thee.' And now to work and preparation with a new spirit and a new purpose. Everything will be in a new light henceforth, and will be judged by the bearing it has on this opening life of mine. And may the Father of all power, the Christ of all grace, the Spirit of all inspiration, take my life and cleanse it and energize it for the fulfilment of the work that lies ahead."

Horne's last year at Oxford was a time of almost feverish activity—a foretaste of what was to come. He was naturally divided between the claims of the college and of Kensington, and he did his best to be just to both. He had come at one bound into prominence among the Free Churches, and he was besieged with invitations to preach all up and down the country. It was thoughtless and cruel to press him so thus early, but he was not unwilling, for he loved preaching, and felt that continual practice would be a good preparation for the Kensington pulpit. He was delighted with the reception he met with whenever he visited his future church. The services were crowded, especially on Sunday evenings, and many young men and women came forward with offers of adherence and help. In April 1888 he conducted an eight days' mission at Madeley, in Shropshire, with the help of his friend Wolfendale. It was a crowded and impressive time. He writes: "A very helpful and useful feature has been our Bible readings. I think they have been greatly enjoyed, and I am sure have been richly beneficial to both Wolfendale and myself. But how difficult it is to get right *at* the people." At Oxford he helped to found a university branch of the London Missionary Society—the first evidence of that deep interest in foreign missions which distinguished him

throughout his life. He also assisted at the inaugurating of an Oxford University Home Rule League, and writes with admiration of the speech of Sir Charles Russell. "Strong, firm, wiry, bullet-headed, he is tremendously impressive." On another occasion he heard John Morley at the Union.

"He had, of course, a largely hostile audience, but his speech was most patiently and even cordially listened to. He was most skilful in adapting himself to his audience, and the effect of his speech was evident. I think him the speaker best worth hearing of any I have had the fortune to hear. Dr. Fairbairn says he never felt such a strong sense of an audience being convinced against its will."

During all this time Horne plodded steadily on with his college work, and read pretty widely beyond the requirements of the curriculum. He preached frequently in the sermon class, and there and elsewhere was severely criticized by Dr. Fairbairn both for the form and matter of his discourses. The good doctor was afraid that speaking came too easily to him, and advised him to be more rugged and to cultivate a logical and argumentative style. Some of his criticism Horne resented almost passionately. Of one sermon he writes in his diary:—

"As to the manner of delivery he is no doubt right, but as regards the strictures he makes on the matter of the sermon I absolutely and totally disagree. Obedience and reverence for one's Principal does not bind one to accept all he says as Gospel, and I cannot accept his criticisms as true or just. It is certainly curious that he should have pounced on the very sermon that I have been most thanked for—the one I preached first at Kensington, and that has cost me more than any other I have

written. Fairbairn advises me to argue out my subjects more. Well, it is not a difficult thing to argue, but when people come to church to be helped and encouraged and strengthened amid their troubles and difficulties, it is a poor thing to put them off by arguing them into a faith they have never doubted. Argument is often inhuman. I do not say it has not its place, but it is perilous to recommend it too much."

The following letters complete the story of his Oxford days :—

To his Mother

" OXFORD,

" January 16, 1888.

" It is very late, and I am fagged thoroughly, and can only write a short letter. . . . I have had a lot of really helpful letters, including a very good one from Uncle More, and yet the decision is hard enough. The reason is in myself, and the more I have learned of the people, the more I have got to feel the responsibility. Yesterday was in many ways a grand day. We had a great congregation in the morning, the chapel being nearer full than I have seen it before. I preached about Daniel, and enjoyed the service thoroughly. In the afternoon I gave away the prizes at the Boys' Sunday School, and gave an address. There are nearly 700 children in the schools. In the evening I preached that harvest sermon—with modifications—and we had a very large congregation. The final message from the deacons before leaving was that I was to consider that if I accepted I should be as free as I liked to relieve myself by occasional exchanges, especially at the outset, when the strain might be great. As you say, they have conquered one by kindness. Have seen Dr. Fairbairn, and had an hour and a half's good conversation. He does not see how I can decline, but is opposed to my preaching there oftener than nine

times a year; as to this he is going to write to Mr. Spicer.

“Tell Mr. B. I feel I shall have to turn Conservative after that gushing paragraph in the *St. Stephen's Review* of January 14, which was sent to me by an interested friend.

“More of the congregation are Mr. Barran, M.P. for Leeds, and his family; Sir Risdon Bennett, son of old Dr. Bennett, the minister; Miss Moffat, daughter of Dr. Moffat, and a very fine lady; Mr. Hubbard, director of the G.W.R. and late President of the London Missionary Society. . . .”

To his Father

“188 CROMWELL ROAD, LONDON,

“January 9, 1888.

“You will probably be anxious to know how things turned out yesterday here, and so I may as well fill up a spare half hour with recording the same. I reached here about six o'clock, and had a very kindly welcome from the Spicers. They were all exceedingly vexed about the paragraph in the *Christian World*,¹ and it is an evidence of their kindly thoughtfulness that they directed Mr. Walker to write to me so as to put me at ease. Sunday morning came, and I felt more troubled about the service than I have done since Carr's Lane. Mr. Holborn did not improve matters for me by asking to shake hands with me ‘in a new capacity,’ for he said, whatever might be the result, nothing could alter the fact that I was their *chosen* minister. [Note by his Father. Mr. Holborn has since given £100 to Mansfield College as ‘a thank-offering.’] There was a large congregation: doubtless ‘the curious’ were there in force. I was very uncomfortable during the early part of the service, missed out part of the Lord's Prayer, and forgot the notices, and

¹ Containing a premature disclosure of the plans for Kensington.

other eccentricities. But it wore off, and I fancy I preached as well as I have ever done in my life. After the service a gentleman came up to speak to me who was one of the grandest looking men I have ever seen, not in face only, but in figure as well. He spoke very kindly, and afterwards I was told it was Dr. Reynolds of Cheshunt. I am glad to have seen him, and glad, too, that I did not know he was there. Another minister who came to speak to me was Edward H. Jones, the Secretary of the Missionary Board or something. I had a quiet afternoon and a walk with Mr. Spicer, and then came the evening service. There was again a very large congregation, and we had a good time. As soon as it was over who should come hurrying into the vestry, the very picture of personified energy, but Mr. Edward White himself. He was tremendously jolly and full of spirits, though terribly down on the paragraph in the *Christian World* and *Nonconformist*. Of course, it greatly offended many of his friends at Kentish Town that he had told them nothing about it, and he had to ask his Church to remain behind yesterday morning that he might tell them how it was."

To his Mother

" OXFORD,

" February 13, 1888.

" Please thank Father very much for his splendidly long letter and all his suggestions. The ' Board of Elders ' suggestion is really good, and I wish it could be adopted. We shall be able, perhaps, to talk it over later on and see how the feeling of the people is. Then I shall certainly feel the responsibility to lay out part of the salary on special Church work. Of course, one naturally thinks of Mission work, of which there is almost or quite *none* done at present by the Allen Street people. Thus there is no opening in this direction for the energies

of the younger people of the Church. Now there are districts adjoining Kensington that apparently are in special need of Missionary effort, noticeably Fulham. Of course I have not as yet had the opportunity of really examining the ground for a possible mission, but am sure we ought to have one. Now it is comforting to reflect that one would be able to support such a work if necessary out of one's own pocket, and certainly I shall feel compelled to do as much as I can in this way. Here is another question. I used to say in innocent, unsuspecting days that no minister ought to have a salary of over £400: the surplus he ought to devote to helping weak Churches. Does it strike you as possible to help weak Churches to the extent of £100 a year? You see, if, as Father half suggests, one were to forgo part of the salary, the chances are one would only be relieving those who are quite able to pay, and who might not give the same amount in other directions. This would be perilous, and I fancy the better way will be to endeavour to cultivate a very high sense of one's stewardship and the claims of the poorer brethren on the rich. So much for Father's letter. I *do* hope that as from time to time fresh suggestions strike him he will find time to send them me. This eighteen months should be a splendid time for forming and maturing plans, facing the questions that will arise, and so on. I enclose an interesting letter from Mr. White about proposed alterations in the Kensington service. Have written thanking him much for his willingness to undertake the reform. I am, however, doubtful as to the General Thanksgiving—whether it will not develop 500 'Praying Mills' instead of one. But am willing to try the experiment. I have just returned from my visit to Stepney—a most interesting one in every way. It was, of course, delightful to stay with Leonard. He now luxuriates in entrancing apartments, fares sumptuously every day, breathes the perfumed atmosphere of the aristocracy, dines late, and is evi-

dently in diligent training for Kensington. Here I, too, enjoyed the couch of comfort. But I had to rise early on Sunday morning to get to Stepney in time. You may have imagined, as I did, that Stepney Meeting House would be a poor sort of building, harmonizing with its surroundings. Instead of this, it is one of the handsomest places in the denomination, with a very fine spire, splendid organ, carved wooden pulpit, and handsome circular stained glass window. It seats 1,300 people, and is a very impressive-looking edifice, both inside and out. Its classrooms and vestries are most complete. It has also two or three spacious halls and an admirable Sunday School. To the Chapel also belongs a row of well-endowed alms-houses. The morning congregation is unfortunately small and eminently respectable. The evening large and very varied. The singing is poor, but the people listen admirably, and I have never preached to a congregation that seemed more intelligent at catching every point. . . .”

To his Mother

“ KENSINGTON,

“ September 24, 1888.

“ . . . It is a great pleasure to think that you now know something of the place I am working at and the kind of congregation, and also something of the character of our leading people. We have had a most encouraging time since you were with us. Last Thursday night our Lecture Room was absolutely full, a most inspiring sight. Yesterday we had very capital congregations, the great multitude of strangers being a noticeable feature. For the morning I had rewritten a very old sermon on ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit,’ and in the evening I preached on the Rev. Version text, ‘We love, because He first loved us. Not merely love to God, but all our love is because He first loved.’ Both services seemed very

impressive. Next Sunday evening is the Workmen's Lecture on John Bunyan and his influence on English Life. This makes me very busy, as of course there is another morning sermon and a week-night address as well. . . ."

To his Father

" KENSINGTON,

" October 1, 1888.

" I enter on my last week's work here with sincere regret. It has been so happy, so encouraging, that I could wish it twice as long. The experience, too, has been most helpful and the kindness of the people beyond all expression. On Thursday the Lecture Room was full and the whole service of the heartiest. I spoke on the imprisonment of the soul, and am sure we had a good time. Yesterday morning we had a large congregation. People are coming back. The Raleighs were there in force, and the Holborns, and our large Ladies' school filled up considerable territory downstairs. I preached on 'Show us the Father and it sufficeth us,' referring specially to Robert Elsmere and the general demand of outward evidence in our time and neglect of the inward. In the evening came the Workmen's Lecture on John Bunyan. What a congregation! Every part of the place full except the very back of the back gallery. I felt very dissatisfied with the lecture. Bunyan is so great a character, and I found the subject much too large for half an hour. But the people seemed thoroughly interested, and the place was very still throughout, which is a good sign. A great many people stopped to thank me, so there is hope good may be done. I am told we have had lately a number of people who never go to a place of worship. And it is very interesting to find that old Voice Producer, whom you saw at Newport, a friend of Mr. Williams of Wistanswick, who I was told

was 'a Socialist and *not religious*,' came on Thursday and comes regularly on Sunday.

"Now as to other news. . . . On Thursday I went to Dr. Parker's noon-day service, and enjoyed it more than I have ever enjoyed Dr. Parker before. 'The spiritual man is mad' was his startling text. George Fox was mad. To-day the Quakers are *most respectable* (mouthed out in Parker's best manner). There is not a mad Friend left in the globe, and 'so they are dying out.'"

To his Mother

"OXFORD,

"October 23, 1888.

". . . I have promised to lecture to the Kensington Young Men's Guild on 'Poetry' on December 19. I am also to read a paper on Bunyan at the Milton, introduce a motion at the Union on Education, and speak on Thursday in favour of Disestablishment. Then on Sunday I preach in Oxford morning and evening. This is a fairly full programme for the coming weeks. . . . Did I tell you I was going to preach at Streatham Hill on Sunday? I got there late on Saturday evening, and stayed with Mr. J. D. They were wonderfully kind people, and I enjoyed greatly staying with them. On Sunday friends came from near and far. . . . I think the deacons were above a bit amused when all these in stately procession crowded into the vestry and fought over my body for afternoon tea. . . . The C.s came in and conducted me back to Streatham Hill, where we had a very good evening service. I do hope Dr. Fairbairn will stick to his resolution now not to let me preach again this term after next Sunday. He was much tempted to give way to-day to an urgent telegram from Westminster Chapel, but I am safe so far. . . . All sorts of friends are sending me the *Star*!"

To his Mother

" OXFORD,

" November 5, 1888.

" . . . To-night I have to give a lecture on Bunyan to the Milton Club. Yesterday I had a delegate to see me from a place called Winslow, near Bletchley. He wants me to give a lecture there on behalf of Mansfield at the end of term. As it may be got in before I go to Kensington, I shall probably lecture on Bunyan for them. There would naturally be a week between the end of term and my going to Kensington, and if Fred was at home I should come straight down. . . .

" I think I must send you the *Undergraduate*, with an amusing account of the Disestablishment debate. It is rather too bad of them to attack my only French quotation. But I will bear it with fortitude.

" Two more men have come from Airedale to Mansfield. This makes our number about twenty-five. One is a man named Jowett, who was reported to be the great preacher of the North, and who has already accepted an invitation to succeed Mr. Batchelor at Newcastle. He comes to us for one year only. The other is Martin of St. John's, Cambridge, friend of the Whibleys, who is to lodge next door to me. Meanwhile the building goes on apace, and is pronounced on all hands an exquisite piece of work. The roof is now on nearly all of it, and they have got most of the floors down inside. There was a letter in last week's *Noncon.* suggesting that New College, London, with all its endowments, should be removed to Oxford and amalgamated with Mansfield. Dr. Fairbairn is very pleased the proposal has been made, and hopes it will be earnestly discussed.

" Last night in our rooms the Dr. gave his lecture on the Person of Christ—I don't know that I have ever known him more impressive. One passage we shall never forget. He described Plato and Christ, the one

inheriting all the glories of Greece, intellectual, artistic, and so on, and then, in contrast, the Carpenter's Son, and asked which was the most likely to command the cultured and civilized world of future ages and to be pronounced the Son of God. And then, in a wonderful conclusion, he said : ' We believe God made man, delights to bless man. The greatest blessings come through Christ. If, then, God had more Christs to give, would He not have given ? Are we not forced to believe that He gave but one because there was but one to give—that as there was but one God so there was but one Son of God and Saviour of Mankind.' It was exceedingly fine. . . ."

To his Mother

" OXFORD,

" November 26, 1888.

" . . . I have just come away from seeing the Varsity play the Preston North End team. The latter won, but only by three to one, which we claim as a ' moral victory.' The Varsity had distinctly the best of the match during the second half, and played most brilliantly. The Preston men are a superb team, but too ' dodgy,' pass too much—so frequently from man to man that they lose the ball just when they are getting up to the goal.

" I have had a very busy week preparing for Kensington. Have now got one sermon ready, and nearly finished my lecture. Did I tell you we are to have exams. at the end of this term ? Consequently there will be no time then to prepare sermons. Prof. Massie's exam. comes the day before I go up to town. I am to dine at Mrs. M.'s on the Friday before preaching ! Mr. White writes to me that they are going on quite peaceably and happily, so I suppose the choir revolution has been quietly effected. . . .

" At the Milton Club last Monday we had a glorious debate on Socialism. On the whole it was the best

sustained debate I have ever heard at a University society. Selbie made a violent attack on Democracy, which drew me into a fierce duel, and round our devoted figures the warfare raged vehemently. The Union, curiously enough, took up the same subject on Thursday, but the debate there was not very lively.

“ I have seen a good deal lately of young Magee. He is a very good-hearted fellow and impressable. Talks infinitely : revels in phrases of all sorts, and is often gloriously inaccurate and inconsistent. On the whole he is very good fun, and so absolutely good-natured that one can talk quite plainly with him. Cozens-Hardy and he are great friends. Bishop Boyd Carpenter preached at the Varsity Church last night to a packed congregation. He was delightfully unconventional as usual, but not so impressive or striking as I have usually known him to be.

“ To my sorrow Fairbairn has promised I shall preach at Great George Street, Liverpool, on January 6. I did want to be home all my non-Kensington Sundays this time : but it cannot be. . . .”

To his Father

“ OXFORD,

“ December 3, 1888.

“ Leonard has just left me and returned with Wardlaw Thompson to London. We have had a very lively and busy time together. He came up early on Saturday morning, and we lunched at Cozens-Hardy's rooms with Selbie and Macfadyen. Hardy, Leonard, and I then went out for a walk, and picking Magee up on the way, carried this episcopal light over Mansfield. We thoroughly explored the buildings, and then got home round to Selbie's for tea—Bartlet being there as well. In the evening we went to hear Professor Stuart speak at the Corn Exchange. It was a glorious speech, on points in

the Irish question that are not often discussed. The working-men there seemed to see all his points, he was so admirably clear. Mr. Cobb, the member for the Rugby Division of Warwickshire, also spoke—a rare old Radical, who made the people shriek with laughter. Cubbon and Martin came in to cocoa in my rooms, and then we were glad to get to bed. Hardy and Norman Smith came in to breakfast, and then the latter carried L. away to George Street to hear Dr. Fairbairn, and I trudged off to Summertown to exhort the heathen there. After dinner we sallied forth for a long walk round Christ Church and Magdalen, ending at the Dr.'s afternoon at home, where I had a nice chat with Wardlaw Thompson, and the Dr. exhorted L. on many points of his duty to man and God. Then Norman Smith carried us off to tea at his home, where we met a certain Mr. Jones ¹—typical Welsh patriot and Nationalist, who is really one of the most wonderful men in Oxford. Leonard was much impressed. Then off to Wardlaw Thompson's meeting at our Mansfield Rooms, a good and very impressive meeting. Then home and cocoa and bed. Not bad for two days, was it ? ”

To his Father

“ OXFORD,

“ February 11, 1889.

“ Oxford moves ! Such ‘ carryings-on,’ as Mrs. Gamp would say, have never been known in this festive Varsity before. Behold the Oxford Union—ancestral home of privilege and Toryism—pledging itself to Sunday closing of Public Houses. Yet this verily happened on Thursday. Who should lead the way but Magee, and under episcopal patronage the rest of us ventured forth. Murray ²—fellow of New College—a grand man in every way, seconded ; Roberts of Balliol, logical, radical, a bit of a sceptic and pronounced anti-Sabbatarian, follows,

¹ The late Wm. Jones, M.P.

² Professor Gilbert Murray.

and then thy servant. The result was 31-31, and the Chairman votes for us. All Oxford is talking about the Vandalism of the Union.

Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note,
As the corpse of old Privilege was buried,
Not a Tory discharged a farewell shot,
But they went away horribly flurried.

And on Thursday I am going to move that all Education should be National and Unsectarian. There will be infinite row. If you have still got Dr. Crosskey's pamphlet you might send it.

"I went up to London on Saturday to preach for Mr. Rowland. I was safely deposited at Mr. Bedells'. The Bedells are wonderfully nice people, full of work and zeal, and throwing energy into all sorts of good movements. There were some Australian people passing the evening with them, Knotts by name, from Sydney. Mr. Knott is one of the great Sydney Congregationalists. On Sunday morning we had an enormous congregation. As Horton and Gibbon were both away in the morning, I profited, and certainly think it was the largest audience I have ever had. . . ."

To his Father

" OXFORD,

" March 3, 1889.

" I have been expecting to hear all about the arrangements of the new paper, but expect you have all been too busy to write. I think the first number augurs well. It seems to me more interesting than the old. . . . But there is so much to tell you about this week that I will launch forth at once. Our Church Meeting last Monday night was a splendid success. The tea began at 6.30, and of course I stood the usual siege of kind friends. All seemed to be in the best of spirits and full of hope and enthusiasm. At 7.30 we threw open the folding

doors between the two schoolrooms, and the people streamed in. The platform was a perfect bower of splendid flowers and shrubs, and the whole decorations were very effective. Mr. White, back from Mill Hill, was full of life and grace. First came a speech by Mr. Spicer as to Mr. White's kindness in working there for the past year. I had no idea Mr. Spicer could speak so well. Mr. Holborn followed with the financial report. The amount raised was about £3,560, somewhat less than last year, but interregnums do not prosper. Over £800 was for the Missionary Society and over £400 for the Church Aid. Mr. White appealed for more systematic giving by *all*. He said he had made a discovery that a penny a day came to £1 10s. 5d., and he thought this sum should be put on the back of our pennies instead of the figure of a half-naked being sitting on a wet rock holding a pitchfork. Mr. Budgen and Mr. Hubbard made very lively and interesting speeches, and then I wound up with a pronouncedly progressive speech. I scored off the Upper Clapton people and their gown by telling the story and adding that they seemed to think it would be a security against youthful heresies to envelop a man in a robe which had been simply saturated with orthodox theological sentiment for almost forty years. This amused Mr. White tremendously. An addition in the form of a hope that they would be content to see more of me and less of the gown was applauded vociferously.

"The next important event was a visit by Professor Elmslie. He came with Dr. Monro Gibson and others to interview Fairbairn on the subject of a Presbyterian College at Cambridge. He stayed over Friday night and spoke at our seminar. He was simply glorious. I can't tell you what an impression his calm, manly, courageous statement of the new position arrived at by Old Testament critics made on us. He just showed us how many real beauties of interpretation the old idea

missed. He said a wonderful thing in speaking of the horrors recounted in the Old Testament as done at the bidding of Jehovah. God had to take men as they were. There was no use in sending down Revelation 'in lumps'—He had to work it all out from within and through human means. He had thus to work often in and through very imperfect men 'and run the risk of compromising Himself.' He had 'to be *numbered with the transgressors*.' Then followed a wonderful illustration. 'You may be all Tories,' said Elmslie, and we laughed aloud. Well, supposing Mr. Parnell had seen that the party of outrage and violence would only be driven to be more violent by fierce attack and had mingled with them and 'run the risk of compromising himself' that he might lift them by degrees to nobler aims and loftier methods—supposing history to reveal that this has been so, then that would be something like it! It was in the Dr.'s study, but we brought the house down.

"The *New York Herald* wrote the other day pressing me to send them the outline of a recent sermon. I don't know whether it was the right thing to do, but I have sent one, and suppose it will appear soon.

"The Oxford men have been acting *Julius Cæsar*. Alma Tadema designed the scenery, and the Roman dresses have been carefully studied. I went with Cubbon last night. It is very pretty, but much too long, and the acting is of course very 'amateur.' It was interesting to hear my old favourites 'Mark Antony's speech' and the 'Brutus and Cassius' scene suggestive of 'breakings-up' and Mutual Improvement Societies. . . ."

Of his various teachers at Oxford the two men to whom Horne owed most were Dr. Fairbairn and Dr. Hatch. For Fairbairn he had a boundless admiration, and was particularly attracted by the freshness of his Christian apologetic on the one hand and of his treatment

of the Person of Christ on the other. But he was equally sure of his debt to Hatch, whose lectures on early Christian history and on the growth of church institutions were to him as to others an almost epoch-making experience.

Before Horne settled down at Kensington Dr. Fairbairn arranged for him to travel round the world as companion to a young friend of his, Mr. Gerald Willans, of Leeds. He brought back from it a store of health and of new experiences which stood him in good stead at the beginning of his life's work.

CHAPTER III

THE MINISTRY AT KENSINGTON

HORNE was ordained to the ministry at Kensington on October 17, 1889. The Rev. Edward White presided at a crowded and impressive service which followed the course usual in Congregational churches. A statement on behalf of the church was made by one of the deacons, Mr. Sully. The new minister then took up his parable, described the steps by which he had reached that position, and made a declaration of his faith. He claimed a young man's privilege to reserve judgment on some things, and he refused to believe that the realities of the Kingdom of God could be reduced to a set of propositions and definitions. "To him the divinity of Christ determined all his knowledge of God and his hopes for man. Take Christ and His Gospel from the world, and what could they know of God." "So His divinity determined His atonement. Alike its efficacy and its justification depended on the fact that it was God Himself who toiled and agonized for men, that divine love suffered with them in all their struggles and shared all their burdens." He believed it was their most solemn duty to bring the faith and spirit of Jesus Christ to bear upon every phase of their national life, to apply it fearlessly and relentlessly in insisting on the necessity for righteousness. The charge to the minister was delivered by Dr. Fairbairn, who spoke in his usual graphic and ample way of the high solemnity of the ministerial calling and of the great qualities of mind and spirit needed for its effectual fulfilment. The ordination

prayer was offered by Dr. R. F. Horton, and the service closed with the blessing invoked on minister and people by the Venerable Dr. Stoughton. On the following Sunday morning Dr. Dale gave the charge to the congregation and "preached the minister in." It was a noble and eloquent discourse on "the congregation helping the minister," from the text 2 Cor. i. 11 : "Ye also helping together on our behalf by your supplication : that for the gift bestowed upon us by means of many thanks may be given by many persons on our behalf."¹ Horne preached in the evening—his first sermon as minister of the church. Thus began a most fruitful and memorable ministry. As has been indicated, it was in many ways a great experiment, but there was never any real doubt as to its success. It is probably a defect of the Congregational church system that a young man should be pitchforked into the full responsibility for a large church straight from college and without any previous experience as a curate or assistant. That it was successful in this case speaks volumes for the quality both of the man and of the church, and especially for the wisdom and loyalty of the deacons. Horne was fortunate in his advisers. He had the gift of attracting and keeping the willing service of men and women much older than himself. This was the more marked because his work at Kensington was particularly successful among the young. The evening services on Sundays were thronged with young folk of both sexes from the great business houses in the neighbourhood. Horne laid himself out to help them, not only by his preaching, but in more direct and practical ways. He started guilds both for young men and women, which did excellent educational and social work for their members. For more directly religious purposes a Young Members Union was formed, by means of which workers were trained for the Sunday school and for the Olaf Street Mission which Horne had

¹ The sermon is published in the volume *Fellowship with Christ*.

founded. For this work he held regular preparation classes, and it proved a most fruitful agency for service, besides building up many young men and women in the Christian faith. Another very useful scheme which Horne set on foot was the Children's Guild. He was never so happy as when among the children. From the first he made a practice of giving a short children's address in the morning service. Of these addresses the older children were encouraged to take notes, and once a quarter the minister met all the children of the congregation, talked over their notes with them, and then joined them in tea and games. The children were also taught to work for the poorer children of the church missions, and to provide help and entertainment for them in various ways. As time went on, the relations between minister and children became of the closest and most affectionate kind, and no words can tell the good that was thus accomplished. It may be noted that the first secretary of the guild was Miss Katharine Cozens-Hardy—the minister's future wife.

From the first Horne put all his strength into his preaching. The Sunday congregations grew rapidly, and he felt keenly the responsibility which this involved. In the mornings his preaching was of a more pastoral kind suited to the needs of the regular attendants at the church. In the evenings, when the congregation was larger and more mixed, and contained a large proportion of young people, he was accustomed to give courses of lectures on evangelistic and apologetic topics, many of which found their way into print. His frank open-mindedness, his earnest manner, and the persuasiveness of his speech made these evening discourses very attractive and effective in winning many thoughtful young men and women to a fuller Christian consecration.

At the beginning of his work in Kensington Dr. Fairbairn, with his usual fatherly consideration for his

students, wrote to Horne advising him strongly to concentrate on the work of his church, and to decline to be drawn hither and thither by outside engagements. Horne was willing enough to take this advice. He acknowledged its wisdom, and honestly tried to carry it out. But circumstances were too strong for him. The church was, indeed, always his first consideration, and he gave it of his best. But he was constitutionally incapable of limiting his witness to a single channel, and his eager enthusiasm found vent for itself in the care of all the churches, in an aggressive evangelism, and a persistent Free Church propaganda. Even at this early stage in his career he had not a few warnings to the effect that his physical powers were limited. But his brave spirit was impatient of bodily restraints, and although he was willing to take all reasonable precautions, he could not spare himself when there was a real call for service. He settled in London at a time when there was great need for the kind of witness that he was best able to give. The fervour and freshness of his preaching and his passionate advocacy of Free Church principles made him a welcome guest at anniversaries and other special occasions, and he found it very hard to resist calls for help, particularly from those churches in country places where his testimony was most needed, and which he was always ready to help without fee or reward. His diary and letters give abundant evidence of the zest and buoyancy with which he threw himself into work of this kind, and it must be allowed that no man was ever better fitted for it. From his Oxford days onwards Horne kept an intermittent diary, in which he recorded with some intimacy his impressions of events and persons. There are many tantalizing gaps in it, but it enables us to see something of his inner mind, and, along with his letters, which are often very frank and revealing, affords a real key to his development.

In the spring of 1891 Horne made his first appearance

in connection with official Congregationalism by reading the Chairman's address for his friend and deacon Thomas Walker to the London Congregational Union. Mr. Walker had a very weak voice, and his minister was glad to be the mouthpiece of one to whom he owed much, and whom he greatly admired and loved. He writes: "The reading of Mr. Walker's address was a great pleasure to me, and it was received with the enthusiasm the address deserved. Mr. Walker prefaced it by saying that the audience might take it that all that was good in the address was due to my influence! The fact is, that if I share the views of the address, I have derived them from his influence." The debt that he thus acknowledges to Mr. Walker was a very real one. The old man put all his wealth of experience at the service of his young minister, and supported him in his work with the utmost loyalty and goodwill. From the older ministers of the denomination in London Horne received the greatest kindness and sympathy. Early in his time at Kensington he was elected a member of the "Fraternal"—a company of ministers who met for breakfast, followed by religious discussion, once a month. Among the members when he joined it were Joshua Harrison, Edward White, Newman Hall, Andrew Reed, William Roberts, Monro Gibson, F. B. Meyer, R. M. Thornton, Robert Dawson, G. D. Macgregor, Colmer Symes, and R. F. Horton. He writes of it: "I don't believe there is a franker and freer discussion of theological problems possible anywhere. We are now discussing Genesis, and it is marvellously interesting owing to the wide divergence of views. Horton and I are practically alone in defence of the very modern criticism, but we are all at one in our estimate of the spiritual truths of the revelation." Among the younger men in the London churches Horne at once took the lead. Like many others of them, he was conscious of a certain dullness and stagnation in the religious life and activities of the Congregational churches.

A generation of great preachers was just passing away, and had left behind it a feeling of intellectual pride and self-satisfaction that did not make either for spiritual depth or theological progress. Nor were the churches making any great advance in social service or missionary and evangelistic effort. Horne was nothing if not progressive, and soon gathered round him a band of younger men like-minded. In conjunction with the Rev. T. H. Darlow, he called a number of them together at the May meetings of 1891. "There is undoubtedly a new spirit abroad," he wrote. "The times demand not only a new construction of thought, but a new construction of method. Indeed, the latter is the corollary of the former. If the older men will not recognize the present crisis, we must do what we can to save Congregationalism from those who would destroy its true flexibility." The meeting was a great success. It met a felt need. Adjourned to the autumn meetings of the union at Southport, it led eventually to a permanent association of some of the younger London ministers for the ends they had in view. Of this more in its place. In Horne's opinion it was "the beginning of a great new movement for the vitalizing of our denomination."

That process had already been stimulated by the meetings of the first International Congregational Council, which were held in London in the summer of 1891, under the presidency of Dr. Dale. Horne attended these, and wrote his impressions of them to more than one newspaper. He welcomed the wider outlook and keener social consciousness of some of the American and Imperial delegates, but he noted that the British churches easily held their own in spiritual intensity and theological breadth. About the same time he wrote a series of articles in the *Independent* under the title "What the Churches ought to do," in which he pleaded eloquently for a greater elasticity of method, a more

practical application of Christianity to life, and a drastic reform in worship. He concluded .—

“ It is the new temper and the new spirit that we want. It is the spirit that rejoices in the introduction into our services of any and every element that is truly living. It is the crucifixion of that contemptible spirit that sits glum and defiant—a caricature of Protestantism—if prayer is offered in a way that differs from the custom of our forefathers. It is the spirit that is ever supremely solicitous for the reaching and saving of the unreached and unsaved. It is not the spirit that thinks the church exists that a certain number of regular and respectable seat-holders may save their souls. It is the spirit that recognizes that the church exists to save the souls of others. Our churches will move forward when this sovereign principle of their responsibility to those without is thoroughly understood and illustrated, when all thought of self and personal prejudice and preference melts away before the holy fire of a passionate love for those that are lost. As this is realized, there will indeed be a ‘ Forward Movement,’ and not till then.”

These words were really prophetic. The meetings of the Congregational Union held at Southport in the autumn of that year proved a landmark in the spiritual history of the churches there represented. They marked a real step forward in missionary service, and a renewal of interest in Christian union and in evangelistic work. Horne's part in them was confined to a rousing address on Free Church principles, which showed him to be a platform speaker of the first quality, and revealed him to many as a new power in Congregationalism. The result of the meetings as a whole was a great encouragement to the younger men, and determined them in the new course to which they were already pledged. Very much that has happened in the Congregational churches

since that time may be dated from the new impulse then given. Horne wrote of the meetings :—

“ *October 21.*—The Congregational Union has met at Southport, and I have made my first speech before it. The Cambridge Hall was crammed from floor to ceiling. It was an awful time. I trembled like an aspen leaf until I really began to speak. Then the power came. The *Independent* says my speech took the assembly by storm. But gush is not Gospel. However, the audience was most kind, and the result is encouraging. Still, somehow I do not fancy that platform speaking is much in my line. But the future will show. The great event of the Southport meetings was the election of Dr. Mackennal unanimously, and with splendid enthusiasm, as secretary. . . . So ended a memorable battle. Another remarkable feature of the Union session was the missionary enthusiasm. This is almost new in the Congregational Union. It seems to me to be a product of the new proposal to send out 100 more missionaries. Although the L.M.S. is in debt, the proposal has awakened already a remarkable response. Lavington Hart, science fellow of St. John’s, Cambridge, and his brother have offered themselves for service and been accepted. All this contributed to create the sense of hope and prayer that marked the great assembly of the Wednesday.”

In August, 1892, Horne married. His bride was Miss Katharine M. Cozens-Hardy, elder daughter of Mr. Herbert Cozens-Hardy, K.C.,¹ one of his most loyal supporters at Allen Street. The occasion of the wedding was made something like a family festival by the whole church, and the young couple began their new life together amid the most cordial demonstrations of affection and regard. Their first home was at Campden Hill Gardens, and it speedily became a most attractive centre of happy fellowship for a wide circle of friends.

¹ Afterwards Lord Cozens-Hardy of Letheringsett.

In the course of time seven children were born, and as the family grew up its father seemed to remain the youngest member of it. Horne was never so happy as when with his children. He made himself one with them, and was never too busy to take the keenest interest in their work and play.

In the autumn of 1892 a serious difficulty arose in Allen Street Church over the proposal to elect to the diaconate a member of the Society of Friends. Horne was much disturbed over it, because some of his best friends in the church took a very different view from his own. The following is his own account of the matter :—

“ We have been suddenly precipitated as a Church into one of the most curious and at the same time serious crises that it is possible to conceive. The history of Congregationalism is no doubt often chequered, but the chapter that could be written concerning our experiences of last week would be a most remarkable one. To me it has been a most painful incident, and the difficulty is by no means settled. Let me set down the facts. Last Thursday we held a special Church meeting for the nomination of our new deacons. The meeting was most harmonious and encouraging. Someone at the back—a Mr....—nominated Mr. Gibb.¹ I explained to the meeting that Mr. Gibb was a Quaker, and not being a member was ineligible, to my deep regret. The incident had passed when one of the deacons . . . rose and proposed that Mr. Gibb should be sounded as to his willingness to join us and serve us in this capacity. He pointed out that the sole basis of our Church was faith in Christ, and that we had no authority to require any doctrine of the Sacraments. The Church generally signified its approval : none of the other deacons said a word, and I undertook to approach Mr. Gibb and ascertain what his feelings were. But at the conclusion of the meeting Mr. . . .

¹ The late Mr. James Gibb, M.P. for Harrow at one time.

came to me and said that if Mr. Gibb was to offer himself to the diaconate and be elected, holding views hostile to the Communion, he must resign his office as deacon. Other deacons felt equally strongly. The next day I received a most painful letter from Mr. . . . While full of kindly references to myself, he deplored the action of the Church, and wrote in the most touching way of the horror with which he personally viewed a proposal to have a body of non-communicating members in the Church. The situation grew further strained by a vehement letter from Mr. . . . standing boldly by his position and asserting that if this Church is free to admit those who may regard the Communion superstitiously, and yet is not free to admit those who emphasize only its spiritual significance, he must reconsider his position as an officer of the Church. Was ever a young pastor so distracted? That here in this nineteenth century a Congregational Church should be in danger of splitting through sacramental theories—this is surely a most serious thing. The question may have been prematurely raised, but after all, it is a question that must be faced. What is the constitution of a Congregational Church? Is it, as I have declared it to be again and again, acceptance of Christ as Saviour and His commands as our law of life? If so, must we go on and define His commands, especially on such a disputable point as the Communion? Have we warrant so to limit the basis? My reason says No. On the other hand, my feelings incline me to lay stress on the ancient usages and practices of the people called ‘Independents.’ And it is a delicate question how far our modern spirit of perfect catholicity may be allowed to invade the sanctity of these established customs of the Church. So the matter stands, pending Mr. . . .’s reply to my letter approaching him on the subject. And until this letter is received, one can hardly hazard a guess as to what the issue of the whole business is likely to be. . . .

“Dr. Dale wrote me a very long and interesting letter, which I was enabled to lay before the principal people concerned, and the result has been a certain postponement if not settlement of the difficulty. Mr. . . . declined to stand, and so we have elected our new deacons without including his name. Still one feels the difficulty may reappear at any moment.”

1893 was a very busy year. It saw the publication of a *Manual of Church Fellowship* which Horne wrote in collaboration with the Rev. William Pierce, then minister of Tollington Park Church. It was intended mainly for the young people of the Baptist and Congregational churches, and as it supplied a felt want, was for a time widely used in both denominations. Horne wrote of it in his diary :—

“Such a book is greatly needed. It aims at expressing in a concise form the leading points that should be borne in mind by those desirous of joining a Congregational Church. As we intend it for use in both Baptist and Congregational Churches, we are stating the principles of both denominations in the Appendix. To my lot it fell to define the principles of the Baptists. I visited Dr. Clifford, but could not get from him any manual that contained a statement of their view of Baptism. I wrote to Dr. Angus, but received nothing more definite from him. My own Baptist deacons did not agree concerning it. Some thought it was an admission into the Church ; some that it had nothing to do with the Church, but was simply an individual act. So I am left to try and make some principles for this degenerate denomination.”

The same year was marked by the celebration in London and throughout the country of the tercentenary of the Congregational martyrs, Barrowe, Greenwood, and Penry. Into this function Horne threw himself heart and soul. It was a welcome opportunity of appealing

to the enthusiasm of the younger men and women of the Free Churches, and to that strain of heroism in them which he believed always existed and only needed the occasion to bring it forth. The celebration was inaugurated by a great public demonstration in Hyde Park, which was followed up by meetings in all parts of the country. At many of these Horne spoke. His theme was always the same. He took his hearers back to "the hole of the pit from which they were digged," and tried to show them the eternal worth and power of the faith and enthusiasm which distinguished the early Congregationalists. His own spirit kindled at the story he had to tell, and he could hardly fail to inspire others. He spread the light, too, with the pen as well as by the spoken word. A number of pamphlets were written on the early history of the Separatists, and Horne was responsible for one on "The Separatists at the Universities." It was a simple and straightforward account of the work of men like Barrowe and Greenwood, with a view to showing that the early Congregationalists were not "unlearned and ignorant men," but abreast of the best thought of the time, and confirmed in the position they took up by their own independent and scholarly reading of the New Testament. This tract, along with others, had a very large circulation, and did not a little to educate young Free Churchmen in their own history. Perhaps for this reason it was savagely attacked in the *Church Times*, and along with another by Dr. Adeney on "The Church in the Prisons," held up to scorn as an ignorant, partizan, and presumptuous reading of history. Horne defended himself with vigour, and with the help of Dr. Adeney, very successfully vindicated their position. No impartial witness could doubt that the *Church Times* had the worst of the encounter. Horne made no pretence to be an exact scholar, but he had the knowledge which enabled him to use the work of others intelligently, and the literary skill to give a true picture of events and

persons in a readable and popular way. At any rate, his attempt in this direction bore excellent fruit in interesting him in the subject and in preparing the way for his admirable *Popular History of the Free Churches*, of which more in its place. In connection with the tercentenary Horne wrote an open letter :—

“To the Young Men of the London Congregational Churches

“MY BROTHERS,

“I am moved to write you a simple message partly because, as the Apostle John said, ‘you are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you,’ and partly because the blood of the Martyrs of our Churches is in your veins ; and I believe the faith of the Martyrs is in your hearts.

“You are strong ; and yet I hardly think you know how strong you are. ‘If it die,’ said Christ of the grain of wheat, ‘it bringeth forth much fruit.’ Fruitfulness depends not simply on strength of life, but on willingness to sacrifice life, to give it up, yea even, if God will, to the death, for the sake of the world. The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church. Truth lives as men are ready to live and die for truth. You are strong, zealous, faithful to-day ; but the last evidence of faithfulness is being demanded of us all. ‘Let us also go, that we may die with Him.’

“No spectator who saw Barrowe and Greenwood led out to die, in the grey of that April morning in 1593, and heard them pray for their enemies at the foot of the gallows-tree, could ever believe again that Christianity was played out. The Lord Jesus Christ gave them the victory. The best way for us to-day to silence His critics is not to argue about the question, but to do what these Martyrs did—suffer for Him and His truth. They died for the supreme authority of Christ in His Church, and for the great Brotherhood of Christian

people. Our witness to-day is to the same truths. Christ is King, and all we are brethren.

“Many of you are ‘strong’ in the sense that you have had a superior education ; you have read history, and science, and literature ; your tastes are cultured, refined ; and you enjoy retirement and the quiet of the fireside, and improving your own minds. But there are greater claims on you than these. Barrowe, Greenwood, and Penry were all University men, full of refinement, well read according to the standard of their time. But these things did not make them fathers of liberty and truth—nay, but they loved the truth and they became its servants, and through contumely, imprisonment, and death they were faithful to it ; and all generations of Englishmen will be their debtors.

“They died in London. Here, where all the forces of the age seem to meet ; here, where the heart of the world is, whence proceed the impulses that set in motion the world’s vital machinery in every continent. They delivered their witness where yours has to be delivered. Some of the ends for which they died have been attained, but not all, and not the greatest—Christ is not King yet, and this principle of Brotherhood is not yet the law of Society. There must be more Martyrs (for the Martyr is the man who bears his witness at any cost), and England will look for them in the ranks where they were found before, the ranks of the Independents. Are we prepared ?

“We of the Congregational order are to be asked to assemble, I believe, as we have never in all our history assembled before, on April the 8th, almost the very day of the Martyrdom of Barrowe and Greenwood, in Hyde Park, near the spot where they suffered death. Saturday has been fixed instead of Thursday, so that we may all be able to go.

“It is to be no mere commemoration service, though it is that of course. But we shall gather, as Armies

gather on the morning of a new Campaign, to join hands and hearts in prayer and dedication. And now I write to you because the young men's place is 'at the war'; you are the front—the place of danger and honour is yours. We mean, by the help of God, under the leadership of Christ, to make His Will the Law and the Life of London.

"What will you do ?

"Will you undertake in your various Districts to organize yourselves into battalions, and to obtain promises from all whom you can influence, both men and women, to come to the Park on the afternoon of the 8th of April next, and show that you are on the side of Truth and Freedom still ? I venture to believe that if it is put to you fairly, you will not only do it, but do it in such a way as will abundantly demonstrate that the spirit of our fathers is strong in you. 'Wherever the Independent has planted his foot, he has prevailed,' says Dr. Fairbairn. Our traditions are all of victory.

"When our Churches truly awake, there is such stuff in them as will make itself felt in London and throughout this Kingdom. We shall hail a brighter day. In token of this, our resolve, let us assemble on the 8th of April from every quarter of this great Metropolis and testify to our determination to be worthy and loyal descendants of the Martyrs of 1593, and to help onward the completion of the work which they so nobly and valiantly endeavoured.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely, .

"C. SILVESTER HORNE.

"KENSINGTON,

"*March, 1893.*"

This work coincided with the celebration of the centenary of Kensington Chapel, in connection with which Horne wrote a memorial volume under the title *A Cen-*

tury of Christian Service, giving a simple and vivid account of the establishment of the church and of the work of his predecessors in the ministry. Of the centenary meetings in the church he writes :—

“ Dr. Dale preached the Centenary sermon to a congregation that packed the Chapel in every corner. On the Monday night we had a glorious public meeting, in the course of which we presented an address to old Dr. Stoughton, commemorative of the jubilee of his connection with the church. Edward White, Dr. Fairbairn, Prof. Bryce, and Hugh Price Hughes also took part, and on all hands the meeting is confessed to have been worthy of so historic an occasion.”

In the spring of this year Horne's brother Leonard married, and shortly afterwards removed from Kensington to Highgate. Horne felt the loss of his brother's help in the church acutely. Up to the time of his own marriage he and Leonard had lived together, and he had had in his brother a most active church worker and loyal supporter. With his departure he felt that “ a great deal of the joy of Kensington ” was lost. But he was finding compensations. A daughter had been born to him, and from this time forward his diary is full of references to his delight in his home life and in his wife and children. As, for example : “ I must just record the wonderful joy and interest that little Dorothy is to us. Now that she has discovered that she possesses the gift of tongues and has begun to frame all kinds of pretty and curious sounds, she is every day more delightful. The wonder of a little child is beyond all fathoming.” This same year, 1893, saw the commencement of two literary tasks, in both of which Horne took the keenest delight. One was the writing of a novel, *A Modern Heretic*, which was published anonymously a year later, and the other a popular history of the London Mis-

sionary Society, to be issued in the centenary year of the society, 1895. How Horne found time to do such work, and to do it so well, is something of a mystery. He was as busy as ever in his church, was increasingly in demand outside, and yet he was able to read widely, and to prepare himself thoroughly for the tasks he took in hand. At the same time, he was absorbed in politics—the Home Rule controversy being then at its height—and was leading his church in a great social experiment by the establishment of a mission in Notting Dale. Yet amid all these preoccupations he never lost sight of his main interest, the preaching of the Christian Gospel and the presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus to the minds of men. At the close of 1894 he writes in his diary thus :—

“ The year is closing : and to me it has been a good and beautiful year—and not, I trust, an altogether useless one. Would that, in looking back, one could have an accurate stock-taking and note with some exactness what growth there has been in faith and character. ‘ Let a man examine himself ’ : Paul, ‘ who knew all the dangers of ultra-introspection, gives this as wholesome counsel for us. In regard to faith I think the great gain of the year to me has been in far truer perception of the majesty of Paul’s view of predestination. The marvellous way in which science rehabilitated this great doctrine just at the time when the Calvinist extremists had made the religious world most impatient of it was very wonderful. It now becomes clear and forcible to me that unless we firmly grasp the truth that God has appointed for us a *destiny* in Christ, and that to that destiny we were foreordained from all eternity, life becomes purposeless, and is liable to be treated as if it were a mere chapter of accidents. I find great personal satisfaction and help in considering the uniformity of natural law, and how gently and surely God

makes His presence felt : not by irregularities and violent departures from His appointed methods ; but by a steadfast order of things, on which we can always depend.

“ Another article of faith which has been more to me than it used to be is that Christ is the Truth, and we are to live in Him ; in the Truth. ‘ We are in Him who is true.’ I do not yet clearly grasp the significance of this : only the distinction between merely true things, truisms of life, and Truth, which is not only eternally *true* but eternally *vital*, has become of great moment to me. ‘ *I am the Truth*,’ says Christ : not I speak the Truth, nor act the Truth ; but I *am* the Truth : as if the Truth and the Life were essentially one, and the Life of Christ was the soul and substance of Truth.

“ I cannot honestly set down any great advance in character ; only I think I love people more—whether I love God more thus is a harder question to answer. I often think Mrs. Browning’s ‘ Confessions ’ might be mine :

‘ I saw God sitting above me : but I, I sat among men,
And I have loved these.’

Possibly, just as we enter into fellowship with God through the Son of man, we still come to love God better by loving man better : and especially as we love those who are not naturally lovable. For it is a strange and true thing, that by learning to love the unlovely we grow in the love of the altogether lovely.”

And again :—

“ Possibly the work in Kensington has not been so vividly coloured as an unripe experience pictured it five years ago ; but the faith in the future, and especially in God’s control of it, is all the deeper to-day. The error in one’s own conception of God’s ways has been exposed,

but gently, patiently as He doeth all things. The clearer light has meant new trust.

“ I think God leads us first of all out of false estimates of Christian success. He will not allow us long to confound prosperity with popularity. He does not measure the work done by the number of sittings let or members added to the roll, but by patience, fortitude, magnanimity, charity produced in those whose lives are influenced. Thus the best fruit of all ministries is not to be seen and counted like so many grapes upon the vine. It is an underground growth, visible only to the eye of Him who seeth in secret. Upon His ministers in all fields God imposes the discipline of faith. Under such conditions of work a minister is constrained to self-examination. He has to be very honest and candid with himself as to the spirit of his ministry. The fruit of his work on others depends on the fruit of God’s work on him. He can look with absolute certainty to great results if he is confident that, amid all imperfections, faith and love and truth have marked his ministry. He does not, then, ask to see much of the outward signs. He is content to know they will not be lacking where they are needed most in the stress and strain of common life. He walks less by sight and more by faith. Thus I think it is given to *you and me* in our ministries to serve and to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Whatever changes the years to come may bring, they can bring none that will suffice to interrupt or invalidate a ministry which is thus hid with Christ in God.”

The autumn of 1894 saw the publication of a volume of sermons to young men and women, entitled *The Vital Virtues*. Horne thought this his best work so far, and records in his diary his “ candid judgment ” that if he had any special gift it was that of analysing character. Certainly these sermons show a good deal of shrewd observation and sound judgment, as well as deep religious

feeling. This same autumn saw Horne plunged into a hotly contested School Board election. It was marked by a miserable religious controversy caused by an attempt on the part of certain High Churchmen, led by Mr. Athelstan Riley, to coerce the teachers by circular into giving definite dogmatic instruction. The Non-conformists were at once up in arms in defence of simple Bible instruction, and easily won the day. But the bitterness of the fight remained.

The meetings of the Congregational Union in October of this year were held in Liverpool, and were marked by the opening celebrations of the centenary of the London Missionary Society. Horne was one of the speakers at a great assembly in the Philharmonic Hall. He writes of it :—

“ I had only twenty minutes, and had condensed and condensed ; and the speech gained, I think, greatly in force, and was a success. If only one had time to condense as a general rule. I have come to the conclusion that—to be quite frank—I do not speak well extemporaneously. It is only after laboured and elaborate preparation that I really speak with satisfaction to myself and others. Such a discovery necessarily saddles one’s ministry with a burden of work from which ‘ the easily victorious few ’ who ‘ seem not to compete or strive ’ are delivered. But one must not quarrel with one’s destiny.”

Horne was always very critical of his own efforts, and his standard was a high one. But it may be questioned whether he was quite fair to his powers of extempore speech. He could sometimes be brilliantly eloquent, even when he had had little or no opportunity for preparation, and about his most carefully prepared sermons and speeches there was an ease and spontaneity which concealed all traces of the labour spent

upon them. How great that labour was no one knew but himself. At his sermons in particular he toiled unceasingly, counting no pains too great to be spent in preparation for the pulpit. He wrote once :—

“To the Rev. Justin Evans

“It has always been my great sorrow that I am so indifferent a preacher, and it has been my one commanding ambition to be a good one. I shall never be in the first rank of preachers. But if I can help people, and lift them just a little, it is to taste in measure the joy which our really great preachers have in such overwhelming degree.”

Early in 1895 Horne paid a visit to Glasgow and preached before the university.

“The ordeal was considerable,” he writes. “The procession behind the mace, side by side with the venerable Principal and followed by the Professors, was not a very pleasing preparation. Neither was the necessity of being gowned and hooded altogether a happy one. But ‘where law abounded grace did abound’ too, and on the whole I enjoyed myself, and had some gratifying thanks from Caird and Lord Kelvin at the close. At night I had 4,000 people in St. Andrew’s Hall, and thoroughly rejoiced in the environment.”

The following is a fuller account of the visit :—

“*March 1895.*—Several friends have asked me to set down a few simple details about my visit to my dear old university of Glasgow and the service in the Bute Hall, as the chapel is called. The Bute Hall is used for all university functions, such as the conferring of degrees and the weekly university service. Any ceremonial on a weekday is sure to be made lively and relieved from

undue solemnity by numerous facetious interpolations and the shouting of time-honoured, not to say antediluvian, jokes dear to the undergraduate mind. But on Sunday all is different. There have been occasions when the undergraduates in question have applauded some emphatic opinion of a reverend orator, as when they broke into decisive demonstrations of approval of an appeal by Dr. Dale for the Hospitals. No doubt, however, these were medical students—we put down everything rowdy in Glasgow to the ‘medicals.’ The service is now usually characterized by the utmost propriety.

“I have been asked whether the scene in the chapel on Sunday is not picturesque. I can only say it depends on the point of view. If you are looking at someone else in an exalted position, you may appreciate the picturesqueness more than you can if you are conscious that you yourself are the object of curiosity. However, let me begin at the beginning. The preacher for the day is shown into an ante-room over which run the words “University Court.” He finds a long table, on which are set out the various gowns and hoods of the professors. He himself is handed over to the genial, well-preserved old janitor Mr. Macpherson, who promptly arrays him in gown and hood. He has only time to speculate sadly as to his appearance, and indulge in thankful reflections that no Kensingtonian is near at hand to see, when the Principal enters.

“Now if it were possible for me to express the veneration which all Glasgow men without exception feel for Principal Caird, this letter would not be written in vain. For many years now Principal Caird has been recognized in Scotland as probably the first pulpit orator of this generation. In any plebiscite as to the greatest preacher in Scotland, Caird would stand first, the rest nowhere. His brother, Edward Caird, has recently become better known to fame in England by reason of his appoint-

ment as Professor Jowett's successor at Oxford. But in Scotland John Caird has a unique place in the affections of the people. Generous-minded and large-hearted, he throws open the University pulpit to preachers of every denomination, and nothing could be more beautiful than his marked courtesy to the young. If any of you have tried to read his book on the philosophy of religion, you have probably concluded that one who could write such a book must be a most severely intellectual person. Such an impression might be deepened by a sight of Caird's massive head with the grey—now nearly white—hair, and the dignified manner. But speak to him privately, and nothing could exceed the quiet modesty and simplicity and kindliness of his manner.

“While we have been talking about the Principal, other professors have been arriving, prominent among them being Lord Kelvin. It would be superfluous to describe the President of the Royal Society, for he is well known everywhere. His somewhat long beard is distinctly greyer than when I used to be a very unpromising pupil of his. He is, of course, still lame, but his limp has its old energy, and he looks as if he intended to go on discovering to the end of the chapter, as no doubt he does.

“When Principal Caird retires, he is expected to be his successor. But now the bell is ringing, and the hour of service has come. The beadle—most dignified he in all the procession—shoulders the mace. The Principal beckons, and we fall in immediately behind that symbol of academic distinction. The Professors follow two by two, and thus we ascend the staircase leading to the chapel. The organ begins, the congregation rises, and at a funeral pace we try to carry ourselves with an air of tolerable ease as we walk from one end of the hall to the other. The effort is not successful. Then the Professors divide and occupy the stalls on either side of

the pulpit, while the Principal and the Preacher for the day sit together at the reading-desk below the rostrum.

“The Principal, in his deep and still rich voice, conducts the devotional service, most of the prayers being taken apparently from the prayer-book of the Church of Scotland. This part of the service over, the beadle again beckons, the Preacher descends from the reading-desk, and, personally conducted by the officer in question, ascends the spiral stairs into the lofty pulpit from whence he is expected to preach.

“The sermon over, the procession reforms; the organist plays his concluding voluntary, and the gowns and hoods are laid aside with infinite relief, at all events on the part of one participator in the afternoon’s proceedings.”

At this period, also, he spent a good deal of time touring about the country in the interests of the London Missionary Society. Wherever he went he had great meetings, and the candour and fervour of his missionary appeals produced a deep impression. He was never so happy as when speaking on this topic, and both by tongue and pen he contributed greatly to the success of the centenary movement. Home missions, too, were very near his heart, and on one of his flying visits to Manchester Horne pleaded the cause of the Mansfield House Settlement in Canning Town with Mrs. Rylands, an old member of Kensington Church, and a most loyal friend. He introduced Percy Alden, the warden, to her, and they obtained a most generous donation towards the building of the new residence.

In March 1895 Dr. Dale died. Horne felt the loss acutely, and unburdened himself in his diary :—

“Dr. Dale has passed away; and seldom has the Church Catholic mourned more genuinely and universally over the grave of anyone. My own indebtedness to Dale is of course inestimable. Owing to my father

having been a fellow-student at Spring Hill, stories, often repeated, made him one of the heroes of my boyish days. Most vividly I can recall my first introduction to him. It was at West Bromwich. Dale had been reopening one of our churches there, and the congregation was immense. I had been taken over by my brother-in-law, Mr. Hall, and was armed with a letter from my father. As the congregation was dispersing we made our way to the vestry. The deacons were at their best. The visit of the renowned minister had led them to magnify their office. In their exalted state of mind, a boy in his teens intruding himself on the notice of the great Dale was unseemly and preposterous. I myself was nervous and excited and sensitive. But withal, my eagerness to speak to the Doctor and to be able to say that I had really shaken hands with him triumphed over all my fears. The frowning array of officials—probably far kinder than to my childish eyes they seemed—could not discourage me, nor their curt questions drive me from my purpose. I had my way. The vestry door opened, and I went in. Dr. Dale was sitting with one leg across the corner of the table : I can see him now. To some he may have seemed unattractive, and he would certainly shut up or stave off the presumptuous or the rude. To me he seemed then and ever after a large-hearted and fatherly man. He read my letter, and at once was full of tender interest. My father had, I suppose, hinted at my inclination towards the ministry. ‘My lad,’ said Dale, looking kindly down at me, ‘remember *our* temptation is not as a rule money.’ Then he pointed through the open door to the church, where the crowds of people were still slowly struggling down the aisles ; ‘*that* is our temptation,’ he said. Boy as I was, I felt instinctively what he meant : and a curious surprise came over me that *he* should feel the snares of popularity so keenly. Often since then have I recalled the strong kind face, the great burly man sitting across the table, the crowded

vestry—for there were numbers of friends waiting to speak—and the resonant tones, so serious, even though accompanied by a smile, ‘*that* is our temptation.’ That he should say ‘*our*’ and so associate a lad in his teens with himself in the fulness of his popularity was not lost on me then, and has remained a very gracious memory.

“ I could go on writing reminiscences recalling almost or quite every occasion of meeting him. For he was one of those rare men who, at every encounter, however frequent, gave you something to remember. It was an experience to see him in his study. When the door was opened you were conscious of a mephitic atmosphere. Clouds of smoke had emanated and were still emanating from a point above the writing-table. Your eyes had to grow accustomed to see in smoke, as Gilmour says he had to in the Mongolian tents. Presently you discerned a large form with the dark face and bushy beard looming out of the cloud. This used to suggest to me David’s vision of Saul in the tent, as Browning painted him. Finally a cheery voice was heard, a great grip of the hand brought you to yourself, and you coughed out your enquiries after his health. When I entered his study on the day of the funeral, it seemed to me that for the first time I saw the walls. It is impossible to conceive how strange the room looked in smokeless desolation. It was there that again and again we sat and talked. It was there that I first learned how deep was his interest in my own work. He was very much concerned, he told me, when I first went to Kensington, fearing that my views might change so considerably, when I came face to face with the practical working aspect of things, that I should feel uncomfortable myself and probably make others feel the same. He was wont to recommend books. ‘Read Dorner’—that was to me the sum of his theological counsel. ‘Read Dorner—I am more and more amazed at Dorner.’ Westcott he used to speak

very appreciatively of: and they had a good deal of correspondence, Westcott frequently confessing indebtedness to Dale's writings."

In May of this year came the first premonitions of failing health. The pace had for some time been altogether too fast. Horne had what he calls "a very nasty nervous breakdown," which compelled him to rest and to take things very quietly for a time. "I must be content to rest on my oars and only give an indolent tug or two occasionally." In the summer he had a two months' holiday spent in Norway with Mr. J. G. Fordham, and afterwards at Letheringsett, in Norfolk. While there he bought a plot of land at Sheringham, on the cliffs just outside the town, where his father-in-law built a house—The Bluff—which served them as a holiday resort for many years to come. His constitution soon responded to the rest cure, and his letters from Norway were written in the highest spirits, and reflect in every line his unstinted enjoyment of mountain and sea.

"We visited the North Cape, experienced tropical heat in the Arctic circle, and grew weary of the midnight sun—it really should not keep such shamefully late hours—and then returning, buried ourselves for a week in a charming little village called Os. Here we saw no English people, but fished to our hearts' content and prospered. Then home to England, I making tracks for Norfolk, Katharine, and baby. Oh, but all the charms of Norway do not compensate for the absence of dearer charms, and it was like returning to Paradise must be to angels who have been visiting fair spots on earth. The Norfolk holiday was entirely lovely. It was delightful to see so much of my father-in-law, to enjoy long walks and talk with him. He is never in happier vein than when in the country, and in Norfolk for choice. His love of all country things and scenes is so fresh and

keen. Often we had been discussing some profound political problem, or the merits of this or that ecclesiastical system, when at the note of a nuthatch, or the tap, tap of a woodpecker, he would become suddenly alive with an eagerness he had not displayed before. The processes of Nature, the habits of all animals, are to him of never-wearying interest, and he would sit for hours at the door of the summer-house on the lawn just to watch the swallows feeding their young."

The next item in his diary is on a very different theme, and bears witness to the intensity of his interest in things political and to the strength of his opinions in regard to them :—

"During my absence in Norway, England witnessed the greatest political revolution of the century. The Liberal majority of 40 was turned into a Conservative (or Coalition) majority of 150 ! I am so glad I had no finger in this mess, and shall always be able to say I was well out of it ! Of course excuses good, bad, and indifferent are not wanting, and explanations are endless. Some say it was the Local Veto cry, some the Disestablishment proposals, some the Labour Party, some the dissensions among the Irish, some Mr. Gladstone's retirement, some Lord Rosebery's racing proclivities. It seems probable that all these things told against us ; and, truth to tell, we had no general proposals to lay before the electors for which they manifested any enthusiasm. It comes to this—too many programmes, and too little programme ; a number of Bills acceptable to certain sections, but no general legislative proposals for the benefit of all. Such proposals must surely concern the land, with which is bound up the Tithe, and consequently the Church question. I feel more and more convinced that the Liberal Party must make up its mind on this question, and if it has not got a mind to make up,

then it must get one, or else consent to inanition and decay."

Immediately on his return from his holiday Horne plunged into the preparation for a mission in connection with his church to be conducted by his friend Dr. Horton. Through all his labours he never lost his evangelistic interest and spirit. He felt that it was well from time to time to try and reap some fruit of his regular ministry by a special appeal, and at the same time to attempt to draw in those whom the ordinary services of the church did not effectively reach. He believed, too, that this could be best done through another voice than his own; but he regarded it as his special duty to prepare the way of the missionary and to see to it, as far as possible, that the church should be in the right spirit to receive the message. He held meetings and conferences with this end in view, and in none of his work was the fervour, intensity, and sanity of his spirit more manifest. The mission was a great and striking success, and when it was all over he wrote:—

"Robert Horton has just concluded an eight days' mission here. We engaged the Town Hall for the week-nights, and on the Sundays made use of the Chapel. To help in the singing we had some of the most famous London singers as soloists—Miss Clara Butt, Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Evangeline Florence, Mr. Daniel Price—all by conviction or extraction Congregationalists, and all voluntarily serving in the good cause in the most cheerful and cordial way. The result was wonderful. The Town Hall was packed, and the Chapel also crowded to excess. Horton was at his best, so admirably lucid, persuasive, spiritual. There was nothing hysterical, nothing extravagant: all was quiet, thoughtful, and yet fervent. The impression produced must be indelible. There was a stillness that could be felt; and the after-

meetings were strangely searching, and full of an indescribable power. My wife and I greatly rejoiced at having Horton with us in our home for these eight days. The more one sees of him the more one is charmed by his character, and the 'sweetness and light' of all his thoughts and ways. I know no more genuine representative of the 'saint' as mediævalism conceived him; yet there is this to boot, a singular candour and openness of mind which has been the secret of the abuse to which he has so freely been subjected in consequence of his 'advanced' views. . . ."

The opening of the year 1896 found Horne at the height of his influence, but still showing signs of heavy strain involved in his manifold labours. His work at Kensington was becoming more and more fruitful. The membership of the church was now over 500, and of these 310 had joined during his ministry. He was appealing to a continually wider audience, as witness the growing demand for his printed sermons. Early in the year he published another volume, *The Life that is Easy*, and some *Tracts for the Times*, on *The Spirit of Dives*, *The Sobriety of Hope*, and *In Praise of Optimism*. He also began another novel, which never saw the light. Of the first-mentioned book he writes :—

"I have just been correcting the proofs of a little book entitled *The Life that is Easy* which Mr. Allenson is on the point of publishing for me. This is none other than the book written originally for the R.T.S., and which, after circulating round their Committee for eighteen months or more, was eventually returned to me as unsuitable for publication. I relegated it to an old chest where many old MSS. sleep, and there it reposed beyond the reach of criticism for another year; and, it is to be hoped, soothed its injured feelings. Allenson heard of this rejected MS., and pressed me to allow

him to print it. At last I gave way so far as to read it over again. I was agreeably disappointed with it on the whole. Much that is in it needs, I think, to be said. So I rewrote portions, composed a Preface which hinted at the reception the book experienced at the hands of the R.T.S., and now here it is about to see the light as an eighteenpenny book."

In March he had another breakdown in health due to overstrain, and was ordered by the doctors a year's entire cessation from public work. He felt that it was not fair to ask his church for so long a holiday, and that he had no alternative but "to sit down and write my resignation. Of course the wrench implied is an infinitely distressing one. It is impossible to contemplate it without acute pain. There is no love like the first love; and there is a peculiar attachment between the church and myself which renders separation an agony. Nevertheless, the thing had to be done, and it has been done, and now I must await the issue."

The issue was that the church would have none of it. His people were willing to give him all the rest he needed, and to wait, if necessary, indefinitely till his health should be restored. They asked him, with every expression of their sympathy and goodwill, to withdraw his resignation and take a full year's furlough, and they agreed to carry on meanwhile. Horne could do nothing but consent, especially as Dr. McClure, of Mill Hill, was willing to supervise the church during his absence—an arrangement which greatly relieved his mind. He left London for Norfolk at once, from whence he wrote to his father:—

"LEATHERINGSETT HALL,

"April 4, 1896.

"With this letter I shall enclose the resolution passed, I believe, at a very crowded and representative Church meeting last Wednesday, and carried with all unanimity

and cordiality. Indeed, Mr. Salter says that there was no jarring note of any kind ; and all the references to myself seem to have been full of love and kindly feeling. This is, of course, very cheering and grateful ; and the arrangement that has been made will bring relief from much anxiety. You cannot think what a number of overwhelmingly touching letters I have received from all sorts and conditions of people. It makes me feel very rich, though it accentuates the sorrow of being separated from them for so long. Some people want to give me a long voyage in their ships ; some to take me off to the Continent ; and indeed the generous offers of all sorts of help have been quite overpowering. Meanwhile, we are glad to be quite quiet here and to think things over a little. Mr. Cozens-Hardy is such a resource ; so sensible and sympathetic. I feel more and more anxious that you should bring Mother down to see this beautiful spot some time or other. We have a free hand to invite our friends ! . . .”

After about a month at Letheringsett, where “bicycling and vegetarianism, combined with fresh air and an out-of-door life,” made a good beginning of his cure, Horne and his wife joined the ever hospitable Mrs. Rylands in a holiday in Switzerland and the Italian lakes. His diary gives a summary of their doings for the next three months :—

“ The succeeding three months were spent in travelling amid scenes of varied loveliness and circumstances of the rarest comfort, not to say luxury. We journeyed by way of Calais and Basle to Berne, and then began our driving tour, visiting Thun and Interlaken, Grindelwald and Murren ; then on by Brienz and the Brunig to Lucerne. Here we saw Leonard and Mary for a few hours, and visited many points on the lake. Then we drove to Axenfels and to Goeschenen, from whence,

as the St. Gothard pass was not yet open, we took train to Luganó. At the latter place we stayed a long time ; too long, we thought, as the weather was very close and hot. Nevertheless, it was a centre from which we explored Como, Maggiore, Milan, Varese, and other places. When we set out from Lugano northwards, we drove to San Bernardino by way of Bellinzona, and from San Bernardino to Splügen and Thusis and Dissentis ; then by the Lukmanier pass, making our way to Airolo ; thence over the St. Gothard to Hospenthal. Here we rested a few days, and then resumed by way of the Furka and the Rhone Glacier, driving over the Grimsel, and finally down the Rhone Valley to Brieg, where we parted with our carriage and five. Taking train to Martigny, we crossed the Tete Noire the next day, and descended to Chamonix. Here, amid the tremendous scenery of the Mont Blanc range, we spent nine days ; and then drove to Cluses, took train to Geneva *en route* for Paris. At Paris we had one or two delightful days, and then were not sorry to return to England, and especially to the bairns, who had meanwhile gone to Newport for a visit. The trip was immensely helpful to me physically, and everybody congratulates me on my improved appearance. It was, of course, fruitful beyond telling of ideas, suggestions, experiences. I feel as if I should never lack for illustrations again, so rich a fund has accumulated during these months. . . . As for our hostess, Mrs. Rylands, she was all to us that a mother could be ; full of eagerness to make everything helpful and interesting. We conceived a real affection for her, and even the prospect of reunion with the children did not make it easy to say good-bye to her."

This trip was followed by a further stay in Norfolk, and then early in 1897 Horne started off again for a tour in the Mediterranean along with his brother Fred, who

was also in need of rest and a change. After his return he wrote in his diary :—

“ Meanwhile let me record that Fred and I have had a jaunt together up the Mediterranean, have looked in on Jerusalem, meandered round Jericho, and wandered on asses in desert places in search of Pyramids. Fred had a nasty attack of lung mischief: and as it was assumed that I should be all the better for a final tramp abroad before resuming work, we took each other off to the south. We had an excellent voyage out in the *Creole Prince*, sailing from Manchester down the Canal, a maudling sort of a start! Among the interesting people on board was Mr. Eden Philpotts, literary editor of *Black and White*, and a considerable author. We became very thick, and he has been to hear me preach since my return. He is a first-rate fellow, and I hope to see much of him.

“ It would take a series of diaries to record all my impressions of the Mediterranean—Tunis, Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Sidon, Jerusalem, Cairo, and so forth. I have written a good many articles about the trip in the *Christian World*. And oh, the home-sickness, after we turned our prows definitely Englandwards! And oh the fogs off the Spanish coast and in the Bay of Biscay! Then the arrival, disembarking, and journey to London; and the indescribable rapture of having wife and children once again within one’s vision and grasp, so as to feel that one was not alone, but had a habitation and belongings. These things belong to the ineffable. Everyone who is truly married is a steward of such mysteries.”

Horne settled down to work again in April 1897, full of hope and vigour. His church gave him a warm welcome. During his absence it had been decided to give him an assistant, and the Rev. Charles Clay was appointed to the

office. This lightened his burden considerably; but the fact must be reckoned with that from this time onwards he had to contend with a certain physical weakness. He was not disposed to acquiesce too easily in medical cautions, and he found it very hard to discontinue "work that had become to be dear as life itself." But he decided to go quietly ahead and see what the future should bring forth. One of his great interests at the moment was the issue, in collaboration with the Rev. T. H. Darlow, of a small volume of liturgical services for the use of Congregational churches. It bore the title *Let us Pray*, and followed the lines to which Horne had accustomed his Kensington congregation. He felt strongly the need for some improvement in Free Church worship, and there is no doubt that the little book, which has been followed by several others on the same lines, contributed greatly towards the end he had in view.

1897 was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. At the request of the Free Church Council Horne drew up a special form of service for the Jubilee Sunday, which was widely used. Of the celebrations generally he was somewhat critical. He writes :—

"The enthusiasm displayed has been due to two things principally—the recognition of the Throne as the centre of our vast imperial system and the recognition of the personal qualities of the Queen. Those whose imaginations do not easily take fire, even in view of so magnificent and inspiring a fact as the British Empire, find their affections stimulated by the simple and genuine goodness of the Queen's character. There cannot be two opinions that to us of the Puritan strain this latter fact is the prime motive of a loyalty such as we have never felt or expressed towards any other monarch. The substantial purity of the Court is a thing new in English history outside the Commonwealth, and undoubtedly

it has had its effect in a better tone throughout society.

“Yesterday, by the kind invitation of Mr. R. J. Barrett, the treasurer of my mission, I had a splendid seat for viewing the procession just at the corner of St. James’ Street and Piccadilly, and commanding an admirable view of both. Opinion is unanimous that it was a magnificent military pageant. The representatives of the Colonies and the Colonial troops were received by the vast multitude with wild enthusiasm, and, needless to say, the Queen’s reception was most affectionate and touching. For the moment one was so carried away as to feel that nothing better could have been devised or executed, but one’s after-thoughts tend to a good deal of criticism. How is it that our only idea of an exhibition of national greatness and power is a parade of the military? Why, if Colonial statesmen were allowed places, were English statesmen excluded? Why were Art, Science, Literature, Commerce conspicuous by their absence? Above all, why was Gladstone not there? The occasion was unique for the greatest architect of the Constitution to be honoured by the people. Indeed, it was probably the final opportunity of allowing the millions of the Empire to see him.

“One reflects ruefully that this exclusive attention and honour given to the military ends in flunkeyism and snobbism unlimited. The list of honours is out of all proportion a naval and military list. Yet no one can pretend that the ‘Services,’ as they are called, do the really hard and lasting work on which the solid greatness of England depends. But they are showy; they take the eye; they please the vulgar desire for colour and physique; their clothes are fine and their horses handsome. The consequence is that we continue to submit to a monopoly which is to the last degree undeserved, and discreditable to a sensible and just nation.

"It is perhaps worth noting that at the religious service on the steps of St. Paul's places were found for thirty representatives of the Free Churches. It is hardly necessary to say that they were not permitted to take any part in the service; even though the Queen is for half her time a Presbyterian, and consequently in the eye of the Episcopal Church a Nonconformist. More than half of this nation belongs to the Free Churches, but we continue to allow to one sect the monopoly of all great national functions. This, too, I fancy, is largely a question of clothes. We like the Army for its uniforms, and the clergy for their copes and vestments generally. The ordinary Londoner likes anything, indeed, that reminds him of Sanger's Circus or the Lord Mayor's Show. And on such occasions as these it is perhaps the wisest and best arrangement that he should have his tastes gratified. At any rate, our public processions and ceremonial do not err in the direction of being pitched in too high a key. The proof of which is that they are popular; and until, if ever, education improves and purifies our tastes, they will continue to be popular."

Horne took his holiday late this year, and remaining in London during the greater part of August, had the opportunity of preaching to much smaller congregations than usual. He makes the interesting confession that he found it a relief: "when every sensation of crowding eagerness and excitement is lacking one gets a quiet and calm which is by no means adverse to true worship. I feel with some genuine satisfaction that I am personally not in the least dependent on a crowded congregation for stimulus and fervour in the conduct of public worship."

Before he left London he wrote a scathing letter to the *Independent* expressing his entire lack of confidence in the Liberal leaders, and especially Sir W. Harcourt, in

consequence of their action or inaction regarding the South African Committee. It is a matter of history that the committee was content to whitewash the doings of Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company, and neither on the committee nor in the House of Commons did the Liberal leaders raise any protest. They did not even dissent from Mr. Chamberlain's declaration that the personal honour of Rhodes was unstained. Horne's protest was timely, and voiced the very general feeling of Nonconformists. It led him to watch South African affairs with some care, and prepared the way for his very pronounced attitude on the Boer War. The end of this year and the beginning of 1898 saw some changes at Allen Street Church. Mr. William Holborn, who had been secretary of the church for about a quarter of a century, was compelled by ill-health to resign his office, and shortly afterwards Mr. Thomas Walker died. Horne felt keenly the loss of such staunch friends and fellow-workers. He writes :—

“ These changes affect me most keenly. I do not know how to endure them, and have not the philosophical mind which can accept them as part of the regular order of things. Certainly we are very rich in capable officers at Allen Street, but oh these changes, these changes ! ”

The following extracts from the diary speak for themselves :—

“ *Mar. 26, 1908.*—At the beginning of this week I was in Leicester. The meetings of the Liberal Federation were being held, and Sir Walter Foster and his daughter, Mrs. Fordham, were staying at the same house. I found him very genial and friendly ; but we had a most desperate argument over the new proposal to establish a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. John Morley

has got into great disgrace among Nonconformist Liberals by his support of this proposition ; Mr. Cozens-Hardy declared to me that he had betrayed us. I found Sir Walter actually sympathetic with the proposal ; and I told him that I thought that we had arrived at one educational principle at least, viz. never to countenance grants of public money for sectarian purposes. Evidently there will be the usual division of opinion in the Liberal camp. We never seem to be able nowadays to make a really forceful protest on behalf of anything, so divided are we among ourselves."

" *May 20, 1898.*—Gladstone died yesterday. Quite early in the morning special editions of the evening papers were issued announcing that he passed away about 5 a.m. It was the morning of Ascension Day—in itself a beautiful coincidence. One could not help feeling that if he had been able to choose, he would have chosen this day of all days to die on. Outside the weather was significant of the universal sense of desolation. A strong and bitter east wind, and driving rain, turned our May to winter. The whole world was chill and drear beyond description. Joy seemed suddenly to have withered from the face of things. I went down to my evening service, where I found only some five and forty people assembled. Of course the one thought was uppermost—Gladstone was dead. I spoke to them of him as one to whom we owed much as Nonconformists, but who would be specially remembered as a great Christian statesman. Few men can ever have lived who maintained so consistently the highest standard of public life. With one of the most magnificent and versatile intellects of all time, he found no difficulty in associating therewith a simple and childlike faith. There was no incongruity between his thought and his belief. And he had that supreme crown of a good life, a calm and serene death, untroubled by fear and doubt, though his last illness was accompanied by severe and

protracted agony. It is almost impossible to think of England without Gladstone—he was such a large part of her life. His career is the history of modern England. He entered Parliament four years before her Majesty came to the throne. He broke all Parliamentary records. No one ever held so many times the highest offices of state, or occupied a seat in Parliament for so many years. From all countries and all parties there is a vast, impressive chorus of eulogy and lamentation. An American leading journal calls him ‘the world’s greatest citizen,’ and doubtless so he has been. He leaves scarcely a contemporary of note behind him. Ruskin seems the one great survivor of an age of giants—and of course he is a much younger man. Dr. Martineau alone remains who in greatness of intellect and character is akin to Gladstone; and he has lived the life of the man of letters, and not borne the burden and heat of the day as Gladstone did. We are all speculating whether the funeral will be at Hawarden or the Abbey.”

Early in 1899 Horne was approached by the church at Queen Street, Wolverhampton, with a view to his succeeding Dr. Charles Berry. Nothing came of the overtures, except that they caused him to review his position at Allen Street, and to question whether his work there might not be over.

“There is no outward reason for discouragement,” he wrote, “but I am not sure that by remaining I shall carry the congregation forward to any point of greater spiritual prosperity. . . . A minister wants to know that there is such a general enthusiasm for the work of the church, and such real gain resulting from his ministry that the congregation is advancing in the spiritual life. Nothing is so difficult to ascertain as this, and one may

be misled by a few signs that do not mean much. But I am not persuaded that we have the necessary spirit among us, and hence this unsettled feeling for almost or quite the first time in my ministry."

How groundless these fears were is indicated by another passage in his diary a few months later:—

"I have felt a good deal encouraged here latterly. Congregations have been large, additions to the church numerous, and the responses to an appeal we have issued for a Twentieth Century Fund most splendid and inspiring. The whole congregation to a man and woman has entered into the scheme with ardour and liberality, demonstrating that the spirit of loyalty to our mission and principles has never been stronger and truer. I have had some further overtures from Wolverhampton, but they have been indirect, and do not disturb me now. My present duty is very clear before me, and I must not allow myself to be diverted to the right hand or to the left."

Meanwhile outside calls were multiplying. The London Congregational Union elected him its chairman. Remonstrances from his deacons led him to decline the honour, but he ultimately accepted the vice-chairmanship with a view to taking the chair in the following year. He wrote to his wife:—

"April 17, 1899.

"... I want you to know that I have accepted the Vice-Presidency of the London Union; not without misgivings certainly, and not without a clear understanding from Mearns¹ as to the maximum of work

¹ Rev. Andrew Mearns, secretary of the London Congregational Union.

that I am to be expected to do. It seemed to me that I could not decently refuse. The time is a somewhat critical one. We are launching a vast scheme, and what one voice can do to give it a chance and an encouraging word ought to be done. . . .”

The following letters, also to his wife, show him in another mood:—

“April 20.

“ . . . We are going to have a unique Cromwell service on the 30th. I am printing a special Order of Service. We are going to sing Cromwell’s psalm (117) in the old Scotch version, to Bangor, the tune to which Carlyle says it was sung. Then Andrew Black is going to sing, and we have chosen ‘Is not His Word like a fire?’ from the *Elijah*. You remember how the Lord whets His sword and breaks them in pieces like a hammer! Oh, very Ironsides. He will also sing ‘Why do the nations?’ with the lovely bit about the Kings and Rulers of the earth setting themselves against the Lord’s anointed! But I will send you an Order when printed. . . .”

“August 1, 1899.

“ . . . Fred and I spent a happy day yesterday at Lord’s, where for the first time I saw Ranjitsinji in his real form, and am somewhat of a convert to the belief that he is the most beautiful bat in the world. We also saw Trott hit a ball clean over the Pavilion—a perfectly giant drive, worth going far to see. Altogether it was a capital day’s cricket, and pleasantly warm, with a light breeze from the north.”

Later in August he started for America in order to attend the International Congregational Council at

Boston. His part in the programme was to read a paper on work among young people, but this represented only a fraction of the work he had to do. He spoke at other sessions of the council, and at some of the social functions connected with it, and always with such a combination of wit and fervour as delighted his audiences. He felt himself very much at home in the freer ecclesiastical atmosphere of America, and was very happy in all his references to it. The result was that he was almost overwhelmed with invitations to preach and speak. On his return he wrote of his experiences as follows :—

“ I was too lazy to write in my diary during the rest of the trip, and perhaps too busy and happy seeing everything and everybody. We travelled up the St. Lawrence to Niagara. There I went on alone to Chicago and St. Louis, and rejoined Alfred Fordham down south at Gettysburg. Thence we made our way up through Washington, Philadelphia, and New York to Boston. The Council occupied the rest of my time. It was a most memorable occasion. I was very fortunately housed in Boston, receiving hospitality from a Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who, with their son and daughter, made up one of the happiest families I have ever met. Their kindness was quite overpowering. The same applies to a Mr. and Mrs. W., who entertained me royally at St. Louis, and from whom I parted with real emotion. At Chicago I had as guide Dr. Simeon Gilbert, formerly editor of the *Advance*. He showed me everything, and made my stay as delightful as it was profitable. At Montreal we were indebted for exceptional kindness to Dr. George, the Principal of the Theological College. And at Newhaven my dear friend Dr. Ray Palmer and his daughter were extraordinarily good to us. I travelled home in the same ship as Dr. Fairbairn, who was a most congenial companion. We went straight to Manchester, and

stayed with Mrs. Rylands until the inaugural ceremonies of the Rylands Library were over. Everything passed off to perfection. Fairbairn's address was beyond praise, and Mrs. Rylands' gracious and dignified bearing all through was something to remember."

CHAPTER IV

RELIGION AND POLITICS

THE year 1900 was clouded by the first reverses of the Boer War. Horne was opposed to the war throughout, as he had been to the whole policy which led up to it. Time and events have abundantly justified the attitude which he took up; but for the moment he was very much alone, and though he never wavered in his convictions, he felt keenly the isolation which they involved. He stuck to his point, however, and both by his pen and by word of mouth he bravely bore witness to what he believed to be the claims of justice and humanity. It hurt him grievously to be in opposition to the policy of his country, for he was indeed a patriot at heart, but just for that very reason he could do no other. His position may be best described in his own words:—

“*January 3, 1900.*—Everybody wants to know whether this is or is not the beginning of a new century. Those who are strong in arithmetic and poor in imagination say no, but imagination is on the side of 1900. Never has any year opened drearier. We are at war with the Transvaal, and have suffered reverse on reverse. There is no prophesying the end, and the whole business seems lamentable and avoidable. I have perpetrated one letter of protest to the *Daily News*, for which Mr. Bryce¹ sent me a much-valued word of approval and thanks. It was ‘the best thing he had seen lately.’ I preached against the war with some hesitation, but there seemed no reason for silence except that the war fever was violent

¹ Now Lord Bryce.

and prevalent. I hope the pro-war part of the congregation will forgive me by the middle of the century. One old friend, a Scotchman, came to see me a few Sundays back, and broke into sobbings as he tried to tell me that three dear friends had been killed in the Black Watch. He believed they were fighting for justice. So no doubt they were, even if our country has, through her statesmen, put herself in the wrong.

"I spent a good part of yesterday with Horton and Pierce at the Vandyck Exhibition. We were all enraptured, and especially delighted with the picture of Lord Wharton, lent by the Czar. He has a serene, a heavenly face, and is described in the catalogue as a 'violent Puritan.' This is very entertaining. Horton seems to think that we cannot win in this war, and that Providence will deal kindly with us in allowing us to be still further defeated ; so that South Africa may become United Dutch States. He thinks the power and character of a Boer are such as might make his rule there purer and nobler than ours. I confess I do not share his views, and still hope for the supremacy of Britain in South Africa ; but we have done all in our power to make disaster inevitable."

"*January 12.*—Latterly I have been feeling terribly lonely. I cannot use any other word. Say what you like, there is an alienation where opinion on some great question is fiercely divided. My own feeling of horror and shame at the war I cannot put on paper, nor into words. I feel exactly as Dr. Arnold used to say he did when the sympathies are at war with the reason. My sympathies are all with my country ; but my convictions are against her. The feeling that she is wrong, and is pursuing at appalling cost a wrong path, is agonizing. I do not sleep properly at nights ; and indeed the strain of the situation is unspeakable. Then the loneliness ! So few of my nearest and dearest friends take this view. Certainly Mr. Cozens-Hardy is a great stand-by. He is

so true to the nobler love of England, and faith in her mission. I am afraid my own father is on the other side ; and I can hardly remember ever differing from him before. I do not dare to write and ask him just what he thinks ; for I feel as if I could not bear to *know* that he is in favour of the war. Mr. Edward Spicer, too, whose judgment I respect almost more than that of anyone I know, is a believer in the justice of the war. It is staggering, bewildering. I try to go on with a smiling face and keep people happy ; but my heart is lead. The misery of the felt estrangement on a great moral issue is intense. I have seen Horton to-day and had a long talk with him. We are to summon a meeting of our ministers for prayer. I wanted to make it an opportunity for a simple protest on behalf of peace, and against the war spirit and policy, but he overrules me, and this is better than nothing. It is a relief, ' the sure relief of prayer.' "

" *February 28.*—We at home are fighting almost as fiercely as Briton and Boer out there. Nothing could exceed the bitterness and brutality of the extreme Jingo faction. One of our ministers whom it would be unkind to name has denounced the entire Peace party as either ' imbecile or traitors ' ! Probably the most deplorable fact of the situation is that many of our men who took a strong clear line at first have been intimidated by this violence into apologizing for their former ideas. I was present when . . . said at Mr. . . .'s table that he regarded the war as the crime of the century ; but now no language is too severe for him to use in condemnation of those who are in favour of stopping this war. J.W. has executed a most remarkable back-somersault ; for having preached uncompromisingly against the war, he has now preached as uncompromisingly in favour of it, taking ' Joab,' of all people, as a model for England's imitation. Meanwhile Mr. Rhodes has been declaring, amid approving and enthusiastic cheers, that the English

flag is the most valuable commercial asset in the world. The *Daily Mail* exults over the probable renewed prosperity of the African capitalists, declaring there is nobody like 'Bobs.' Even Lord Roberts has done the one unchristian act of which I should think he will ever be accused, and has connected the victory over Cronje with Majuba, thereby pandering to all the lowest sentiments of revenge. And this, God help her, is England. To us who are fairly paralyzed by all this, the saddest thought is that we can never feel quite as we have done about England in the future. To be shut in to admiration of her more distant past; to have one's belief in her justice deadened if not destroyed; to see how weakly she will allow her sense of fairness and justice to be overborne by the clamour of men whom history has proved to be unscrupulous adventurers—all this is horrible enough. And I personally feel it must weaken one's ministry. Love of country, and pride in country, is something one would fain cherish if for no other reason because it enables one to strike a note to which the hearts of one's fellows are quickly and enthusiastically responsive. But I can never talk again quite with the same accent. If England should rise up and declare her determination to respect the independence and integrity of the Boer Republics, she might even yet go far to reinstate herself in the eyes of the world and in her own eyes. But when one considers the tone of the Press, and the temper of the Stock Exchange, and one must add the flabbiness of the 'Non-conformist Conscience,' one can only expect the worst."

Horne made no secret of the opinions thus expressed. That he was labelled a pro-Boer and incurred a good deal of obloquy and abuse from the gutter press disturbed him far less than the fact that he was compelled to differ from many of his friends. His church, however, remained entirely loyal, and as time went on it became clear that

there was far more sympathy with his position in Non-conformist circles than appeared on the surface. He took an active part in the rushed khaki election of the autumn of 1900, but he had never any hope that it would alter the balance of parties. He deplored the bitterness engendered and the low ebb to which the public spirit had sunk.

About this time, also, he was greatly disturbed by receiving an urgent call to the pastorate of the Morningside Congregational Church, Edinburgh. Morningside is a young church, and was then led by a band of keen and active men who believed that it had a great future before it. They were prepared to launch out into a great forward movement and to make the church a centre of Congregational witness for all Scotland. But they wanted the right kind of leader, and they believed that they had found him in the minister of Allen Street. Horne was greatly attracted by the prospect. Edinburgh itself appealed to him, especially as it offered a prospect of influencing the university students. Then there was a spice of adventure about the whole scheme, an opportunity of making a fresh start and of working on his own lines. All this led him to consider the call very seriously. He wrote in his diary :—

“ *November 29.*—Latterly the feeling has been growing upon me that I have done all I can with this congregation. Last Sunday evening, for instance, I harangued them on Temperance. I had the sense then, which I so often have, of talking things, which to me are almost life-blood, to those who are just a little amused at my impetuosity. In other words, I think the large majority at Allen Street do not believe *with* me. They are there because they believe *in* me. I like this state of things and I don't. We are very happy together. They respect me and I respect them ; but we are not close enough to one another to be able to move all together.

I would give a good slice of the dignity of Allen Street for some almost devil-may-care enthusiasm and hot-headed fanatical madness of Paul's sort. Not one of my congregation that I can think of would need to explain to Festus that he is not mad ! Well, I am going up to Edinburgh next week to look round and hear proposals. So far I shall certainly go, unless the unforeseen happens. After that—well, there will be some delicate weighing to do, and one can only leave the issue in His Hands Who helpeth our infirmities of judgment."

The decision was a very difficult one to make. Horne's friends were divided. Some of them, including Dr. Fairbairn, thought that for his own sake a change would be good but doubted whether he would find in Edinburgh the best kind of scope for his powers. His own people were greatly alarmed at the prospect of losing him, and both collectively and as individuals urged him to remain among them. He was greatly touched by the strength and sincerity of their pleading, and came to realize, as he had perhaps not done before, how deep was their attachment to him and how greatly they depended on him for spiritual leadership and teaching. The consciousness of this had a great deal to do with his ultimate decision, that his duty still lay in London. He therefore declined the call to Edinburgh, and explained his reasons in the following very frank letter to the Kensington Church.

" December 22, 1900.

" MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"As you are all aware, I have been anxiously considering during the last few days an invitation to become the Minister of Morningside Congregational Church, Edinburgh. The attractions of such a call can perhaps only be fully appreciated by those who know the opportunity for work presented by Morningside, the proximity of the University men, and, above all,

the quality of Christian life in the members of the Church itself. As you will readily suppose, the fact that the Church is prepared to make very real and tangible sacrifices to sustain me in the work there, and has courage and faith to 'attempt great things for God,' has deeply impressed me. From all parts of Scotland I have received tributes to the sterling and exceptional character of those who are leaders of that Church. Among my own ministerial friends here in England are some who knew the Morningside Church well, and all of them were agreed that if I had any thought of leaving Kensington, no better or happier opening was possible for me.

"This was the case for Edinburgh. On the other hand was your tried loyalty and undiminished confidence and affection, of which I have had so gracious an expression during the past ten days. I had to review the situation here, to try to estimate the probability of injury to the work here if I were to leave—work which I love with all my heart. Gradually the issue narrowed itself to this. In which of these two spheres am I more needed? In other words, which is the more difficult post to fill? Which is the harder fort to hold?

"The great body of evidence which I have been able to gather points to the certainty of success in Edinburgh. The situation is ideal, the population is rapidly increasing, and there is no such social hostility to our work there as prevails here. All this is immensely attractive. But in Kensington we have a peculiarly difficult neighbourhood. Our numerical weakness as Free Churchmen must be apparent to every observer. We have to encounter, and by God's help overcome, an almost inconceivable degree of prejudice. Moreover, we share the problems of London. We have to fight the growing apathy and irreligion. We have to deliver our witness against a dominant and aggressive sacerdotalism. I want to tell you, therefore, that while I still feel the fascination and

promise of this new work in the north, I feel even more sure that the post of greater difficulty is the post of greater honour and duty, and it is a post made happy by your loving and unvarying sympathy and help. Acting on this consideration, I have declined the invitation to Edinburgh; and I confidently appeal for all your help and support in continuing the Ministry which God and this Church of Christ have called me to fulfil.

“ Believe me, yours very affectionately,

“ C. SILVESTER HORNE.”

At the morning service on December 30 he said :—

“ To few congregations, perhaps, could I have written as frankly about motives as I did to you, but I knew you would not misunderstand. You would not fall into the error of thinking Duty a thing irksome, but rather the gladdest, happiest, most attractive, most beautiful of all pathways. For that deep sympathetic understanding of the position I thank you.

“ There is no need for you to know how far across the border I was when your kind hands reached me and drew me back. I had come to believe that perhaps after all the Forth was almost as fine a river as the Thames, but to-day I have no regrets save the old one, that I am so unequal to my duties and so undeserving of my privileges. It is my prayer that this new demonstration of your attachment and loyalty may make you a better church and me a better minister and a better man.”

Though he settled down to his work again contentedly enough, there is no doubt that the Edinburgh call had shaken him, and had left him wondering whether he ought not to look for some new and wider sphere for his powers. It is not to be wondered at that he felt increasingly the limitations of the ordinary pastorate. This feeling was enhanced by his experience of a mission

which he conducted in Cambridge early in 1901. The mission was arranged by the Free Churches of the town, but, held on the neutral ground of the Guildhall, it attracted all sorts and conditions of men and women, and made an extraordinarily deep and wide appeal. Horne was always at his best when pleading the claims of Christianity with young men and women, and on this occasion he certainly excelled himself. The Cambridge churches felt the effect of it for many years. He wrote of it to his wife :—

“ CAMBRIDGE,

“ *February 18, 1901.*

“ We have begun. I was wishing all the while that you were here last night. It was a wonderful sight. . . . On Sunday morning I had a very fine congregation at Emmanuel Church, and we had, I think, a good service. Then I had lunch at Tom Winterbotham’s rooms, and from there went on to the Guildhall to the young people’s meeting. The hall was packed. The head master of the Leys School gave the address, and the service was quite a good one. At night the hall was a seething mass of people, and an overflow meeting was held by Halliday Douglas, the Presbyterian, in the small hall. Hundreds of people stood all the time. I spoke on Repentance, and the meeting was a quiet and impressive one. The singing is splendid, though the solos, I fear, will not be a great addition. . . . I am going to address the Leys School and also a meeting for University men.”

“ *February 19.*—You simply cannot conceive how busy I am. It is most interesting. . . . I started a Bible Reading yesterday, and had the small hall at the Guildhall full. At night the large hall was packed again, and we certainly had a very fine meeting. The pledge-cards are largely enquired for. This afternoon I have been to see Dr. Dykes at Westminster College, and Dr. Woodhead.¹ I am going on from here to P. S.’s rooms, and after that

¹ Now Sir G. Sims Woodhead.

to address the Leys School. Then there is the evening meeting. We are going to have a meeting for University men after all on Thursday night, at 9.30. How on earth I am going to get any Sunday preparation done I don't know ! ”

“ *February 21.*— . . . Once again I do wish you were here. I seem suddenly to have broken out into the character of a successful missionary ! Nobody is quite so astonished as I am. The crowds here have amazed everybody. Last night the great Hall was densely thronged, and numbers could not get in. There were large numbers of University men, working-men from the railway, and all sorts and conditions of people besides. In the afternoon, at my Bible Reading at 3 o'clock, the small hall was fairly flooded out. Chairs had to be brought in, and every corner was filled. The absolute stillness and electric atmosphere is quite extraordinary. We are learning of all sorts of remarkable results. The pledge-cards are being extensively used, and the after-meetings are wonderful. I don't ask those who are just deciding to hold up hands, but I put the proposition fairly to the meeting, and wait while the hesitators make up their minds. Then we all repeat the pledge. To-night I have a meeting for Varsity men. I find the interest in it has grown, and probably it will be well attended. But it is an awful day, the snow is blinding, and the streets are deep in slush. So we may have but a thin audience at both meetings. Well, God disposeth ! . . . ”

“ *February 23.*—Just a line to say I am home, and have two sermons to write in one day. The end of the mission sort of baffles description. Thursday night was a terror of snow, slush, and general beastliness ; but the hall was crowded. I spoke about temptations, from a big pile of letters I had received. Then I went to the small hall. I should think we had 150 undergraduates. Dr. Woodhead told me it was just the right address.

I hope so. I went for them straight. 'All things are yours and ye are Christ's.' Your peril is that you have so much to enjoy and so little to endure. You get out of touch with the Cross. That sort of thing. I got home about eleven o'clock. Yesterday was a fine day. At the Bible Reading we had nearly 400 people! We packed them into every corner of the small hall. Then at night, such a scene. The huge hall was one seething mass of humanity. We had 'Count your blessings' *twice*! I spoke on Fidelity. At the close I had an after-meeting, and about 1,500 people stayed. Then the ladies' enquiry room was so full that I was there till about a quarter to twelve! After that two University men were waiting to talk with me, and various others to say good-bye.

"Altogether I shall never forget it as long as I live, and I don't think the people will forget it easily. . . ."

Earlier in this year the public mind had been greatly occupied and stirred by the death of Queen Victoria and the accession, illness, and coronation of King Edward. When the "tumult and the shouting" had died down, Horne wrote of it all:—

"We are just emerging out of the period of mourning. Shades of purple and heliotrope relieve the black hats and dresses of the women, and the men venture on black and white ties instead of the entire black that has been customary for two or three months. The Sunday following the death of the Queen was a memorable day. It seemed as if for once everybody went to church. I had seen Madame Clara Butt during the week: she was unwell, but consented to sing 'Abide with Me' at the Memorial Service. I believe this hymn was written as a funeral hymn. The setting by Mr. Liddle has become a great favourite; in addition to which the Queen herself delighted in it. We had an enormous congregation,

numbers of people being unable to obtain admittance. None will ever forget Clara Butt's singing. I hardly dared to look at the faces of the people. There was a big lump in my own throat, and my voice was very unsteady when I offered prayer at the close. We took Bridget to church for the first time. She was much impressed; but when I asked her what she remembered, she only said, 'I saw you up there by the piano!' (organ).

"We had a very fine view of the funeral procession from Cambridge Terrace. Judged merely as a procession, it had two obvious defects. It was far too exclusively military; and there was no music except at one point of the procession. The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage, and was covered with a glorious white silk pall. On the top were crowns, sceptre, and the insignia of her office generally. As the coffin drew near I hoisted little Bridget on to my shoulder so that she might see better. She was evidently startled; and she said, in quite a loud tone, 'But the table hasn't got any legs.' This she repeated to me on the following day. It was of course useless to explain to her what a coffin really was, so I did not try.

"A very different kind of show was the opening of Parliament in state by the new King and Queen. We saw the procession from the best possible point of view—the windows of Mr. Gurney Salter's office, just opposite the House of Lords. The amazingly comic Cinderella coach was an object of wonder and amusement to everybody. Someone remarked that you could not see the King and Queen for Lord George Sanger! This was hardly true, because you *could* see the King and Queen exceedingly clearly. Near us one of the cream-coloured horses had the good sense to get a leg over the trace. The coach was stopped, and we gazed contentedly on royalty for quite a couple of minutes.

"Another quite interesting state function at which

I 'assisted' was the presentation of an address to His Majesty by representatives of the Three Denominations. There were twenty of us, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. Mr. William Pierce was our secretary and the reader of the address. We assembled at the Memorial Hall and drove to St. James' Palace, where we were ushered into a robing-room. Those who had not the university gown and hood wore the Geneva preaching robe with white bands. Some of the gowns had a hiring appearance. When we were made thus presentable for the august presence, we were taken into one of the great waiting-rooms, where three other deputations were assembled—the Unitarians, the Quakers, and the University of London. In the next room to ours the Bishops and Established Clergy of Scotland were in full fig. It was pleasant to watch the animation of old Archbishop Temple as he discoursed with one and another. He is perhaps the finest illustration of the good physical effects of abstinence in the Kingdom. By and by we were marshalled in fours opposite two folding doors. Then at a given signal the doors opened, and we looked through to the throne at the far end, and the King in scarlet uniform with the Duke of York standing on his left hand. We formed a semicircle round the King, and Pierce advanced three steps and made three bows, and then read the address in a clear, pleasant voice. It was a good address, I thought, emphasizing the glories of peace, and the value of the liberties for which we have contended. The King, who looked ill, and spoke in a very hoarse, thick voice, read the reply which his secretary handed to him. After this hands were kissed by old Mr. Turquand, somewhat portly and very effusively loyal, who almost overreached himself in his exuberance, and by Professor Hackney, Anabaptist, who strode up, seized the King's hand, lifted it and gave it a resounding smack, which made even the bored beefeaters smile. Then began the backwards shuffle, and I got

first to the door, turned, and fled. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

In April Horne had a welcome extra holiday in Italy with his wife and her father and sister. They spent the time mainly in Rome and Florence, and did the sights very thoroughly. At Rome they had an audience with the Pope, and Horne remarked on the unreal theatricality of the whole scene, and confessed himself more interested in pagan than in Christian Rome. The pomp and circumstance of the Papal entourage made as little appeal to him as did the pretensions of the Pope to temporal power. He never indulged in any illusions in regard to the relations between Protestant and Catholic Christendom, or sought to minimize the gulf that separates them. When, therefore, soon after his return home, he was invited by Mr. Athelstan Riley to attend a reception “of those interested in the reunion of Christendom,” he accepted the invitation without any great expectations as to the issue. He wrote :—

“ I don’t honestly think I am much interested in that pious aspiration, but I was very glad to go. Mr. Riley was most gracious, and took great pains to make me feel at home. He first of all introduced me to Earl Nelson, a great cripple, with whom I did not find many topics of conversation ; and subsequently to Lord Halifax. I greatly enjoyed a talk with the latter. He was very genial, and when I thanked him for an address he delivered at Stepney Meeting, he said he thought it a very natural thing to do and a very simple one. ‘ Why should we not be friendly ? ’ he asked ; and I could only confess that I did not know why, but that we by no means always were. The shibboleth of the evening seemed to be that the things that unite us are greater than the things that divide. This I heard repeated a score of times. The Vicar of Lambeth talked agreeably.

Lord Halifax introduced him to me as the man who has the cure of the Archbishop of Canterbury's soul. 'It is a very sweet soul,' said the Vicar; but Lord Halifax laughingly deprecated the adjective! Father Black was another of the notorieties I met. He was appropriately clothed in a black robe, but evidently had some jocular capabilities in him. A Dr. Stephens, who has recently left the Church of Rome for the Church of England, seemed to be received with caution by the latter, and viewed with coldness by the Romanists. There were Greek, Russian, Roman, and Anglican priests and laymen present in large numbers; and it was evidently not in contemplation to reunite Christendom on ascetic lines; for liberal viands were discussed in the room below, where the champagne flowed freely."

After a summer holiday on the Broads and at Sheringham, where he played a good deal of golf with Mr. Augustine Birrell, "who does not play as though it were the most serious business in life, but enjoys it, and takes just as much of it as he feels inclined," Horne settled down to a very hard winter's work. The chairmanship of the London Congregational Union, the writing of *The History of the Free Churches*, and the claims of a very difficult and exciting political situation made heavy demands on his time, already fully occupied by the ordinary work of his church. His health again was not what it should be, and he had been greatly depressed by the sudden death of Mrs. Edward Spicer, one of his most staunch supporters at Allen Street and a very dear friend. So we find him writing to his wife on one of his journeys towards the close of the year:—

"I sometimes think I have done all my strength will allow me at Kensington. Indeed, I have been wondering whether it may not be necessary to take a few months' rest, finish the history quietly, and then go to . . . for a few years and try and get built up for some larger work

and sphere later on. But this is a mere dream, as you see. If I can get my strength back I will rejoice and be glad and of a good courage."

He had certainly no chance of any such respite. Events were brewing in the political world which were to make even greater demands upon him and tax his powers to the utmost. The Education Bill of 1902 roused his fighting spirit as nothing had done yet, and brought him into the forefront of the political fray. The struggle had largely to be sustained by the Nonconformists in the country owing to the confusion and weakness of the Liberal Party. This is well illustrated by an incident which took place early in the year, of which he gives the following account:—

"*March 5, 1902.*—Last night there was a meeting of some interest at the house of Mr. Compton-Rickett, M.P. Some thirty Nonconformist ministers were invited to meet Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It is clear that the Liberal Party is near another disastrous split. Lord Rosebery has emerged from his Dalmeny hermitage, and is making a bold bid for a new Liberalism which is to approve the South African War, disavow Home Rule, and have for its watchword 'efficiency.' It is reported that he refuses to entertain the idea of working with 'C. B.,' and the meeting last night was to discover what prospect there was of maintaining Liberal unity. When I got there late private and confidential talk was the order of the day, and C. B. was deep in conversation with Hugh Price Hughes. There were present, among others, Dr. Mackennal, Dr. Barrett, R. J. Campbell, Guinness Rogers, Robertson Nicoll, Percy Bunting, J. D. Jones, Shakespeare, Greenhough, Selbie, Halley Stewart, Albert Spicer, and Rendel Harris. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the chief Liberal Whip, was there, and it was ordered that a report of the proceedings was to be made

and confidentially kept. C. B. made a very lucid and excellent speech, too much on the 'military supremacy' lines to please me, but with an obvious desire to illustrate Liberalism in the 'settlement' by generous conciliation and amnesty and respect for the Boer nationality. Price Hughes was very emphatic in his approval, and said that in nine cases out of ten he would agree with Sir Henry rather than with Lord Rosebery. He was enthusiastic in defence of Home Rule, and only pressed Sir Henry never to say anything that would make it difficult for him to work with Lord Rosebery in the future. Mackennal made a weighty speech. Barrett recommended saying nothing about the war and dropping Home Rule. Then Campbell did the curiously infelicitous thing—proposing a resolution to the effect that the meeting hoped that Lord Rosebery would come back to lead the Liberal Party, with Sir Henry as the leader of the House of Commons. Of course Sir Henry lightly replied that nobody had ever been elected leader of the Liberal Party. He was leader of the Commons and Lord Spencer was leader of the Lords; and 'there is no vacancy.' But he added he personally was willing to work with Lord Rosebery or under Lord Rosebery; and that none who knew him would doubt it. If ever by some accident he were brought within reach of the highest place in the land, he would gladly devolve the duties upon Lord Rosebery. This manly, modest, and honest statement produced almost a sensation, and certainly created a very fine impression. At this point C. B. left; and then the discords developed. Mr. Rickett told us that Lord Rosebery had said plainly, 'I can have no communion with you, C. B.' This C. B. had told him. Mr. Rickett further said that he thought it was a question of a Whig ministry, and a Palmerston period, or else of a more robust Liberalism. His speech produced a good deal of feeling. Shakespeare practically said it must be Lord Rosebery or a split. Robertson

Nicoll said that the Irish Alliance had done us no good, and that he dissented from every word that Rickett had spoken. Herbert Gladstone, in a wise and fine-spirited speech, tried to throw oil on the troubled waters. But the surges of Imperialism would not be allayed. Silas Hocking had expressed his absolute dissent from Shakespeare ; and the meeting ended with a feeling on the part of most of utter hopelessness. I have never felt more sick and weary and distressed than when I rode home in a cab early this morning. Probably the same men will be invited to meet Lord Rosebery."

As has often been pointed out, the aim of the Education Bill of 1902 was not so much the improvement of education as the relief of the managers of church schools from what they regarded as an intolerable burden. It had become evident that under the voluntary system these schools could no longer hope to survive in competition with the rate-supported board schools. The Government therefore decided to use the great majority obtained in the khaki election in order to secure rate aid for the church schools. As the aim and scope of their proposals came to be understood, they were hotly resented by Nonconformists. The opposition to them was led by Dr. Clifford, and he was ably and enthusiastically supported by Horne. The latter spoke on the subject both at the spring and autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union. The autumn meetings were held this year at Glasgow, where, after a long discussion on an official resolution calling for opposition to the Act by all legitimate means, Horne brought matters to a head by proposing an amendment to the effect that "if the Act is forced upon the nation, the assembly is prepared to advise its members to refuse to pay the rate." He supported his proposal in a brief but most effective speech, and carried it by an immense majority. Afterwards both he and the assembly were subjected to a

good deal of criticism for having taken so serious a step at the close of a heated session. But Horne knew what he was doing, and only put into words what the majority of Congregationalists were feeling, not only at Glasgow but all over the country. He had had ample opportunity of judging their sentiments, and he realized that the occasion called for something more definite and drastic than a mere agreement to oppose the Act.

“*October 7, 1902.*—The agitation against the Education Bill is a tremendous fact. With but little lead from our political guides, and amid some confusion of tongues on the part of Nonconformist officials, there has been a mighty popular uprising which the oldest electioneering hands assure us is unprecedented. Everywhere the meetings are magnificent, and the rank and file enthusiastic and resolute. The chief hero of the fight is undoubtedly Dr. John Clifford, who has done more than any other single person to rouse the country. I came upon him the other day sitting on one of the iron seats in the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens writing for dear life. There was a pile of newspapers at his side, and he was immersed in correspondence. ‘This is my study,’ he said. ‘I generally come out here to write.’ We compared notes on the campaign. Leeds, we agreed, had led the nation; and the North Leeds by-election, magnificently won by Mr. Rowland Barran, has been *the* feature of the fight so far. Clifford is somewhat below medium height, and his naturally red hair—beard and moustache—has turned very grey. He has one of the most childlike smiles I ever saw, and indeed is as simple as a child and as guileless. He was rejoicing over an apology wrung from Lord Halifax, who had accused him of making an improper use of something Webb Peploe was reported to have said. Clifford pinned Lord Halifax down with a printed report of Webb Peploe’s words, and Lord Halifax withdrew his imputation. It

is not too much to say that the whole country shouted for joy when our dear old warrior 'came out top,' as the Americans say. I could indulge in many reminiscences of the big campaign, for it has been my first opportunity of proving my platform power throughout the country, and the result has been somewhat startling to myself. 'I should like to have you on my side in a revolution,' said Mr. Henry Norman last night. At Glasgow, where our Congregational Union met this autumn, I intervened in the Education discussion to move that if the Bill be forced upon the nation, the assembly would be prepared to advise its members to refuse to pay the rate. At the moment of my intervention we were in grave difficulties over amendments which did not say the one thing it was in all our hearts to say. My amendment was carried in tumultuous fashion with only six dissentients. The superior persons discredit this enthusiasm, but I question whether they know the intensity of feeling in regard to this Bill. Anyhow, the Anti-Rate stand adopted by the Free Church Congress, as well as by the Baptist and Congregational Unions, is a note of fierce defiance to an unconventional and unjust Government without a parallel in our history. The battle will and must go on now to the bitter end. Mr. Bryce sent me a very cordial private letter. Indeed, I have been fairly inundated with them.

'While on my Glasgow travels I spent a day with Sir Wilfrid Lawson at Brayton, Cumberland, and addressed a meeting with him at Workington. He was most entertaining. When I looked at his magnificent home and estate I could not help thinking that if I had been born to its inheritance I should probably have settled down to the pleasant pursuits of a country gentleman and the amiable delusions of Tory politics. Instead of which Sir Wilfrid has chosen, all his life through, obloquy and persecution and the 'skandalon' of an unpopular cause. He is a glorious old warrior. Mr.

Birrell described to me once how he used to be about the House of Commons long after he ought to have been in bed, with bloodshot eyes and weary face, but refusing to go home so long as any battle had to be fought out. And what a wit he is. 'Have you ever considered,' he asked me soon after we met, 'the advisability of having Bradshaw read in the schools without note or comment?' At the meeting he was in rare fighting form; and oh, how the men cheered him! Yet they ejected him at the last election, more fools they. We had to drive back some eighteen miles together, and he waxed very philosophical. He discanted upon the immense monument of human labour to be seen everywhere in walls and houses and roads. You cannot cast your eye anywhere that it does not rest on the signs of toil.

"One sign of the revival of the progressive spirit in the nation is the intense feeling everywhere against the Government Education Bill for destroying the School Boards and putting the denominational schools on the rates. I am in for a big campaign against the Bill, for I am to speak in the Leeds Coliseum, the Manchester Town Hall, and the Birmingham Town Hall. I was honoured with an invitation to speak at Lord Rosebery's meeting at the Queen's Hall, but it clashes with the Leeds meeting. The *British Weekly* . . . has been good enough to refer to me as incomparably the best platform speaker among the young Free Church leaders! This has apparently been sufficient to 'boom' me in the country as a speaker on this subject, and I have been deluged with letters and telegrams. However, one's tether is limited after all, and I can only do a certain amount of stumping; but it is good work, and I do not despair of wrecking the Bill yet."

In the early months of the year 1903 it became increasingly evident that the ties which bound Horne to Kensington were being loosened. It was not that there

was any slackening in the loyalty of his people or any diminution of the success of his work. He was as happy as he had ever been, but he seems to have begun to feel that he might be called to some wider service. His chairmanship of the London Union had given him the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the needs of the metropolis. He had made a point of visiting those parts of the city on which religion has least hold; he had faced the problem of the "down town" churches, and had been greatly impressed by what Newman called "the dreary hopeless irreligion" of great multitudes of the people. He was not content with pressing the problem on his own church and on the denomination. He began to feel that he must do something himself towards the solution. So when calls came to him from Horton Lane, Bradford, and Great George Street, Liverpool—both great churches in the midst of a vast non-churchgoing population, he listened to them with sympathy, though in the case of neither of them did he feel that it presented the right kind of opportunity or a claim that could not be denied. At the same time his name was being put forward by some of his friends in the ministry—notably by the Rev. R. J. Campbell—for the then vacant secretaryship of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The union was in process of remodelling its constitution, and it was felt by many that a man of Horne's calibre, with his youth, enthusiasm, and personal magnetism, would be able to do great things in the way of inspiring the churches with a nobler sense of their mission, and leading them on to a richer corporate life. He soon decided, however, and very wisely, that this was not the work for which he was best fitted. His opportunity was not long in coming.

Whitefield's Chapel,¹ Tottenham Court Road, had just become vacant by the resignation of its minister, the Rev. George Suttle. It is a church that has had a

¹ Whitefield's "Tab." was in Old Street, E.C., at that time.

great history for a hundred and fifty years. The present building is the third to occupy the site which was originally given by the Countess of Huntingdon to George Whitefield for his work in London. Among its ministers have been men like Matthew Wilks, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Bevan, Thomas Nicholson, and Jackson Wray. But the church had fallen on evil days. Mr. Suttle, a man of energy and enthusiasm, had carried out a great scheme of rebuilding which had exhausted both his own strength and the resources of the people. They were left with a crushing debt of some eight thousand pounds, with which it was quite beyond their power to cope unaided. It was obviously a case for some outside body to intervene and take up a burden too heavy for the individual congregation. The London Congregational Union became the *Deus ex machina* needed to save the situation. They were on the lookout for opportunities of the kind, and no opportunity could have been greater. The church occupied a commanding position in one of the busiest thoroughfares in London. Close at hand were five great railway stations, several large business houses employing large numbers of young people, and a constantly changing population living in flats, hotels, lodgings, and boarding-houses. On the west side were numbers of wealthy families living in the squares, and on the east a genuinely slum area inhabited largely by foreigners. It was an admirable field for the kind of work done by a central mission, and the London Union Committee determined to undertake it whenever they should be able to find the right kind of leader. They had their eye on Horne from the first, and they approached him about the same time that he was being asked to consider the secretaryship of the Congregational Union. Of the two projects there is no doubt that Whitefield's was the most attractive to a man of Horne's temperament. He had no love or aptitude for secretarial work, but about White-

field's there was a spice of romance and adventure which very strongly appealed to him. He made it a condition that the London Union should make the mission its own, and when he found that they were prepared to back him to the utmost, he hesitated no longer. He wrote to his wife :—

“ My own mind has steadily been inclining to the Whitefield Tabernacle scheme, as you know. Apart from all considerations as to the unanimous offer of the Secretaryship, I feel that it is not my work; and the other, I think, is. To give a few years to building up there a great centre of Christian influence and activity, to release it from its present burdens, and give it new life and hope and power, would be to spend oneself to purpose. I think we should all be happy in doing it. Even the prospect makes me glad. It is work for the people, in the broadest sense; and as such it satisfies my ambition. The Committee, too, to whom I shall be responsible, consists of my personal friends. There is not one among them whom I should hesitate to work with—not one whom I could wish away. I think Mr. Brown will be as loyal as he is generous. He recognizes the difficulties, and will not expect the impossible. But he will back me through thick and thin. I can't say any more. The wrench of leaving will be very sore; but I begin to think it will be as much the best for them as for me. . . .”

The burden of this decision was not lightened by the death of Horne's father, which took place just at this time. He had been accustomed to look to him for advice and guidance, and he felt his loss keenly. He writes just afterwards :—

“ I have passed through the most sorrowful and painful week of my life. Early in the morning of Wednes-

day, March 25, just after midnight, my dear father breathed his last. The same evening found me in Kensington announcing to a crowded and sympathetic audience that I had made up my mind to leave Allen Street and accept the work at Whitefield's Tabernacle. My father's last illness was somewhat prolonged, and for the last fortnight I was with him most of the time. I kept the last vigil by his side from 10 to 12 o'clock on the Tuesday night, and when I left at midnight it was to be summoned back immediately, for the last change had come, and he just quickly and painlessly ceased to breathe. We have been much comforted by the wonderful demonstrations of the love and honour in which he was held everywhere. I gave a brief address at the funeral, but no words can ever tell what he was to us all. He was so gentle and shy and retiring, and yet so able and strong and true. He had known religious doubt and mastered it, 'and found a nobler faith his own.' This made one incident of the last days very wonderful to me. In one of his flashes of consciousness he looked up at me and said, 'I want spiritual rest.' 'Do you?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said; and then throwing himself back on his pillow, with a look of content he said, 'And I shall get it.' No one can have seen him when death had come and not feel that he did indeed get it. There was a singular look of satisfaction on his face, and that aspect of wonder and wisdom which the dead so often wear.

"The decision to leave Kensington has been indeed a hard one to make. The wrench involved is more painful than I can put into words."

In the spring of this year also was published the *Popular History of the Free Churches*, one of the best bits of literary work that Horne did. It had a great and immediate success, for it supplied a real want, and supplied it just in the right way. For some years past Horne

had been studying the subject in such spare time as he could find, and he knew the ground well. But he made no pretence of original research, and did not pose as an authority on disputed points. But he produced a vivid, artless, and convincing story glowing with conviction and at times even with passion. It appeared at an opportune moment. Nonconformists were in the throes of the struggle against the Education Act of 1902, and it was good for them to be taken back to the "hole of the pit whence they were digged." They found in the book a real "tract for the times," and in its author a leader whom they delighted to honour. For himself the book was a kind of confession of faith, and will hold its own for long, not merely as a history of Nonconformity, but as a most vivid and intelligent vindication of Free Church principles and witness.

CHAPTER V

EXTRACTS FROM THE KENSINGTON DIARY

THE following extracts from his diary cover about ten years of the Kensington ministry, and are full of interesting side-lights on Horne's mind and activities during this period :—

“ *April 24, 1891.*—I have got back from a kind of preaching tour. Have been to Bristol (Pembroke Chapel), and preached on the new Puritanism ! Then to Northampton, where I preached to the Association in the very chapel where my father was assistant to the Rev. John Bennett many years ago. Then I went down to Shifnal to Fred's farm and rusticated for a couple of days, and on the Sunday went over to Wolverhampton and heard Berry preach. He was very ill, having just passed through a most anxious time in connection with the Secretaryship of the Congregational Union. The Committee offered to nominate him. There was an outcry on the part of a few people, and Berry has declined nomination. All his honours have done nothing to spoil him. I stayed with him to dinner, and had a very festive chat about things in general.

“ On the Monday I spoke at the Jubilee of the Brosely Chapel ; Dr. Newth ¹ was there. It was his first charge, and he had hard times there. The place was crowded, and we had an excellent meeting. I preached the Jubilee sermon on the Tuesday, and on the Wednesday

¹ Principal of New College, London.

preached at home, returning here on Thursday to speak at the West District Association. So ends my holiday tour."

"*June 5.*—I have been preaching in the country a good deal lately. I find that in a fortnight I have preached fourteen times and delivered four speeches. I have been to Hertfordshire, Sussex, Shropshire, and Huntingdon. Everywhere we have had admirable meetings. This bringing of the city into relation with the country is, I am certain, much needed. The gratitude of the country people is most refreshing. Londoners are wearied with sermons, but in the country the people really seem to enjoy them immensely. At St. Ives I preached to the Huntingdon Association, and had a good time. I heard from a Miss Goodman an amusing story of one of her Sunday scholars, who expressed the wish that a lion would swallow him. When she appeared surprised and asked him why, he said, 'Because it would be such a sell for that old lion: he'd think I was inside him and I should be in Heaven!'

"Last night I had my first experience of speaking in Exeter Large Hall. The meeting was on behalf of the National Refuges. Lord Herschell was in the chair. All the boys and girls—about 1,000—were on the large raised platform behind, and sang and played famously. The place was too big for me to speak comfortably, and I did not enjoy it very much. Lord Herschell seems a delightfully genial and fine man. He is the son of a Congregational minister."

"*July 31.*—This diary is spasmodic. Since I last wrote the International Council of Congregationalists has been held in London. There were representatives from all lands. The Americans were particularly interesting. I was on the 'Press' part of the time, writing an occasional sketch of a meeting for the *Independent* and a general account for the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

“ Since then I have been down to spend a couple of days with Mrs. Raleigh at her home near Tring. Mr. Tom Raleigh,¹ of All Souls, Oxford, was there. He is a very interesting fellow, exceptionally clever. At first his reserved manner almost distresses one, but after the ice is broken he becomes the most genial of companions, overflowing with interesting conversation. In the evening, when Mrs. Raleigh suggested a game of Halma, he remarked dryly, ‘ It always seems to me a waste of time to play games when you might do nothing.’ He has written two or three books on law and politics. He is a strong Unionist.

“ Last Wednesday I was down at a country anniversary in Clavering, Essex. We began the afternoon service in remarkable fashion by a laudable but hardly successful effort to sing a long-metre hymn to a common-metre tune. The choir did their best, and manifested an ingenuity in the curtailment of the long lines that was worthy of all encouragement. Still their most enthusiastic admirers could only describe the effort as a qualified success. I told Mr. Walker about it, and he said it reminded him of a certain lady organist who was a sempstress, and who, when the congregation did not know a short-metre tune for a short-metre hymn, chose a long metre tune, but said to the choir, ‘ I am afraid this tune is too long for the words : *we must put a tuck in it.*’ Which she proceeded to do, with gratifying results.”

“ *September 14.*—My holiday is over. I have preached again in my own church, and had an enthusiastic welcome. It is good to be loved. It makes all hard work and difficulty worth while. I must confide in my diary and tell some of the memorable things of my holiday. How I enjoyed it, to be sure ! Talk about school-boys let loose from school ! It is nothing to a minister let loose from all engagements for a whole five or six weeks. And then

¹ The late Sir Thomas Raleigh.

Norway ! Was ever air so sweet, people so ideal, and hills so grand ! Crossing the North Sea is, I confess, no joke. To subsist for the greater part of two days on the lesser part of one biscuit ! But it's all the same an hour after landing. The Fjords cannot be overpraised. I only wish we had had more time for them. But perhaps next year we may get back again.

“ From Norway to North Wales. This was a very remarkable part of my holiday. I stayed in Llanfairfechan with Mrs. Rylands. Mrs. R. is a millionaire widow. She had an enormous castle there, and a party of some sixteen friends. I went in fear and trembling, but it was quite needless. She was kindness itself. A more delightfully homely and hospitable person I have never met. She seems to live for other people. What do you think of this ? She takes a pseudonym and goes down to Dorset as Mrs. Farmer to visit the poor ministers. She proceeds to act the good fairy. Libraries begin to appear in meagrely furnished studies, comforts of various kinds, and all from the same mysterious donor. There is some trouble in that sort of charity. It is not charity by cheque, of which beware ! There I met a delightful fellow, Arnold Green—son of Dr. Green, of the Religious Tract Society. A great invalid and lame, but so witty and bright and good. We shall hope to meet often in London. How we behaved I am almost ashamed to think. The riotous fun of that assembly ! It was indeed a good time. From Llanfairfechan to Dolgelly to visit the Fordhams. Climbed Cader, of course, and saw over the gold mines—this latter a somewhat rare privilege. They seem to find gold. But in what quantities was not so obvious. From Dolgelly to the Isle of Man, to preach on the Sunday. We had a frightful passage. The waves swept the decks, but I would not go below. In consequence landed at Douglas saturated but chirpy. Had very good congregations and a good time. Then home to Newport,

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where I preached at the anniversary, and then back here. . . .

“ I had a very remarkable talk with Dr. Dale yesterday afternoon. He is just recovering from what threatened at one time to be a fatal illness. I shall never forget how he told me that as he realized the danger there was an entire absence of agitation, but with it an almost entire absence of conscious sense of the Divine Presence. He tried to fall back on the Brotherhood of our Lord, but still there was no conscious help. Then he turned to him as Lord, and then, he says, ‘ the strength came.’ Dr. Dale says he was very much struck with the wonderful support derived from the more ‘ austere aspect ’ of Christ’s character.”

“ *September 18.*—I had a singular difficulty presented to me last night for decision. It came from . . . who recently joined our Church. She is a Board School teacher in a very good position, and a young woman of very remarkable force of character. She began her training by going to a very High Church training college. There she was made to take a vow never to enter a Nonconformist chapel. When she came to Kensington and under the influence of my Guild, she was led to see that the promise was a base one, and she wrote and told them that she was not going to be bound by it. Soon after she joined us. Her difficulty now is this. Under the laws of the Board no teacher must administer corporal punishment. As a matter of fact, all the teachers do—feeling, she says, compelled by the class of children they have to deal with. She herself does it in very extreme cases : and says she knows it would be wrong for the faults of the children to go unpunished, and this is the only way of punishing them possible. At the same time, she feels she is not keeping her contract with the Board. And as she would be liable to a fine if reported upon, she feels as if she were lowering herself. Now she has applied for and is likely to be appointed to the head

mistress-ship of a small country Church school. It would be a great sacrifice pecuniarily and from the point of view of her own tastes and future prospects. Yet she is quite willing to do this if it is right. The question is a nice one. Is she sufficiently keeping the spirit of the Board's regulation? Or ought she to leave for conscience' sake? It is one of those questions people must fight out for themselves. Of course a less spiritually sensitive person would never be troubled by the matter. But she is a very fine Christian. There is still a possibility that when the managers of this Church school hear from her that she is a Congregationalist, she will not get the post. [She did not get it.]

"Congregationalists are at a very critical period. Our whole method of management is being severely scrutinized in our religious papers. The question of the villages and small towns is a severe one. But our main difficulty is the want of leadership. . . . and . . . are both impossible. Oh for an hour of Dr. Dale! Then, too, there is a kind of ring of Congregational ministers . . . who object apparently to all officials, and whose idea seems to be, as Mr. Walker says, that one man is as good as another, and has no business to be better."

"*December 30.*—This eventful year for me is waning fast. I should be inclined to say, 'Old year, you must not go,' but for the fact that the New Year promises to be a happier and better one still. . . . I am about to make my first literary venture. Not much is likely to come of it except a wider introduction to people and a few pounds out of my pocket. I am going to call the book *Discipline and Discipleship*. It will deal with the sterner and austerer aspects of God's love, and the beneficence of God's law. It is nearly ready for the press.

"Since I last wrote in this diary Sir Risdon Bennett has passed away. He was for five years the President of the Royal College of Physicians, a very learned man

and a most noble and beautiful character. I saw a good deal of him, as he used constantly to come into the vestry after the morning service and exchange a few words. On one occasion I remember I had preached a sermon on Dr. Dale's book *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels*, and he came in to thank me and to say how convinced he was that the defence of the Revelation must in future take that form. On another occasion I had in my children's sermon told a story of the wonderful instinct of pigeons. He came in full of interest to tell me he could beat my stories completely. And then he told me some astounding facts. He was very tender-hearted, and I shall never forget how distressed he was one Sunday morning when he came in before the service to see me. He drew the door to behind him, and then told me that he had been sent by the Government to examine a Mrs. Pearcy, the Hampstead murderess, to see if she was insane. He had been unable to recommend her pardon on this ground, and he told me how all her features were good except her mouth, and how quiet and self-possessed she seemed. The whole business had greatly moved him. We had a little difference once at his house, when he strongly condemned the advocacy of such controversial subjects as disestablishment in the pulpit. I asked him if he did not feel that it was possible in the pulpit to vindicate those positive truths on which the solution of this question depends and show their full bearing in a way you could not on a secular platform. I have often marvelled since at his deference to the opinion of a youngster like myself, but he answered at once emphatically, 'Yes, that is most important.' I conducted the funeral service at the New Weigh House Chapel. It was most impressive, and there was a very large and distinguished body of physicians and others present to do him honour."

"*January 13, 1892.*—We have begun another year. At a most impressive Church meeting on the last night

in 1891 we received some seventeen new members with great joy and much prayer. A very full and hearty prayer-meeting at eight o'clock on New Year's morning auspiciously inaugurated 1892. May the same earnest spirit accompany us all through the year."

"We had a most energetic 'Fraternal' the other day at Newman Hall's. The brethren turned up in force, and the subject was the Call of Abraham. I do not think I ever saw so clearly before the immense advantage the friends of the Higher Criticism have in dealing with the Old Testament. They derive precisely the same spiritual inspiration, and they are not fettered by the necessity for continual straining after harmonies that are, it seems to me, impossible. The Higher Criticism affords a perfectly candid and satisfactory explanation of literary difficulties, and surrenders nothing of spiritual and moral teaching."

"*February 4, 1892.*—On Sunday, the last day of January, Mr. Spurgeon died. We prayed for him in church that evening. On the very evening that he died I was preaching a special sermon on Cardinal Manning, whose death took place a fortnight before, on the same day as that of the young Duke of Clarence. So the angel of death has indeed been abroad in the land. I met Mr. Spurgeon only once, at Hackney College anniversary. The main impression, next to his kindliness to so young a man as myself, was of the evident suffering he endured. I never saw a face that suggested so much of suffering. Both on that occasion and when I heard him preach at Notting Hill there was an amazing fertility of illustration, almost amounting in parts to anecdotage."

"*March 2.*— . . . We are now going through a series of long dinners. Personally I hate them. They seem to me to be mainly occasions on which you eat a great many things you don't want to and say a great many things you don't mean. Their main value is in the testimony

to the real kindness of people—but I hope the day will come when they will show it in a better way.”

“*March 12.*—I am afraid I am in for some fighting. The London Union is certainly *in extremis*. By the abolition of the principle of co-optation we have already lost the services of some of the most competent and devoted friends of the Union. At our West District meeting for the election of members to the Council we unanimously carried a resolution in favour of the restoration of this principle. I was asked to move it at the annual meeting of the London Union, and have agreed to do so. . . . I am quite prepared to believe there must be a sharp battle. It is not pleasant to contemplate fighting with brethren, but it must clearly be dared this time, and so I do not mind.”

“*March 24.*— . . . Yielding to the urgent solicitations of Alfred Rowland,¹ who is President of the London Union, and entirely agrees with me as to the co-optation principle, I have written to withdraw the notice of motion. He felt very strongly that it had better stand over and that a defeat just now would mean even more serious embarrassments than we have to face already. I am inclined to think that he is wrong and that the delay will do us more harm, but my respect for him has prevailed over my own judgment.”

“*April 20.*—About a fortnight ago I paid a visit one Sunday to Halifax. Robert Horton was staying there also, and so we spent a good part of the Monday together, at the house of Mrs. Oakes, whom he has known from boyhood. Eric Lawrence, the minister of Square Church, Halifax, was with us. Lawrence is one of the most honest thinkers I have ever met, with a very large grip of things. We had a most interesting discussion on Revelation—a subject on which Horton is writing a book. The book in question will probably be a great shock to the Evangelicals, as I should gather Horton will deny

¹ The Rev. Dr. A. Rowland, minister at Crouch End.

a place in the Canon to Esther, Ecclesiastes, and possibly the Song of Solomon. We discussed the larger Bible of Revelation, which can never be gathered into any single volume. I remember well, as we came back from our walk to the house, Horton, in velveteen coat and vest, stood on the steps and Lawrence and I on the walk, and how we continued the discussion in the twilight, Horton mystical and yet rationalistic as ever—so sure of the deepest truths as to be careless of the mere letter, like a man content to throw away the wrappings of some valuable parcel when he has secured the thing contained. And then how full of fun he was, brimming over with stories, and overflowing with pretty expressions of love to Mrs. Oakes' little girl. He is certainly one of the most fascinating figures of the present day, and one would not like to say how far he will go or how splendidly he will 'arrive'—as Browning used to say.

"Darlow's Committee¹ is also an interesting study of personages. There is Evan Spicer, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer to the London County Council, a very keen, shrewd, and withal kindly man, who holds so many strings that one wonders he does not pull the wrong ones oftener than he does. He . . . has planted Polytechnics in London in an almost miraculous manner, and is probably the most successful appealer to London generosity that there is. Then Arnold Pye-Smith, a capable administrator and most generous giver, very tall and wearing a blue riband, solicitous that Darlow should have what he wants.² Conway, an enthusiastic young Cambridge don, with not a particle of pessimism in him, viewed somewhat with alarm by these cautious business men. And amid it all Darlow flinging in an epigram whenever the opportunity arises—otherwise

¹ The committee of Browning Hall Settlement, Walworth, of which Mr. Darlow was warden.

² Now Professor Conway, of Manchester,

compiling industrious minutes, and one trusts endeavouring to resist the temptation to allegorize the practical features of the discussion."

"May 2.—Since I wrote, Dr. Henry Allon has died. His death was startlingly sudden. It was hardly death at all, but a passing. Few figures were more widely known among Nonconformists. His hair was snow-white and his face very noble and finely chiselled. Three or four days before his death he dined with us at the Sub Rosa,¹ and was quite himself—genial and cheery. He came specially to introduce his co-pastor—now so speedily become his successor—W. H. Harwood. It was delightful to hear Harwood's affectionate and proud references to Dr. Allon. Just as I was leaving Dr. Allon called me back and shook hands, and said, 'I'm coming to preach for you soon.' How little we know the times and seasons! One of the most memorable times of my life was when on one occasion I had preached a missionary sermon at Union Chapel. Dale was present, and took me home to Dr. Allon's to lunch. Soon Dr. Allon came in. He had been preaching at the City Temple. Then Dale and Allon smoked, and as they said initiated me into the history of my forefathers. The old divines of the denomination were passed in review, and many were the anecdotes related. Allon in old days wrote the Life of Sherman, a celebrated Congregational preacher, to whom Dale traced his own conversion. The story is a very good one.² Sherman was preaching, and suddenly Dale says he forgot preacher and audience and everything. A thought had come to him and opened up the new world and the new life. He went out of the chapel a changed man—hardly knowing why. The sequel is interesting. For years Dale did not hear Sherman again. Then he took advantage of an opportunity, and went with great expectation. He was pitifully disillusioned. In the

¹ A social club of London ministers.

² Cf. *Life of Dr. Dale*, p. 16.

course of the sermon Sherman, speaking of Christ, said, 'Are you fond of animals?—He's the Lion of the tribe of Judah! Are you fond of flowers?—He's the Rose of Sharon! Are you fond of precious stones?—He's the Pearl of great price!' and so on, *ad lib.* And to this man the great change in his life was due! It was strange.

"I spoke the other day at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society at Exeter Hall. It was a great gathering. I have often said hard things of the acoustic properties of Exeter Hall, but on this occasion it seemed to be quite easy to speak. I remember once saying to Horton that the atmosphere of Exeter Hall was so heavy with a kind of malarial Evangelicalism that good sound heresy wouldn't travel! He laughed, but on the whole confirmed the assertion. The Baptists are raising a large Centenary fund. This year is the 100th year of their society. By the bye, the L.M.S. income has gone up £38,000 in one year—owing to the Forward Movement. God is indeed reminding us that we must live and *move* and have our being in Him. So many people seem to live and have their being, who don't *move*."

"September 15.—I have been married more than a month: our honeymoon is over, and we are 'home' at last. I suppose other people may have felt the peculiar joy that we have felt, but it is difficult to concede so much. . . . After all joy is a good thing. Sorrow is said to be a good thing for us, and no doubt is; but joy is good and love is good. And God will keep us from selfishness if we rejoice and live in Him.

"A very different event must be told now, showing how strangely chequered our lives are. When we arrived and were in the first ecstasy of delight, I found a letter from Mr. . . . resigning . . . and leaving the Church. This event was not altogether unexpected, still it was

a saddening one. The fact remains that I am the cause of his leaving, and severing his connection and breaking his old cherished ties. I suppose we *are* hopelessly apart in matters, or rather in modes, of thought. And that is the curious thing that it has been the manner, not the matter, of thought that has been in question. The sorrowful part to me is, of course, that it is a proof that I have not succeeded in my aims of being so catholic in my preaching as to appeal to all types of mind and schools of thought. Well, may God give me more grace and make me more able for this ministry. May such wholesome thoughts be the outcome of this discipline.

“My brother-in-law, Willie Cozens-Hardy, with whom I did a good deal of political speaking at Oxford, is certainly remarkable for his love of travelling into unexplored regions. Montenegro and Dalmatia are happy hunting grounds of his. The mosques and their priests, the churches and their Archimandrites, are all known to him. He reappears after a holiday with a certain indefinable flavour of the Eastern Question. He is especially surprised at those of us who prefer to see one spot well in our holidays than to calculate blessedness by the number of leagues we have journeyed and the degree of barbarism that prevails among the people we have visited. . . .

“Lord Tennyson is dead, and we are all in inward mourning. Strange how such a recluse was so beloved by the people. But his language was clear and beautiful, and his heart was shown enough to elicit the love and the trust of men. I preached a sermon to show how he was the poet of death, and read some simple illustrations. The effect was very remarkable. I was reading just a line or two out of the *May Queen*, and I happened to look down at one in the congregation who is not easily moved. He was choking. The simplicity and tender pathos of the lines were very moving.

"We are all discussing the new Laureate—who is he to be? Our choice will certainly not be the one made. We believe in William Watson, and anticipate a greatness for him that will quite outrival his contemporaries! Such fine touches as abound in the little he has published prove him to possess the poet's soul."

"*January 16, 1893.*—The great sensation among us lately has been the proposal to ask Horton to go to Westminster Chapel and lead a forward movement on behalf of all the Churches of London. The circumstances are certainly striking. After a week of prayer that God would teach us our duty in view of the needs of London to-day, this great opportunity presented itself. Westminster Chapel stands near the centre of our national life. It is the largest chapel in the denomination. It has admirable buildings attached. Around it lie both rich and poor: there are mansions and slums in equal numbers. We have been feeling our way gradually towards some focusing of our scattered and isolated Independent Churches; some gathering up of our thought and feeling and faith and expressing of it in a more representative and powerful way than we are at present able to do. Now there is no man, as we all feel, who is so much the personification of the genius of Congregationalism as Robert Horton. Hence here are the place and the man apparently waiting to be married by the consent and at the bidding of all the other Churches of London. At present we are in the position of being about to taste the feeling of our various churches to ascertain if it is their wish that Horton should be asked to go. He naturally wishes to dissociate his own name from the movement. But we all feel we cannot present a *scheme* to the Churches; we want a living personality."

"*February 7.*—Dr. Stoughton has just been in to see us. He is 85 years of age, but full of interesting

reminiscences. He spoke of his friendship for Matthew Arnold. 'He was a good fellow,' he said, 'but oh, as I used to tell him, what fights I had with my brethren to get them to think so! I used to say to them, "You look at Matthew Arnold through his books: but I look at his books through Matthew Arnold, and that makes all the difference."' It seems that once Dr. Stoughton said to Dean Stanley, 'You know I am not a person of great learning.' 'No,' said the Dean, 'Matthew Arnold tells *me* the same thing. "You are not a man of great learning," he says, "but you are a man of extensive information."' Tap Dr. Stoughton on the subject of the old members of the 'Sub Rosa,' and he flows freely. I can see he has his suspicions that there are no men of equal character living to-day. He delights to tell of a certain old minister, who edited John Owen's works, who used to say with delicious frankness, 'Well, I have emptied two meeting-houses, and by the help of Providence I think I see my way, if I am spared, to empty a third.' The *Evangelical Magazine*, which Dr. Stoughton edited for some fifteen years, exists to help by its profits the widows of ministers. The 'staff' dine together once a year, and Dr. Stoughton tells how James Parsons, in his after-dinner speech, would humorously say that it was difficult to reconcile his conscience to the entertainment, for he 'always felt that he was *devouring* widows' houses.'

"Horton, I fear, has quite decided not to leave Hampstead. The pressure brought to bear upon him by his church has availed to persuade him that it cannot be his duty to go. If that is his settled conviction, he is a fixture for life: for obviously the time will never come when his church will be anxious for him to leave. Anyhow, for the present we must abandon our idea of a large central movement."

"June 1893.—Another long gap in my diary. Events have moved rapidly, though they have not provoked me

to chronicle them. The House of Commons has been engaged in a deadly struggle to force the Home Rule Bill through Committee. After weeks and weeks of talk and divisions they have wrestled their way up to the fifth clause, and the Government majority holds together magnificently. Meanwhile domestic interests outweigh for me the most tremendous national ones. . . . Nothing in life is so strangely and deliciously true as the capacity of love's expansion. You think at marriage you have tasted the utmost delights of it. You cannot conceive that it can ever be more ravishing. You are prepared for some depreciation of intensity when it becomes the constant element in which life is lived. But so far is this from being true that each new day you awake to a richer content of your love—you rejoice over some new satisfaction in it.

“It is curious that I should not have written anything in my diary about our celebration of the Centenary of Kensington Chapel, or the Tercentenary of the Congregational Martyrs Barrowe, Greenwood, and Penry. In commemoration of the latter the Congregational Union issued a series of tracts, and I wrote one on the Separatists in the Universities. For this I had the honour of being roundly abused in the *Church Times*. They did not accuse my accuracy, but only my conclusions. I wrote a somewhat fiery reply to them in the *Independent*, and the controversy ceased. On April 8 we had a mass meeting in Hyde Park, attended by some 15,000 people, mainly young Congregationalists. Pierce, Mearns, and I did most of the organizing, and the assembly was a gigantic success.”

“September 1894.—We have had a remarkable struggle in London over the election of the School Board. The old Board had endeavoured to upset the existing compromise on the subject of religious teaching. Led by Mr. Athelstan Riley, the Board decided to issue a circular to all the teachers instructing what Christian

doctrines they were to teach, defining the Trinity, and so on. At this there was naturally a great uproar. Nearly all the press took the side of the teachers against the Board. For more than a year the struggle went on, growing in bitterness week by week. Then the election came; and it was very curious to see how we fought on the old Catholic and Protestant lines. Our side urged that the Bible should be trusted to tell its own story and teach its own doctrines. Their side said, No, it needs to be explained by a circular. In the end our men were returned by tremendous majorities all over London, but by the absurd cumulative vote system we have not quite secured a majority on the Board. But we have effectually cut their claws.

“ The autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union were held at Liverpool. As President of the Guilds’ Union, I had to take the chair at the Guilds’ meeting. But the more formidable necessity was to speak at a vast Centenary meeting of the L.M.S. in the Philharmonic Hall, which was crowded with 4,000 people.”

“ *March 1895.*—A good deal of time has recently been consumed in a tour for the L.M.S. The largest meeting of the tour was the one held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, where some 6,000 people were present. The meeting was, I think, a success. Gibbon ¹ was there, and delivered what was certainly a brilliant speech, scintillating with wit and illustration. I got through, but not having had time to prepare elaborately, I did not get on so well as I might have done. Since this meeting I have been to Manchester again, for the Guilds, and have had a notable experience. Percy Alden was in the north at the time, sounding a few people as to a new scheme for building residences in connection with Mansfield House. The residences are indispensable. We must have them. The only question was whether now is the best time. Well, he asked me

¹ The Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, of Stamford Hill.

whether I thought he might come up and put the case before Mrs. Rylands. I said yes; and when I told her, she expressed herself as glad that I had done so. In due time Alden arrived, and we had our interview. Percy stated his case admirably, and I could see at once that he had made a good impression and that she liked him. Suddenly he made his plunge. He said it had entered into his mind that Mrs. Rylands might like to build the residences herself. It was a bold but excellently planned manœuvre. She gave a little laugh, and I threw out the remark that Alden was a modest man. For just one moment I thought she was going to do the business. Then in her most kind and gracious way she turned to Alden and said she did not suppose he knew how full her hands were just now; but she was much interested, and—she would give him two thousand pounds!—I nearly got up and executed a *schottische*!”

“*May 1895.*—I have recently had a very nasty nervous breakdown. I was first conscious that something was wrong about April 7, when I had considerable difficulty in getting through the service at night. On the 14th, the day before my thirtieth birthday, I collapsed. How I got through in the morning I hardly know, but it was by dint of hanging on to the pulpit with both hands. At night a student preached, and next day I went away to Cromer. There I stayed for three Sundays, and have only been able to take one service a Sunday since. As yet I have by no means got back my tone, but I am greatly better, and I think steadily mending. My people have been more than kind: they have overwhelmed me with demonstrations of their love and goodness. The moral seems to be that the pace has been too great, and that for a time I must be content to rest on my oars and only give an indolent tug or two occasionally.”

“*June 1895.*—A very remarkable story comes from Oxford, which should have peculiar interest for the

author of *A Modern Heretic*. It concerns first of all a Mr. R. J. Campbell, who was sent up to Christ Church by his parents to read for orders. He came of good family, and his force of character won for him a prominent position at Ch. Ch. as President of the 'Cabinet Club.' He seems to have exercised a remarkable influence over the men with whom he came in contact; in fact, his influence has been compared to that of Wesley. After two years or so he came to the conclusion that he could not honestly enter the English Church. His parents were furious, and he had much to bear from his friends; but he remained firm. On one occasion when down at Brighton, he was asked to take a service at Union Congregational Chapel. He did so, and the people were greatly impressed. They pressed him to preach again, but he refused, saying that he had not made up his mind, and it would be unfair to them to encourage hopes that might come to nothing. So he returned to his work at Oxford. Among those over whom he had a great influence was a young fellow named H., the son of a reputed millionaire in Liverpool. He had been sent to Oxford to read for politics. At Ch. Ch. he was everything that was rowdy and dissipated, but coming under the influence of Campbell he became a changed man, and soon began to think of a religious life such as Campbell seemed likely to embrace. His parents laughed the proposal to scorn, and told him that they would have no nonsense. He had been educated for politics, and into politics he must go. So things went on, until just before the end of their course Campbell called a number of his friends together and reminded them that they had arrived at a time when their life work must be decided upon. He proposed that they should hold a prayer-meeting. They consented, and a very wonderful meeting was held in C.'s rooms. At the end H. rose and announced his determination to go straight home to his parents. He went, laid the whole matter before them,

and to his great delight they consented. They returned with him to Oxford, where they had an opportunity of hearing Campbell preach on Sunday in the Wesleyan Chapel. At the end of the service they told their son they could wish nothing better than that he should be a man like that. If he embraced a similar career he should not suffer financially, but should have all the money he needed. Well, the end of the matter was that Campbell preached again at Brighton, and was unanimously and enthusiastically called to the ministry. H. wrote to the church and said that he was anxious not to leave Campbell, and offered to become assistant at his own charges and to undertake any mission work for which he might be deemed fitted. These two young men are to be ordained on July 11. I was asked to take part in the service, but expect to be out of England at the time. One who heard Campbell preach told me he was like one of the Passionist Fathers! . . .”

“*September 1895.*—My holiday this year has been a long one—two whole months spent in Norway and Norfolk. To Norway I went with Johnnie Fordham, a most delightful companion, of refreshing vivacity and unconventionality. He is a regular boy, and his overflowing spirits made him exceedingly popular with everybody. Oh, but all the charms of Norway do not compensate for the absence of dearer charms; and it was like returning to Paradise must be to angels who have been visiting fair spots on earth.”

“*New Year, 1896.*—My wife’s grandmother, Mrs. Hepburn, died at the phenomenal age of 95, and then my grandfather, Mr. Simpson, died aged 83. Both grandparents were born on the 5th of November, a somewhat curious coincidence. I cannot help thinking that my grandfather was a very remarkable man, and that we all who are so fortunate as to be his descendants owe much to him. A poor lad, he worked his way up to be Superintendent of the Government Tobacco Warehouses

in Liverpool, the largest warehouses of the kind in the world. This was a post of great responsibility, and the way in which he entered upon it may be judged from the fact that while up to that time he had been a considerable smoker, he forswore tobacco henceforth. This was to avoid even the appearance of being likely to use the warehouses to fill his own pipe. He was almost or quite the best company I ever met, and when he was well he enjoyed a good story with immense zest. He had a natural gift of exaggeration—perhaps I ought to say imagination. His stories grew in the handling, and we boys always used to be on the *qui vive* to note the additions to an old friend. It is curious to reflect how much of the development of Liverpool and the whole Transatlantic trade was covered by my grandfather's life. He lived from early days on the southern side of the Mersey, and used to cross to business in an open boat. The steamship was yet to come. He was also present at the opening of the first railway, and used to describe graphically the tragic death of Mr. Huskisson. Intensely alive, he never missed being present at any important function, the inauguration of any new enterprise.

“Another remarkable characteristic was his insatiable curiosity. I mean this in the best sense. He would know the insides of things as well as the outsides. He went through life a learner—disciple to the humblest and poorest who had anything to teach him, ‘hearing them and asking them questions.’ Sailors were especial favourites, and of course he was much thrown among them. The consequence was that he had an immense store of miscellaneous information, especially on two great main lines, scientific and geographical. He lost a lot of money on shares in new inventions of a scientific character: when these shares were examined after his death nearly all the ideas were good ones. As for his purse, it was always open to help on any likely lad who seemed to have a gift of any kind.

Scores of men in good positions to-day look back with gratitude to his ready help at the time of their early struggles.

“ He had a great gift in Sunday-school addresses. We used to say the morals of some of these addresses were not quite obvious. But they were vivid beyond description. Intensely dramatic, he would make the scene he was describing thrillingly real, and would often heighten the appeal by dropping suddenly into the first person singular, and ‘ identifying himself with the hero of the story ’ as it was once put. This gave him, I believe, an awful place in the regard of some of the children, who really thought he had himself sustained amazing and heartrending adventures.

“ Surely one of the most interesting things to parents must be the introduction of their children to biblical and kindred books. My little Dorothy is just at this fascinating stage. She has an inherited love for the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and is never tired of following the progress of Christian. Some of the questions she asks are by no means easy to answer so as to assist her comprehension. ‘ What's in that bundle ? ’ she demanded as soon as she saw it. My wife invented an answer that was certainly very subtle. ‘ His old clothes,’ she said. If the reference was to his old discarded habits and views it was a good reply. Dorothy was much concerned for poor Christian when he lost his bundle. She evidently felt he would be inconsolable, and found it difficult to sympathize with his obvious delight. You can never tell beforehand what view children will take. I showed her a picture of Joseph being put in the pit, and said, ‘ Would Dorothy like to be put in that dark hole ? ’ ‘ Yes,’ she said at once with the greatest gusto ; and seemed disappointed that I carried the proposal no further. In talking to children, too, you have to use great contrasts of light and shade. People are either good or naughty. Dorothy has no opinion of anyone who is not either one

or the other. You must be able without hesitation to assign them to one of these two categories. She is of course perfectly orthodox as to the desirability of being good. Judas and the Sanhedrim were all described to her as being naughty. 'Isn't it sad?' she said. And indeed she seemed to think so."

"*March 16, 1896.*—This day is likely to be a very black-letter one in my calendar. This morning, in company with Dr. Batten and my brother Fred, I waited on Dr. Goodhart, one of the leading London physicians, at his house in Portland Place. Dr. Goodhart is a very fine-looking man, and his manner impresses you with confidence. He made a very minute and prolonged examination of me, and pronounced emphatically that there was no disease anywhere traceable. Arguing from this that my nervous exhaustion was due to over-strain, he ordered twelve months' entire cessation from public work. Dr. Batten entirely confirms this judgment; and consequently I had no alternative but to sit down and write my resignation to the church."

"*April 15, 1897.*—To-day I am thirty-two years old, and the last two years have been somewhat painful ones, despite all the sunshine that has come in to them from the love of friends. It is far from easy to acquiesce in a medical verdict which would impose upon one that very hardest of all duties—the duty of half-a-life. It is curious how hard such duty seems. In a sense it means relief from many obligations and burdens: but it means also discontinuance of work which has come to be dear as life itself. And this at thirty-two! However, it is open to me to disbelieve the doctors. I have never before felt how great is the relief of unbelief—downright, indomitable scepticism. Certainly faith in this instance is associated with the paralysis of life, and unbelief with its fulfilment.

"Do I intend to rebel against these medical wiseacres?"

Not at present. I am back at work, and I intend to go along quietly and see how I get along. But it is on the carpet that I *may* kick if their government becomes too benevolent and paternal."

"*Friday, August 13, 1897.*—I bought this diary to-day at Whiteley's, my old one being now full, and I write these few lines just by way of inauguration. It is a genuine pleasure to me to write in my diary, though I refuse to feel compelled to write at regular periods. Why *does* the flesh rebel against necessity, when itself is compassed about with necessities which it cheerfully and gratefully fulfils? Anyhow, to add to life's necessities seems to be a mistake. It is to provoke opposition and defiance. Now I do not want the flesh or the spirit to rebel against diary-keeping; so I try to harmonize the recreation with my moods, and thus secure it as a solace and refreshment, not a task or unwelcome duty.

"By the bye, I perpetrated an epistolary impertinence last week, publicly expressing my own lack of confidence in Sir William Harcourt as a Liberal leader; and indeed the whole Front Bench is a broken reed. The facts are these. A House of Commons Committee sat for enquiry into these tangled South African affairs. The revelations made were very painful, especially in connection with Mr. Rhodes; but the revelations made only pointed to worse ones that might be made. Hereupon the Committee seems to have resolved to hush up the whole affair. Chamberlain managed things with a high hand, as usual; and to the utter dismay of the Liberal Party Sir William Harcourt and other Liberal representatives on the Committee acquiesced. The Report of the Committee convicted Rhodes of the most execrable offences against this country—sheer treason in fact; nevertheless, Chamberlain actually got up in the House and declared that Rhodes' personal 'honour' was unstained. This extraordinary assertion was left unchallenged by the

Front Opposition Bench. I wrote to the *Independent*, I confess in much heat, to protest that as Liberals we had been betrayed by our Leaders. Harcourt emphatically supported Chamberlain; and the latter whitewashed and indeed glorified Rhodes—a man

‘ Whose honour rooted in dishonour stood
While faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.’

All the Press is against the Liberal leaders, and Non-conformists are generally indignant. Over seventy Liberal Members of Parliament voted against their leaders in the House of Commons debate.”

“*September 8, 1897.*—The beginning of our holiday this year was spent at Letheringsett, and one of the special attractions was the presence of Dr. Ray Palmer.¹ I think the more one sees of Dr. Palmer the more one is impressed by him. He is a man who has been through experiences that we on this side of the Atlantic can scarcely credit. For instance, having had a breakdown in health on leaving college, he went as tutor to a planter’s children. When the planter was away from home he was left in charge, and had to run the slave plantation. This position soon brought him into conflict with the overseers; and he told us an almost inconceivable tale of how an overseer tried to shoot down one of the hands, because the man had refused to beat his own wife. Ray Palmer faced the overseer with a loaded pistol and saved the man’s life; but the planter remonstrated subsequently with him for ‘interfering with discipline.’ Dr. Palmer’s stories of the Civil War are most graphic and thrilling. I think I shall never forget the account he gave us one night of Gettysburg, and some other fights. He himself was drafted for service, and was about to give up his church and go, when the church—unknown to him—petitioned for his discharge on the ground

¹ An American Congregational minister, author of some well-known hymns.

that no one would be left in the district to bury the dead.

“ We had a visit at Letheringsett from Captain Kane, who earned much kudos from the way in which he brought the man-of-war *Calliope*, of which he was in charge, out from Samoa in the teeth of a tornado which drove several other vessels on to the reefs. Captain Kane is medium height, with iron-grey beard and hair, prominent eyebrows over grey-blue eyes. He had much that was interesting to tell us about the sea, and this fact about the Navy which impressed me : Government gets practically no recruits for the Navy from the sea-border, but from such inland provincial towns as Birmingham or Manchester. The reason seems to be that men born near the sea follow the ordinary sea callings of trading and fishing. They have their homes ashore, marry and settle down, and do not care to go right away for long periods, as men in the Navy must.

“ We are staying at Sheringham, and the other day we witnessed from our window the most singular sight of a waterspout. A very dark cloud hung over the sea ; and at one end of the cloud there was an arm like an elephant’s trunk. This arm hung right down, and you could distinctly see the cloud of vapour beneath it as it poured its deluge into the sea. The sea was tremendously agitated beneath it, boiling up with great violence. There was a number of ships in the direction of the waterspout, but as far as we could see they avoided it. It moved rapidly along before the wind, and finally disappeared. Certainly it was an interesting and rather awful sight.”

“ *February 1, 1898.*—This must be the mildest winter within the memory of man. We had two or three days of frost at Christmas, but no snow, and a January like April. Snowdrops, crocuses, and even anemones are out, and the early bushes are quite green. And, as many mild seasons are, it is desperately unhealthy. I

have never known more illness. Mr. Walker is very ill ; I fear dying. I cannot bear to think what a void in my life his death will make. He has been a father indeed to me ; and as long as there is hope I shall cling to it, that he may be spared to us longer.

“ One’s children become the surest instruments for measuring time by. We have only to consider how they grow to realize the flight of the years. Dorothy is at school, and quite grown-up at four and a quarter. Oliver is talking impetuously, if still with the delightful babyish mispronunciation. Bridget grows plump and big. . . .”

“ *February 10, 1898.*—This morning, at breakfast time, I was summoned to go and see Mr. Walker, who was reported to be sinking. He has been getting gradually weaker of late, and has been confined to his bed for the last ten days or so. I went at once, and found him much changed, though I do not feel sure that he is quite so near death as those in the house imagine. My interview with him was most affecting. He clasped my hand and said, in a very weak voice, ‘ This morning I signed my will—and then I made a humble confession of faith—then I asked Christ to receive my spirit—and then I gave glory to God ! I said I was indeed thankful that he found the Christian consolations so strong now. He said, ‘ Oh, they are, they are ’ very fervently. After this he lay for some time very still, and I thought resting ; so I did not say anything to him. By and bye, as I saw he was fully awake, I suggested reading and prayer, and he begged me to do so. I read him ‘ For ever with the Lord,’ and at the end he said ‘ Amen.’ Then we prayed. He followed me with much emphasis : and at the end said, ‘ Gracious Lord, hear and answer this prayer, for Jesus Christ’s sake.’ I then spoke a word to him about the solemn passage in Corinthians, of our work being tried by fire, and what is of God enduring. He held up his hands and said, ‘ Ah ! ’ Then he said

a few words which I did not perfectly catch ; but among them I heard him say, ‘ I am so thankful that Christ calls us, and we have only to respond ; so the origin, as well as the work, is His.’ His niece, Mrs. S., and the nurse now came in just as I was beginning to read another hymn. He bade them sit down, and I read ‘ O Jesus, King most wonderful !’ As I began to read he put his hands together reverently in the attitude of prayer. When I came to the end, he said a few more words of prayer, asking that the prayer of the hymn might be granted—

‘ And when from hence I pass away,
To me Thy glory show.’

The rest was very wonderful. His face shone, and the tears came into his eyes. He spread out his hands and said, ‘ The Lord bless you all, the Lord bless you all ’—these words, or words very similar. Then he said to me, ‘ Give my love to the brethren, good-bye.’ I bent down and kissed him on the forehead. We were all in tears. But when I left the house, despite the keenness of my sorrow, I felt that I could sing in very joy of faith. It was the death-bed of a saint.”

“ *March 26, 1898.*—It is worth recording that this has been a most remarkable season. We had practically no winter ; a day or two of frost about Christmas-time, and nothing more. On Valentine’s day I was calling on D. at Swiss Cottage, and I passed a thorn almost in full leaf ; yet yesterday, which was Lady Day, was distinguished by snow and sleet and a bitter north-easterly gale, which has raged with great fury for many hours, and is still unabated.”

“ *February 21.*—I have had some misgivings latterly whether my work here may not be over. There is no outward reason for discouragement, but I am not sure that by remaining I shall carry the congregation forward to any point of greater spiritual prosperity. Have I done all with them that I can ? It may be so. At

any rate I found myself not undisposed to turn an attentive ear when informally sounded as to Queen Street, Wolverhampton. Probably nothing will come of it anyhow. If it should, it would be hard to go, but perhaps hard also to stay. A minister wants to know that there is such a general enthusiasm for the work of the Church, and such real gain resulting from his ministry that the congregation is advancing in the spiritual life. Nothing is so difficult to ascertain as this, and one may be misled by a few signs that do not mean much. But I am not persuaded that we have the necessary spirit among us, and hence this unsettled feeling for almost or quite the first time in my ministry. K. has been much impressed by a visit we have paid to Oxford. I went in the capacity of college pastor to Mansfield, and certainly our intercourse with the men was most encouraging. Some of them, notably Gaunt, Lenwood, Carter, Harrison, Rees, seem to me giants—men destined to make a great mark in our Congregational history. I shall follow their careers with intense interest and high expectation.

“Lecturing at Brighton the other day, I spent some time with R. J. Campbell. He has the ball at his feet there. The whole place is moved; and at the present time he is preaching on Sunday evenings, after his regular service, in the Empire Theatre. He is a fine-looking fellow, with a mass of wavy grey hair, large sympathetic eyes, and altogether decidedly handsome face. I gather he is advanced in all his views, political, social, educational, and theological. He has become practically the leader of the Liberal Party in Brighton.”

“*August 1, 1899.*—Another year’s work is practically over, and I am thinking of my journey to America to take part in the International Congregational Council at Boston. Alfred Fordham is to go with me, and we intend seeing something of Canada, and the western American cities, before the Council begins. I have felt

a good deal encouraged here latterly. Congregations have been large, additions to the Church numerous, and the responses to an appeal we have issued for a Twentieth Century Fund most splendid and inspiring. The whole congregation, to a man and a woman, has entered into the scheme with ardour and liberality, demonstrating that the spirit of loyalty to our mission and principles has never been stronger and truer. I have had some further overtures from Queen Street, Wolverhampton, but they have been indirect, and do not disturb me now. My present duty is very clear before me, and I must not allow myself to be diverted to the right hand or to the left. I think I will record here that in the spring of the year, to my intense surprise, I was elected with acclamation to the Chair of the London Congregational Union. Somewhat rashly, I fear, I intimated my acceptance, and then my deacons remonstrated so strongly that I was compelled to withdraw. Now Mr. Holborn wishes to induce the deacons to rescind their resolution of opposition provided I return from America fit and well. However, I don't think they will do this, and I am quite resigned to accept the situation as it is. I have been trying hard to write a twenty-minutes paper to read at Boston on 'The Young People and their Work.' Just fancy having to treat such a subject in so short a time!"

"*January 1901.*—The New Century has come, and I am where I am, and likely to remain there. I have declined the call to Edinburgh. The first thing really to shake me was a visit from . . . He is a fine fellow, very affectionate, and a great friend. He fairly broke down and sobbed in my drawing-room. 'I don't mind telling you,' he said, 'that it is the greatest crash of my life.' Then came the big deputation from my Church, and pleaded for London, and for Kensington. It was overwhelming; and yet I stood out. As I now know, the Deputation retired convinced that it was, as one

of them said, 'ten to one' against them. My brother ministers in the 'M.P.s'¹ were divided in judgment. They all thought there was peculiar suitability between me and the Morningside opportunity. But they urged me to stay in London. Finally I had a quiet day with God and myself, and all the correspondence, and the final fight was as to where I was most needed; and the decision was that it was where I am. . . . We are quite clear now that we have been 'led.' The spirit of the people here is all aggressive and progressive. May it continue! The letters I received were perfectly wonderful. I read them with great tears coursing down my cheeks, and choked over them as I have never done over anything. My one thought and prayer now is that God will provide some very good destiny for the Church at Morningside, whose confidence and enthusiasm have moved me beyond words."

"*January 11.*—I have just crawled out of bed after three days of neuralgia. I wonder in what circle of the Inferno the presiding Furies are allowed to use neuralgia. Boiling mud seems to me to-day like a very inferior hell. The power of so intangible a thing as a breath of raw air to twist itself up in the roots of the nerves and wrench at them until you shriek again is as mysterious as most other things in life. God hangeth life and death, pleasure and pain upon nothing.

"My friends are very kind, and I have felt healed by their touches of sympathy. Other friends, too, help—friends one has never seen. This afternoon came two such out of the land of sweet sounds and dreams—Coventry Patmore and Nathaniel Hawthorne. They are good reading for the man who loves music. I cannot say how great I feel Patmore's *Odes* to be. Some of the touches do indeed 'kiss the music from the chords of life.' If there is any more beautiful description of love-

¹ Name given to the society of younger ministers founded by Horne, Darlow, and others.

making than the lines in 'Amelia' where she first kisses her lover by the grave of the old love, I don't know where it is to be found. And what delicate, mystic, dreamy beauty in 'Tired Memories'! But what a touch is Hawthorne's! That he makes the flesh creep, and causes you to feel queer tremors and aching forebodings is true. But I like the remorseless way in which he shows how life in its most delicate and exquisite forms crumbles under the rough grasp of materialism. He is a great poet of the spirit and the moral emotions, if no more. So I have touched the garment's hem of lesser souls than the greatest this afternoon and have felt 'virtue' go out of them.

"April 1.—This month has been a memorable one to me on account of a visit to Italy. My good father-in-law, who is always adding to our happiness, proposed to take Katharine and myself with Hope¹ to Rome and Florence. My deacons consented, and this month we have carried out the project. Katharine went on with her father and sister to Paris on the Saturday, where I joined them on the Monday evening, having travelled with Mr. and Mrs. Winterbotham and Harry Spicer. We got to Rome on the Wednesday before Easter Sunday and stayed till the following Saturday week. We were armed with an introduction from the Duke of Norfolk to Monsignor Stanley, a brother of Lyulph Stanley; and also we had an introduction to Mr. Grizel, cousin of Sir Morton Peto and chamberlain to the Pope. These keys unlocked all doors. We succeeded in gaining admittance to an audience of the Pope in the Sistine Chapel; and we were permitted to see through the crypts of St. Peter's—where the tombs and sarcophagi of so many of the Popes are. I am never likely to forget the audience with Leo XIII. The Sistine Chapel was, of course, crowded with people, gentlemen in evening dress and ladies in black veils. The central aisle

¹ Miss Hope Cozens-Hardy, now the Hon. Mrs. Pilkington.

was kept by the stalwart Swiss Guards in their bizarre costume of lemon, black, and red, and with halberds in their hands. The state, or church, officials moved here and there ushering visitors into their places—men clothed in black velvet doublet and hose with cloak and ruff and sleeves edged with lace, and chains across the breast, and so forth. One Spanish official was extraordinarily handsome, with pointed black beard and swarthy skin, looking as if he had stepped down out of the canvas of Velasquez. We had to wait two hours, but in the Sistine Chapel that is not irksome. The time passed quickly; and then at a given signal the great doors opened, and through them you looked out at the gaily frescoed hall beyond. There was the usual murmur of excited expectation; and then, borne aloft on the shoulders of the guards, and on his chair of state of crimson and gold, came Pope Leo XIII, dressed all in white, the famous ring glittering on his finger. He certainly looked very old, but not so frail as I expected. The side face reminded me strongly of Newman's portraits, but the full face is of course notable for the extraordinary mouth, the broadest I have ever seen. He was flushed with excitement, and his lips moved constantly as he turned from side to side, sitting forward in his chair, and blessing the audience right and left. His eyes are very animated; and if his face is not attractive, it is certainly a very striking one. Perhaps it was the sense of his age—he is 92, I believe—which made the whole scene a sort of dream, and left the curious impression of unreality as of the baseless fabric of a vision. He was borne to the far end of the Chapel, where he dismounted right under Michael Angelo's awful figure of the Christ at the Day of Judgment, and there he knelt at the altar, and his figure framed itself into the great canvas, and one was irresistibly reminded that he, too, and the system he represents must be judged where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Then

he proceeded to read or chant certain sentences in a singularly loud and nasal voice. The responses were rendered by the choir in the gallery on our right. Then when this was over, he pronounced the benediction, and those knelt who could contrive to do so in the crowded state of the chapel. He then held a reception, at which certain people were personally presented. Then he sat in his chair again, was hoisted up and carried out. I should have said that both on his entrance and exit he was greeted with ringing shouts of acclamation—‘Vive le pape ; vive le pape ré !’ Women held out beads for him to bless, and many young fellows became almost hysterical and delirious with enthusiasm. One could not but note that on his return he looked fatigued, and his face was very grey ; but he bore himself valiantly. One wondered, too, whether he is still the victim of the curious illusion that the temporal power can ever return to him or his successors. It is generally believed that he is quite fanatical on the point.

“ It is impossible to describe in detail our busy, eventful days at Rome and Florence. At the former place we stayed at the Hôtel de Russie, where we were most comfortable. We worked hard, devoting morning and afternoon to sight-seeing, and we succeeded in compassing most of the famous places and buildings. One was hardly prepared for the strength of the impression that pagan Rome is more interesting than Christian Rome, except where you confront the memories of early Christianity, and where you come across the traces of Michael Angelo and his great confraternity.”

“ *July 20, 1901.*—Yesterday I attended a cricket match organized by Mr. Watt. It is an annual affair, made special this year by the attendance of Dr. W. G. Grace, who played for Mr. Watt’s side. Grace was 53 the day previous, and so as cricketers go he deserves his title ‘the old man.’ He is elephantine in build, holds one shoulder higher than the other, and slouches

along like a great burly farmer on market day. There is nothing in his appearance to suggest those extraordinary powers of sight and quickness of motion which we all associate with him. It was evident, however, as we rode down in the same carriage, that he was devoted to sport, and keenly interested in all outdoor life. He recalled his runs with the harriers—and he can still run—with which he hunts in the season two or three days in the week. He had an eye for all the crops, and all the processes of agriculture. On the field his extreme good-nature was very obvious. He was the first and the loudest in clapping every good stroke and fine piece of fielding. He ingratiated himself specially with all the youngsters by the warmth of his encouragement. We got that rare thing, a speech, out of him at the luncheon. Needless to say, it was short and hearty, and enthusiastically applauded. His own innings was not a great one, but he made 57, and we were thankful to those who missed him twice. Some of his strokes were as masterly as ever.”

“*June 24, 1902.*—A day of singular agitation. Yesterday the King arrived in London from Windsor for his Coronation ceremonies and functions. To-day he is lying at the gates of death, even while all the city is gay with flags, and streamers and triumphal arches, and thousands of troops assembled to march in procession are encamped in the public gardens and elsewhere. The wildest rumours have been flying abroad. This afternoon it was commonly believed that he was dead. Mrs. H., I found, had just returned from Holland Park Garden Party. She had seen the Princess Beatrice leave hurriedly in floods of tears, had heard the band stopped, and seen the party begin to break up in confusion. An inspector of police had galloped up saying that all was over. Later on these disquieting reports gave way to somewhat better ones. The King had had a serious operation, but was recovering fairly

well. The Coronation, however, is indefinitely postponed, and all is perplexity. The next twenty-four hours will doubtless indicate the issue for life or death. Meanwhile we can but possess our souls in patience, and wait and pray."

CHAPTER VI

WHITEFIELDS AND PARLIAMENT

IN June 1903 Horne bade farewell to Kensington. A great meeting was held in the Town Hall to bid him God-speed. His people took leave of him with sore hearts, but they felt that they were giving him to a larger work, and they did it under a real sense of duty. Not a few of them enrolled themselves among his earliest fellow-workers in the new sphere. Before settling down again he took a long holiday, first on a bicycling tour with his wife in Cornwall, and afterwards at Sheringham. Meanwhile work was begun at Whitefields with certain necessary structural alterations, under the supervision of the Rev. James Holmes, who had been appointed assistant superintendent of the mission, and who proved a most able and devoted helper. Horne said of him that "his gift of organization almost amounted to genius." The cost of the alteration and additions to the building was not less than thirty thousand pounds, and thanks to the splendid generosity of Mr. W. H. Brown, the treasurer, Mrs. Rylands, and many other friends, the whole of this great sum was raised within a few months.

The mission was opened, and the work inaugurated at a great public meeting in September 1903. A sermon was preached by Dr. Jowett, and he, along with Earl Carrington, Mr. Campbell, and many London ministers, supported Horne on the platform. Horne had preached on the previous Sunday, and the note of his sermons and of the whole opening services was the redemption

of men and women—a gospel wide enough and powerful enough to meet every human need. From the first the work at Whitefields was an unqualified success. All sorts and conditions of folk flocked to it in embarrassing numbers, and most of them found something to help them in their need. Horne and his fellow-workers laid themselves out to meet the conditions in which they found themselves with a broad and elastic policy. They aimed at an institutional church, but had no intention of sacrificing the church to the institutions which centred round it. The church remained a reality, and the Sunday worship gave the inspiration to all the work of the week. On Sunday morning Horne conducted a service very much on the lines he was accustomed to at Kensington, and it was well attended and widely useful. In the afternoon the great building was filled with men, and the Whitefields Brotherhood became a power for good in the neighbourhood and a model for all other meetings of the kind. Horne was often criticized for the political complexion which at times characterized these gatherings. But he was quite unrepentant, and vigorously defended his conviction that it was necessary to bring religion into politics and reconstruct both municipal and national affairs on a Christian basis. Some ten years later he wrote an apologia for his policy in this regard in a volume entitled *Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament* which is unanswerable. In the evening the church was again filled with a crowd largely composed of young men and women for a service of a more evangelistic kind, with plenty of good music. At this service Horne gave of his best, and untold good was accomplished by it. The Sunday services set the tone for the whole work of the mission during the week. The various clubs and societies catered for the bodily, mental, and spiritual needs of the varied classes who made Whitefields their home from home. Mrs. Horne took the lead in the work among women, girls, and children,

and she and her fine band of fellow-workers, some of whom were definitely set apart as "sisters of the people," accomplished great things.

Of the beginnings at Whitefields Horne wrote in his diary :—

" I left Kensington at the end of June after a very interesting and cordial farewell meeting in the Town Hall, and Katharine and I had a cycling honeymoon in Cornwall, visiting the Land's End and most of the well-known places round the coast. Then we returned to town for Hope's wedding, and spent the remainder of our holiday at Sheringham. Meanwhile Mr. Holmes, whom I had chosen as a colleague for Whitefields, had been pushing the workpeople along and got the building ready for reopening. The commencement was most auspicious. The crowds were prodigious. My friends all stood round me. Jowett and Campbell and Clifford and Lord Carrington came along to speed the launch. I appealed for volunteers for an orchestra, and got them. Harry Spicer and Robert Wallace became my treasurers, to my immense satisfaction. . . . From the beginning we were crowded out at the evening services. The morning services grew in most encouraging fashion. The men's meeting in the afternoon proved a most solid and satisfactory institution. The At Homes before and after the evening service for the young people in the business houses taxed our accommodation to the utmost. Everything we touched was a success ; but I think we ought to claim that we put all our brains into the business and an immense capital of energy. Heavens, how we worked ! Mr. and Mrs. Holmes lived in the Toplady Hall, sleeping in a room partitioned out of the Hall. Their devotion and self-denial were endless. Katharine and I, with the five bairns, removed from Kensington to 20 Amptill Square, where we found a very pleasant house and garden within ten minutes'

walk of Whitefields. There our sixth baby was born—the brightest and best of wee mortals. We christened her Ruth Audrey—the ‘Whitefields Baby’ everybody called her, and a better symbol of the new order of things at Whitefields could not be. As we drew near to Christmas a new interest arose. There was a vacancy in the parliamentary representation of the Ludlow Division in Shropshire, and Fred was asked to stand, and consented. Of course I took the field with him; and we careered in a motor-car in the depths of an exceptionally moist winter ‘o’er moor and fen.’ He did not win, but he fought as fair and fine a fight as man ever fought on English soil, and laid the foundation of a victory in the future.

“All through winter and spring the work went on with unabated ardour and success. In May we laid the foundation-stone of the Institute which Mr. W. H. Brown is erecting for us. Mr. Asquith came at the last moment to take the place of Lord Rosebery, who disappointed us. Mr. Asquith said many very kind things about me and my work. But indeed, when I recall all the generous tributes paid to me I am humbled to the dust. It has been a wonderful year, the Hand of God being so manifest that one could almost claim to have seen it visibly influencing one’s life.

“Of the formal opening of our Whitefields Institute much might be written. The proceedings were memorable. Mr. Carruthers Gould made an excellent speech at the luncheon, and Mr. Birrell’s address at night was as fine as anything I ever heard of its kind. Perhaps the most startling feature of the day was a cheque sent by Mrs. Rylands for £4,000 to clear off all our indebtedness. I was at first uncertain whether even with this cheque in hand I should get the full £6,000 required. But at the luncheon Mr. John Carter promised £1,000 if the whole sum were raised that day. It seemed to most people so improbable that many said or thought

Mr. Carter did not intend to give the £1,000, but only to offer it. When I announced the £4,000 gift Mr. Connell leaned across in his excitement and said to Birrell, 'Then it's done.' 'Yes,' replied Birrell, 'and Carter's done.' But I am certain Mr. Carter was as happy to give the money as to promise it."

The following account of the life at Whitefields has been contributed by the Rev. James Holmes.—

"In the change of sphere from Allen Street to Whitefields Mr. Horne thoroughly realized the enormous difference. He was leaving a well-organized church with great traditions behind him, and setting his face towards a church with practically only its traditions left to boast of, but with 'Ichabod' across its portals. The chief advantage to him was that the site was in a great thoroughfare along which thousands of men and women passed day and night, Sunday and weekdays, and around it were huge places of business, numerous flats, and every nationality under the sun. The position was unique, and the opportunities offered laid hold of his wonderful imagination, and he saw in it a sphere of service which drew him like a magnet. When it was first suggested to him by, I believe, the Rev. George A. Suttle, he recognized that it was probably the leading of God to a service far wider than anyone dreamed of. He had long craved for a centre where he could be absolutely unfettered and where 'all sorts and conditions of men' could come rightfully and naturally to his ministry. In the Tottenham Court Road he saw his chance, and leaped to it, thinking only of the opportunity and of nothing else. He could make a big business house of it for Jesus Christ, where all could come 'without money and without price.' The low state in numbers and influence to which the church had sunk, and its generous willingness to consent to his conditions, left him exactly with the free hand he desired for his plans. The

experiment was daring so far as Congregationalism is concerned, and made him, as a democrat of democrats, a sort of autocrat with a small bureaucracy of governors; but those who lived closest to him and understood the workings of his mind, and the dreams he dreamed, and the visions he saw, followed him all the way with unimpaired confidence.

“No man, perhaps, ever came into such close touch with him as I did, or saw him so intimately on every side of his life, and no man ever loved him more—and still loves him. He became my David, and I know I was his Jonathan. He had a gift for winning men to service such as I had not seen before nor since, hence difficulties and opposition went down before him, and the way was smoothed for his great experiment. Before he left Kensington he was up to the eyes in Charles Booth’s *Life and Labour of London*, and he was studying the sociological maps the book contained until he had gripped the position. His mind worked rapidly, and he had a curious instinct, which I have never quite seen in any other man, for putting his finger unerringly on the weakness or strength of a position and knowing how to handle it. Any meeting was quite safe in his hands as chairman, although he had a way of playing fast and loose with programmes. It never mattered to him what you had arranged, he would carry it through in his own delightful and successful fashion. Many a time worried officials and organizers hurried to me and said, ‘That is not according to programme,’ and I had to assure them that if they would only wait they would be the first to congratulate themselves on the success of the affair, whatever it was. I never once saw him make a mistake. No one could catch the trick—it was a gift of God.

“To one thing he made up his mind: he was not going to have a cheap and nasty mission building. He was going to proclaim a great Christ and a great Gospel,

and he would have a place and machinery worthy of the object ; hence he knew what to preserve and what to scrap and what to enlarge. A church of limited days and service was no good to him. It must be a church he could use every day if he wanted, and he would build an institute to serve humanity twenty-four hours. He would meet every business house in Tottenham Court Road on its own level, and beat them at the game—and he did it. He knew his own mind as to what he wanted in the matter of alterations, and made the best of the church and Toplady Hall ; but his great scheme was the institute which was to take the place of the dilapidated building at the back. To carry out the scheme necessitated the reverent removal of parts of the old graveyard, all of which was done ; and then came into being a fine, replete set of buildings ready for all who needed and desired them. In them all he dreamed of came to pass, and during his ministry night after night and seven days a week the place was like a hive of bees. There was nothing about any part of them that savoured of the average mission-hall. Everything was of the best, tastefully furnished, and home-like to a degree. There was no side of it that we ever had to apologize for or feel ashamed of. It was a great workshop for Jesus Christ, and achieved its object.

“Full use of all the old church’s possibilities was made from the start, in September, and in three weeks he had got his men’s meeting going. The first Sunday of this famous meeting saw the body of the church nearly full, and from then onward it grew rapidly till the great church was crowded Sunday after Sunday to its utmost. The tea hour at the close kept men, and naturally the evening service claimed them, the result being a balancing of sexes seen in few of the churches. His morning services were always splendidly attended, and were dignified, quiet, and helpful beyond measure. In them was found strength, comfort, and guidance, and they

drew men and women of every type and class. There was a rare fragrance in them, a fragrance which lasts till now. He gave to them the greatest of preparation and thought, both in sermon and prayer. There was never a part of them that was permitted to fall from the high standard of what a service should be. The simple Communion Service was a joy from beginning to end. To me in that he was always at his finest. From then on for the rest of the day he was absolutely a free-lance. The level in the afternoon and evening was always high, but free, with the freedom he loved so passionately. He never descended in anything; that was impossible; it was simply a change of movement, the bringing into free play of all his great gifts; but all the time he was conscious of the presence of the great Master he served and the kind of service required of him. He had a way, too, of compelling all his speakers and workers to be at their best; you simply could not say or do stupid things before him.

“He began a midday service at once on Wednesdays, and drew an extremely good audience, and for them he prepared and delivered his series of addresses contained in *The Model Citizen*. He put an amazing lot of thought and care into them, and those who heard them were impressed and influenced. It was a congregation of all sorts, with a fair sprinkling of men who came in from the large workshops and factories round. In addition to these there gathered, however, a fair number of cranks and men who had axes to grind, and these became the fly in the ointment. It had become Mr. Horne’s practice to see all and sundry after his various services, and these visitors grew in numbers. He received them all in his kindly, gracious way. The door of his heart always stood open, and anyone entered, only some stayed too long. There were Wednesdays when it took over an hour to pass them all through, and although I tried hard to shoulder some of them off, many

got past me. This interviewing business began to tell upon his nervous and physical strength, and when the last man had gone I would find him completely exhausted. In the end, and after much discussion, we reluctantly dropped it. With the growing and incessant demands on him, and all that had to be accomplished, he could not afford to waste himself in that way. It was replaced with an evening service, which also drew a fair audience; but we got rid of the cranks, and he benefited.

“By now the success of the work was assured, and his hands were full. Invitations from elsewhere to take services and lecture and deliver addresses came in shoals. He was absolutely hopeless as a correspondent, and had an *ipse dixit* that if you left letters long enough they answered themselves. He finally handed over his diary and correspondence to me, and this saved him a good deal. He was interviewed wherever he went, and promises were solicited for engagements; but in his ingenuous, delightful way, he had but one answer, and was saved a lot: ‘Write Mr. Holmes, and ask him; if he says I can come, I can; if he says I cannot, then I cannot; I don’t know anything about myself, he knows everything.’ At one time he was booked three years ahead. There were times when his engagements were appalling, and I have known him speak and preach and lecture every day for a fortnight, leaving King’s Cross on a Sunday at 9 p.m., and arrive back on Saturday morning at 7.30, and then take a big day on Sunday. Every smallest detail was worked out for him on these occasions; but there was a limit to his energy and strength. He paid a big price for all this, and the churches exacted it.

“Whitefields was a two-man job, and when he was not there—well, it was just not Whitefields. In addition to all this, there came increasing demands for articles for magazines and newspapers. Again he responded, and by this time his favourite game of golf had had to go by

the board, except on holidays at Sheringham or Church Stretton. I pleaded with him to take Monday, but the incessant demands prevented it. He contested the L.C.C. South St. Pancras seat against the late Sir George Alexander, but was providentially beaten. It was a fine contest between two men remarkably alike in many ways, and was a model of courtesy and good feeling. The famous parliamentary election of 1906, when the Liberal Party, under the leadership of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was returned by such a large majority, made enormous demands upon Mr. Horne's time and effort, and he responded to every possible call. It was seriously proposed to him by the leaders of the party that he should contest one of the divisions of Birmingham against the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He refused, however, to give an answer without discussing it with me, and I vigorously and hotly opposed the step for the sake of the work at Whitefields and his own sake. He knew he could not win against such an opponent, and he saw that it might cost him a breakdown, and that would be disastrous to the welfare of his work. He refused the request.

"By this time he had begun to get an amazing grip of the life around him in St. Pancras. He used to prowl round back streets and byways finding out things. He became a familiar figure, and talked to queer folk, and they gradually came to hear him at nights when all seats were free. Men who had never been to church for years became regular attenders and changed men. French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, from that strange medley of aliens living near by, were influenced by his personality and power of human touch. One Sunday, after his morning service, he went off to St. Pancras Arches to address an audience of working men, and when he got there he found his platform, a sooty coal wagon, had been covered with old newspapers for fear he should black himself. That fine thoughtful-

ness touched him, and he cherished the incident always. It was not a long stride for his hearers from those Arches to his men's meeting, and the further step of the Sunday evening service and life on higher levels. He was never a cleric in anything to them. In dress, in manner, in approach of speech he was a simple Christian gentleman, unconventional to a degree, and when he spoke he played on them like a master on a violin. If he had asked for cheers for Jesus Christ he could have got them.

"I never knew a service when at its close some sorrowful tale had not to be poured into his ears, and then he seemed to have a touch of motherhood. Men and women alike told him everything; he had a way of looking at them and letting them talk, and when they left him they were conscious that a healing touch had been laid upon them. I know this, because I saw it, and was the only one who did see it. Of course, there were folk to be interviewed who were pure professionals at the game, but experience soon taught him how to sort them out, and he made no compromises with that type. He rarely finished his work before 9.30 p.m. on a Sunday night.

"Whitefields was visited by many from across the sea, both colonials and Americans, and all were impressed by it. It was unique. It was a great home church, and every part of its work savoured of that spirit—even the kitchens where all meals were prepared. The Americans admitted they had nothing quite like it. The personality of the man was just everywhere, and that was nine-tenths of the secret. The mere expenditure of money did not make it; it helped; but the keystone of the arch was just him.

"Looking back upon it all after some years away from it, I am sure it was a success. It was a church where the machinery was not heard. Freedom from hard-and-fast lines made it easy for men and women of every class to come and go. No one felt strange or out of place, and voices that had been silent for years found themselves

swept off their feet and singing heartily the great hymns he sometimes wrote, and to tunes he was a genius at selecting. Folk who for years had kept outside of churches became regular attenders, and he won them, as he always did, to the feet of the Christ he loved so well.

“ I regretted his decision to enter Parliament. It was bad enough to become Chairman of the Congregational Union, with its many calls, but to add Parliament seemed like signing his death warrant, and I was prepared for his breakdown. I never knew the love I bore him till I read of his death in the newspaper, and then for a moment it seemed as if I literally turned to stone. He had simply worked himself to death.”

With his settlement at Whitefields began the most fruitful and strenuous period of Horne's ministry. He greatly welcomed the opportunity which the new mission gave him of shaping the work after his own mind and in entire freedom from ordinary church conventions. He had no patience with the “ little garden walled around ” conception of the church, and from the first he sought to make Whitefields a centre of applied Christianity. The neighbourhood round Tottenham Court Road gave him every opportunity, and he soon found himself in bitter conflict with the vested interests that thrived on the degradation of the people. He was not content merely to do relief work and pick up the wounded from the road-side, but determined to attack those who were responsible for the mischief. Under his keen and practical leadership Whitefields steadily became a terror to evildoers, and a sanctuary of refuge for the tempted and oppressed.

Meanwhile, outside engagements and interests multiplied. In December 1903 Horne went down into Shropshire in order to help his brother Fred, who was standing as Liberal candidate at a by-election in the Ludlow Division. Fred Horne had been moved to offer

himself for Parliament largely by his opposition to the Education Act, and it was one of the dominant issues in the election. His brother threw himself into the fray with immense zest, and though the Liberals were beaten, he helped them to give a good account of themselves. He wrote of the campaign to his wife :—

" December 11, 1903.

" . . . We are in the Liberal part of the constituency here, and we had literally a triumphal progress last night through the Clun district. The lanes rang all the way with cheers ; and despite the awful weather, there was a wonderful meeting and not a dissentient hand. Late at night the men were still cheering ; and at no election have I ever seen quite such enthusiasm.

" The night before we were at Bridgnorth—the Tory stronghold, and we had a noisy and lively time, but a good vote. I was determined to talk Temperance to them, though a small mob were half seas over. Consequently I had the most tremendous fight to be heard at all. . . . We speak at Bishop's Castle at midday and at Stretton to-night. . . ."

" December 14, 1903.

" . . . I have just got back from Birmingham, where, despite the weather, I had fine congregations and a good time. Down here we have had very extraordinary times. The meeting at Stretton—said to be a Tory stronghold—was the most amazing success, and the reports everywhere are of the rising hopes of the Liberals. Still I am quite prepared to hear that the Tories will rally this week, and we have a hard campaign in front of us. We are all very fit and full of fight. Chamberlain is being fairly met and beaten in argument ; and they will take as much Education speech down here as you can give them. Hutton comes down to-morrow, and he and I speak at Bishop's Castle. To-night the

great thing is the meeting for the railway-men at Craven Arms. I have no doubt it will be a tremendous success. You can easily understand how men of fixed incomes view a general rise in prices. It would mean hard times for them, for the Companies are not in the least degree likely to raise their wages."

" December 14, 1903.

" . . . We had a very big meeting at Craven Arms last night. There was some disturbance at first, and the police turned two or three drunken men out. After that it was absolutely unanimous and most enthusiastic. To-day is nomination day, after which we are off to Lydbury North and Bishop's Castle for two meetings. . . ."

" December 14, 1903.

" . . . We had a spirited and interesting day yesterday. At a little village called Lydbury North we had a big crowd, including the parson, and there was not a hand against the vote of confidence. Then we motored on to Bishop's Castle and found Hutton in possession of a huge meeting. The enthusiasm was extraordinary. Jesse Collings had been speaking there an hour or two before, and had devoted most of his speech to me. I wish I had heard him. But I will get even with him yet ! We motored back here at night. I am now off to Bridgnorth in order to go out from there to a small town called Ditton Priors. . . ."

Part of the year 1904 was spent in building up the work at Whitefields and in many flying visits to different parts of the country, chiefly in the interests of the mission, explaining its programme and appealing for funds. The financial problem was still a serious one, and Horne had to depend largely on his own efforts to secure the necessary support. It was work which he disliked ; but he had a good cause, and he threw himself

into it with all possible ardour. Other interests, too, claimed him. In April we find him in South Wales speaking on the liquor question. "There was a tremendous crowd, and nothing was more applauded than when I said the churches ought to counteract the influence of the public-houses and not bring railing accusations against those who do try. As soon as they saw the drift of my sentence they cheered, and shouted for minutes." In May he was in Scotland taking part in "the greatest demonstration anyone can remember under the auspices of the Scottish Congregational Union. They were overpowering in their enthusiasm, and I made a good fighting speech, which fetched them tremendously." In the summer Mr. W. W. Pilkington took him for a cruise on the south coast in his yacht the *Asterope*, which greatly set him up. In the course of it he visited his brother Fred, who was lying seriously ill at Torquay. He was attended by Dr. Huxley, who turned out to be a distant connection of the family. Horne wrote to his wife :—

" . . . The lark about the doctor is that he is Mother's second cousin. I knew there were Huxleys in the family, but never suspected this man to be one of them. He was a Silvester by his mother. He said to Fred, 'Let me see; have you not a brother who is a Radical preacher? an awful Radical, isn't he?' Fred admitted the soft impeachment, whereupon the doctor said he should like to meet me. When told that he *had* met me his astonishment was boundless. Such a mild-mannered person to be a Radical preacher! However, he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, and I am going. He married a titled lady. . . ."

The autumn of this year found Horne again in Scotland, engaged in a rapid campaign of preaching and speaking, and incidentally obtaining help for Whitefields. When it is remembered that all this was in addition to his

regular work of preaching at the mission on Sundays and running its organizations during the week, it will be realized what a heavy strain he was putting on himself. He took it all very lightly, but his letters contain frequent references to his feeling the burden both of years and cares. They are mostly jocular in form, but they tell a tale nevertheless. The following extracts from letters to his wife give some hints as to his outside activities at this period :—

“ *January 5, 1905.*

“ I am just off to Glasgow. Imagine poor me being whirled through the snow from point to point of this inhospitable and savage land ! But the people are wonderfully appreciative ; and Whitefields is in everybody’s mouth. With any luck in the weather we ought to have a big time at Glasgow. . . .”

“ *January 7, 1905.*

“ . . . I reckon that on my last statement another £5,000 will clear us absolutely. There is no doubt that we have raised all the money for the *old debt*, and now are going for our new expenditure. The amount we have raised in eighteen months is really remarkable, as I am sure the statement at the opening will show. . . .”

“ *January 14, 1905.*

“ . . . We are up to our necks in work. On the Thursday after the opening you and I are to receive the young people. We hope to have 1,000 present. Then on Saturday comes the Men’s Club opening. So we are in for a week of it with a vengeance. All is going well except the electric lighting. That is disgracefully behind, and it will be a fight to get it finished in time. We had a row royal with them yesterday about it. . . .”

"LANCASHIRE COLLEGE, MANCHESTER,

"February 16, 1905.

"It is lovely weather here, and I had excellent golf yesterday at the mouth of the Mersey, and feel quite set up. Adeney is a delightful host, as you may suppose. Yesterday we went to the Central Mission at Salford—I think almost the most desolate, dark, heart-breaking neighbourhood I ever saw. There was a great crowd, and the Mission is undoubtedly doing well; but they sadly need better premises."

"PAISLEY,

"February 20, 1905.

"It is very cold, and snowstorms are constant—my usual luck in Scotland apparently. The Coatses are most kind. I had a crowded church this morning, and am promised an even more tremendous throng to-night. I do not think I am very disappointed about Birmingham.¹ Doubtless it is all right. It has always been my good fortune to have doors slammed in my face if I was not intended to go in. It saves a lot of worry and anxiety. I long to be back. You must not think I am content away from home. My heart tugs away at me all the time. There are no bairns like my bairns, and no wife like my wife. . . ."

"March 13, 1905.

"I left early this morning for Ashford, Middlesex, where we had a splendid day's golf with the pressmen. We were fairly annihilated, but the two compensations were the exquisite weather and the fact that I beat the Captain of the team—Carr of the *Daily Mail*, a man with a three handicap. I got home soon after five, and had tea with the children, and then played bricks till they had to go to bed. . . . As I was coming home on Sunday

¹ This refers to a proposal that he should contest a division of Birmingham against Mr. Chamberlain. He was disappointed that it came to nothing.

night two young fellows came up and spoke to me. They were very nice chaps; and one of them said he was sure there was no theatre in London where people would crowd in and *stand* for two hours on end as they do at Whitefields at night. They were both very keen on enlarging the place. Another young fellow stopped to speak to me, and declared that from week-end to week-end he lived on Whitefields. We had a wonderful time on Sunday, and such a lot of people stayed to talk to me. . . .”

“ *April 15, 1905.*

“ . . . It is a perfect spring day, very bright and warm. . . . I do not feel so very old this morning. . . . When we look at the bairns, and when I hear and read their old-fashioned ideas and phrases, I feel one ought to be old. Last night I was quite sentimental, and for me devotional. I sat and meditated on my past, and wrote in my diary, and repented me of my sins and made vows to be a more useful person in the future. Time is the subtle thief of youth, and more than half a lifetime has fled, so I must not postpone matters.

“ I went to the House of Commons yesterday and successfully raided some members for my men’s meeting. John Burns became quite chummy, seizing me by the arm and calling me ‘Silvester’! He was in great form, hitting out at Keir Hardie and all who try to sour the workmen, and adjuring me to be ‘sunny.’ I don’t know that I fail in that particular. However, we will try and keep the clouds off our day . . . and live in the light. . . .”

“ *April 18, 1905.*

“ I am in the train on my way back from Kidderminster. I have had a very good time. The congregations at Manchester were, so they said, record ones; and considering I am now over forty, I preached fairly well.

On Monday I went over Collyer's Labour Homes, and then went on to Kidderminster, a very tedious journey. We had a large and enthusiastic meeting, to which I spoke for about an hour and a quarter."

" April 19, 1905.

" . . . We had a magnificent social gathering of the Men's Meeting last night. The Hall was thronged, and the proceedings were most animated and successful. It was reported that the *average* attendance is now 700 and the actual membership 400. Everything prospers in connection with the meeting. . . ."

" April 22, 1905.

" . . . I have been tremendously busy of late ! Busy, that is, in absurd ways. On Thursday I went back to Enfield with Campbell and cheered him up. I really think it did him good. I rode in his motor, and perambulated his estate and devoured his own home-made Devonshire cream ! He seemed quite touched by my going out to see him. Poor boy ! He has a lonely time of it, and with his somewhat morbid conscience and habit of introspection I am really sorry for him. Then yesterday the service ! The place was very nearly full—about 1,000 people I should say, and a collection of nearly £9. . . ."

" May 6, 1905.

" . . . Last night I went with . . . to see Bernard Shaw's play *John Bull's Other Island*. I have no adjective to do it justice. It is not only astonishingly brilliant and witty, but it seems to me profoundly suggestive. There is, of course, an undercurrent of irony all through. The shallow Liberal candidate is immense : the Irish life in all its attractiveness and inconsequence is incomparable. I should greatly like you to see it, and I should like your Father to see it. . . ."

" May 17, 1905.

" . . . I was at the Metropolitan Tabernacle last night and had quite an enthusiastic time with the Primitive Methodists, whom I always like. They are a genial, generous folk, and their fire is consuming."

" July 29, 1905.

" . . . A curious thing happened to-day. . . . came round here in great distress to say that . . . had been taken into a nursing home to be operated on for cancer, and begged I would go and see him. Of course I went, and it was one of the most affecting interviews I ever had. He clung to me and begged me to pray for him. He said that for twenty-five years he had never been in a church, but he had always believed that Christianity was true. And he said it was just meeting me at golf which made him register a mental note that if ever he were in need he would send for me. ' There's no professionalism about you,' he said. I felt so glad he wanted me to come ; but it was a very harrowing time. . . ."

" September 18, 1905.

" . . . Mr. and Mrs. Holmes have gone, and I am alone with, oh, such piles of work. We had a tremendous day yesterday ! The morning service was crowded. At the afternoon meeting there were over 1,000 men ; and at night the place was densely thronged at half-past six. The men's welcome took my breath away. They all sprang to their feet and cheered for minutes ! Evidently everything is going ahead this winter. The adult school was in great form, and has added to its numbers considerably. There are many things awaiting you and your decision."

In the autumn of 1905 Horne published, through the Free Church Council, a pamphlet on *Nonconformity in the Nineteenth Century*. It was a really brilliant summary

of the concluding stages in the great struggle for religious freedom, and an enthusiastic, though not overdrawn, appreciation of the part played by the Free Churches in the religious, social, educational, and political movements of the Victorian era. It is still well worth reading. At the same time he began to contribute a weekly article on public questions to the *Examiner*, and continued it for some time. He had a free hand, and wrote strongly and vividly on current topics, mainly ecclesiastical and political. It was journalism of the best kind. Nothing has been said hitherto of the part Horne took in founding and promoting this newspaper, which for about ten years was the organ of the Congregational churches. He did a great deal, along with the Rev. Hardy Harwood, to find money for the enterprise, was a most useful member of the board of directors, and a regular contributor to its pages. It was thankless work, and he often lamented the lack of support given to the paper; but his splendid denominational loyalty kept him at it. *O si sic omnes!*

In the early weeks of 1906 a General Election took place, which resulted in the overthrow of the Conservative Government and the triumphant return of the Liberals under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The chief issues in the contest were Free Trade, education, licensing, and Mr. Balfour's policy in South Africa. Horne threw himself into the fray with immense ardour, and rejoiced exceedingly over the result. He was in great demand as a speaker, not only in and around London, but much further afield. He wrote of one of his motor tours in the *Examiner* :—

“ Mr. J. D. Jones and I had probably the toughest tour of all from the party standpoint, for our route lay through the Midlands. We shall not easily forget our first meeting at Aylesbury, where the Town Hall was at the mercy of a small but intoxicated mob of hooligans.

Not a word could be spoken. The hall was crowded with a splendid assemblage of Liberals, but no order could be maintained, and we had to execute a strategic retreat to the Congregational Chapel, where an enthusiastic meeting was held and the rights of free speech vindicated. Evidently the opponents of Mr. Silas Hocking are frightened, as well they may be, for he has fought magnificently against the Rothschild ascendancy. At Stony Stratford and Wolverton, on the following day, very different scenes awaited us. In the latter town we must have addressed two or three thousands of railwaymen, and a most responsive audience it was. We travelled on to the Birmingham area, and spoke at night against Mr. Austen Chamberlain at Sparkhill. The meeting was large, orderly, and enthusiastic. The next day found us in Shropshire, flying from village to village in the Clun district, and addressing crowded meetings everywhere. On Saturday I had to bear the burden alone, which was, perhaps, the reason why I got into a ditch, and had to be dragged out by a Liberal horse. However, all's well that ends well, and I was amply repaid by great meetings for any wear and tear in the good cause."

Of the election campaign and its results Horne wrote to his wife in the highest spirits :—

" January 10, 1906.

" . . . The meeting at South Birmingham was quite the liveliest one I have addressed so far at this election. I had a very good hearing, but had to speak for forty-five minutes amid a very diverting series of interpolations, which added greatly to the zest of the proceedings. They are making big fights in Birmingham against tremendous odds. Every hoarding is captured by the Tariff Reformers. The Liberal meetings are ignored by the Press. Not a word can be heard from our side except at meetings. It is the last desperate fight for a rotten

cause, for which all freedom has had to be suppressed. But even so our workers are marvellously encouraged, and canvassing returns are said to be excellent.

"Do you see that Balfour's election is on Saturday? If he goes out, as I hear is very probable, and if Winston Churchill wins, as is almost certain, it will mean blue ruin for Toryism everywhere. . . ."

"January 12, 1906.

" . . . We are certainly not dying of dullness. The fun is fast and furious. . . . I spoke for the Labour candidate at Gravesend yesterday at 1 o'clock. Then at night I spoke with G. W. E. Russell at the Drill Hall, Hampstead, a densely packed meeting and most enthusiastic. Then I got back to South St. Pancras, where we had a perfectly glorious meeting. Certainly we are going very strong, and have a wonderful canvass. . . ."

"January 14, 1906.

"It is a thousand pities that you have missed in your rural seclusion the sensation of a century. To the end of one's life I can never forget Saturday night, and I would have given all my banker's balance to have had you at my side. We began at Whitefields at 8.30, the place being densely crowded. At 10 o'clock the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* was on his feet, when we heard a roar in the street, and up came a man with a tape. Churchill in! Then followed the various Manchester divisions one after the other. Any attempt to continue our meeting properly was ridiculous. Bradford came next—the same story. Still we waited for the big Manchester verdict. Then at last there was a sound of the multitude outside as the screen told the fatal news, and in ran W. to us, breathless and almost hysterical. The whole meeting was on its feet. Everybody forgot everything. 'Balfour's out,' they yelled,

Connell was trying to speak, and bellowing at the top of his voice, 'Two thousand majority !' I was standing on a chair waving my handkerchief, and it is a literal fact that until we were physically exhausted there was no cessation. In came the telegrams. Everywhere the Tories swept out of existence. London was the culmination. By this time we were like a rag that has been through the mangle. Thousands were frantic in the Tottenham Court Road. The wild hurrahs of the multitude were incessant. Wallace's triumph at Perth stirred up the enthusiasm afresh. Then York, Plymouth, Morpeth, and the rest. Holmes turned us out at last ; but nobody will ever forget it. It was one of the greatest nights in England's political history.

"To-morrow—London ; and I think we shall sweep the Metropolis now. . . ."

"January 16, 1906.

" . . . I am still alive, and my throat is a little better, notwithstanding last night in the market-place. It was a huge meeting, and they listened to me for an hour with perfect respect and cordiality. Not an interruption. I had a really good time, and the leading Tories who were present have been loud in their praises. . . . came in the morning, and said it was the finest speech he ever heard in his life ! So there !

"Isn't London glorious ? And St. Pancras especially. At last we have sounded the doom of Tory ascendancy in our part of the world. I am as much amazed at South St. Pancras as at any result, for to the last I had a feeling that we could not win. It is tremendous. The results still come pouring in. I see Newcastle is Liberal by 7,000 majority. What a time ! Hasn't it more than atoned for all the misery and suffering of these last years to see the soul of England awake at last ? . . ."

In the summer of this year Horne had a motor tour among the country churches of Hampshire and the neighbourhood. His companion, as usual on these occasions, was Dr. J. D. Jones, who writes of this work in a separate chapter.

Early in 1908 Horne paid a visit to Ireland. Mr. Birrell was then Chief Secretary, and the friendship between them made Horne anxious to study the Irish question on the spot. He devoted himself especially to the education question, and had the opportunity of meeting men of all churches and parties. He returned home with a good deal of information, which he found useful afterwards, and a dawning hope that it might be given to Mr. Birrell to find the solution of the Irish question at last. Though his hopes were not realized, he never wavered in his admiration for the tact and devotion of the Chief Secretary through those difficult years. The autumn of the same year found Horne engaged in an abortive attempt to settle the education controversy. In his diary he gives the following account of the negotiations :—

“ *November 18, 1908.*—It seems not improbable that to-night will witness the close of a long and not ignoble controversy—I mean the fight for a national system of education. I have not written much in my diary of the six years of conflict since Mr. Balfour drove through the Legislature his disastrous Bill in 1902. In doing so he roused Nonconformist England as it has seldom in its history been roused ; and he destroyed his own party. At the General Election nothing was more prominent than this issue, and the return of some 200 Nonconformist members to the House of Commons was the result. I need not record here the failure of the Government to force any satisfactory Education measure through the House of Lords. Mr. Birrell failed. Mr. McKenna, who succeeded him, tried to legislate for the

Passive Resisters, and had to withdraw his measure. Then he introduced a Bill with a contracting-out clause, and it was hung up. He retired, and Mr. Walter Runciman took over the difficult and somewhat thankless task. Gradually, however, the leaders of the Church party came to see that either the purely secular solution would prevail, or they must come to terms. What I propose to do is to set out in this diary what I personally know about the recent negotiations. Rumours had reached us all that the Archbishop was not unwilling to compromise, and about a fortnight or three weeks back Mr. Runciman met a few Nonconformists—Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Scott-Lidgett, Sir George White, Sir J. Compton-Rickett, Dr. Clifford, and myself, and told us something of the suggested terms of settlement. The Archbishop has sent in to Mr. Asquith some notes—very scanty and singularly indefinite, but pointing in the direction of accommodation. When the others had left, Mr. Runciman called me back and asked me if I would prepare a formal reply to be sent in to Mr. Asquith putting the Nonconformist case as against some of these proposals. I undertook to do this in conjunction with Mr. Shakespeare; and the following morning three of us—Scott-Lidgett having been also called in—spent some hours in drafting a reply. Ours certainly did not lack definiteness, for we knew exactly what we wanted, and where the possible area of compromise lay. There were two outstanding points for negotiation. The one was a statutory right of entrance for some denominational teacher into all schools, and the other the right of the Head Teacher to volunteer to teach denominationalism. We were strongly opposed to the right having been yielded for the Clergy to enter the Council Schools; and we were resolute that no Head Teacher should be subject to an illicit test by being permitted to teach denominationalism. This document was sent in. So strong was its tone that I am assured that Mr. Asquith

was profoundly depressed by it, thinking a settlement almost impossible. After a day or two Runciman sent for me to lunch with him, and showed me various letters—including a very important one from Lang, then Bishop of Stepney. He also told me the opinions of various Educationists such as Mr. Arthur Acland. It was clear that if the statutory right of entry were conceded by us a bargain could be struck, despite the bitter opposition of the High Church clerics and such laymen as Lord Halifax and Lord Hugh Cecil. I went that night to consult my father-in-law, who took a very decided view that the right of entry under guarded conditions would mean little, and that to have the Anglican Schools brought under public control was an immense national gain. The main difficulty that I saw was in persuading Dr. Clifford ; and Runciman said outright that if Clifford was against him he could not and would not go on. I telegraphed to Shakespeare to come and see me, and he came down early next morning. He proved himself then, as he commonly does, a most astute adviser, and he made one fruitful and practical suggestion. He pointed out that we were not at the stage of bargaining, and suggested that we should demand from the Government the erection and equipment of two undenominational State Training Colleges in order to settle the old grievance of insufficient accommodation for Free Church teachers. Thereupon I posted off to Runciman, and submitted this proposal to him. He said nothing for a few minutes. Then he turned to me and said, 'I think it is a good suggestion.' He put a few objections, and of course said it was largely a matter for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When we had finished our interview I walked down with him to the Education Office, where we met Lidgett and the rest. Clifford was ill in bed. Runciman sketched to the others the possible terms of peace. We did not agree or disagree ; but Shakespeare and I undertook to see Clifford. I should say that at this

meeting Runciman trotted out the idea of the Training Colleges as if it was a brilliant inspiration of his own. Well, that afternoon we found Clifford in bed. He was naturally much alarmed at the prospect of having to concede entry to the Council Schools, but, as ever, was wise and statesmanlike. Eventually we got him to agree that while he could not accept that proposal, yet if it were made the basis of a compromise his opposition would be modified if the Government would promise the Training Colleges. The difficulty was that in arguing the matter with our people we could not mention the Training Colleges, as that would only irritate the clerics and increase their demands. Events now moved rapidly. There was a meeting of the Nonconformist Members of Parliament, and with about six exceptions they voted for the compromise, and never thought of bargaining for Training Colleges! Then came a most grotesque meeting of the Education Committee of the Free Church Council, at which . . . tiraded against the whole suggested settlement in no measured terms. The Baptist Union Committee agreed by 50 to 1 that the compromise should be accepted. To-day I went alone with Shakespeare to see Runciman at his request, and it appeared that the only point left was the Head Teacher, and whether he should or should not be allowed to continue denominational teaching during his educational lifetime. This is a form of compromise which surrenders nothing absolutely so far as the future is concerned, and exacts no new test for any teacher. Under it, as it seems to me, denominationalism in education will die a natural death. We both urged Runciman to close the bargain if he could get the Church to agree on these terms. While we were there news came that the Archbishop, with London, Southwark, and Stepney, were considering an absolute acceptance of the Government's terms. The reply is to be sent to-night. At Runciman's suggestion Shakespeare and I went on to the House of Commons and saw Lloyd

George in his private room. We wanted to put him in touch with Nonconformist opinion, and make him realize that it was not the existing Head Teacher that was the crux of the compromise, it was the Council School. That is what we surrender, and in return we get public control—not perfect but very substantial—abolition of tests in the appointments of all teachers, denominationalism off the rates, and the preservation of the Bible lesson in the schools. These are the open gains. Then there is the understanding about the Training Colleges. This latter is due simply to Shakespeare and myself, and the origination of the idea was solely his. This is, I believe, the full and faithful narrative of the transactions as to the compromise so far as I personally was concerned in them.

“*P.S.*—After all, nothing came of these proposals. The High Churchmen in Convocation threw over their Bishops and destroyed all chances of a settlement.”

In June 1909 Horne went to Germany as one of a deputation to the German churches and people in the interests of a better understanding between the two nations. A deputation from the German churches had visited this country the previous year, and the very cordial spirit which was then manifested had kindled great hopes. The whole story reads rather sadly in view of the attitude of the German religious leaders during the war. But there is no doubt that English Christians were thoroughly justified, by the friendly approaches of their German brethren, in doing everything they could to meet them. Outwardly at least the deputation was a great success. Its members were entertained with lavish hospitality, and welcomed with a warmth that seemed genuine enough. Horne wrote of his own experiences to his wife :—

"S.S. Meteor,

"June 9, 1909.

" . . . We have been steaming slowly across the North Sea for nearly twenty-four hours, and are expected to arrive at Cuxhaven, where we alight to take train to Hamburg, about 3 o'clock this afternoon. Yesterday was the most glorious blue day, with only enough ripple to make the surface of the sea beautiful. To-day is somewhat cloudy, and there is a little movement of the ship, though not enough, I should imagine, to upset any but the weakest brethren. I cannot possibly describe to you the magnificence of the German hospitality. This vessel is most sumptuously furnished. Everbody has a cabin to himself, and our wants are anticipated at every turn. As for the meals, well, each one is a banquet of a most artistic order. They smother us with guide-books and all kinds of literature bearing on the two nations, the Churches, and the purpose of our visit. The German Committee on board consist of the most delightful of men—very enthusiastic and with elaborate courtesies, but eager to make everybody feel at home. We have had many speeches, all breathing the same spirit of goodwill and mutual appreciation. The Roman Catholics here are, I should say, carefully chosen to make a good impression. They include my friend President Windle, of Queen's College, Cork, to whom Birrell sent me about the Irish University. All of them are able men, and know how to hold up their end of the stick. We have only four Bishops on board—Percival, Welldon, Taylor Smith, and Percival Baynes; the latter is surely, from his account to me, a sort of connection of yours! There is a parson, who is something at St. George's Hospital, who came and claimed acquaintance on the score of friendship with . . .

"When we arrived the ship was decked with flags from stem to stern, and a band was playing on deck.

The band plays a regular programme during meals and on deck in the evening.

"We have evidently a heavy week of engagements in front of us, for there is quite a pile of elaborate invitations to state and civic banquets. . . ."

"*En route to BERLIN,*

"*June 11, 1909.*

" . . . Our programmes leave us not a minute for letter-writing, and so I am trying to get something written in the train. We have had a marvellous time at Hamburg. I stayed with delightful people, who spoke English well, and sang and played to us in great form. The day's proceedings began with a meeting in one of the finest of the Lutheran churches. The music was worthy of the best Cathedral choir. Dr. Grimm, glorious in his Lutheran ruff, made an oration of welcome in German and Newton Marshall replied most admirably in a bi-lingual speech. Then we drove round the lakes and saw something of the extreme beauty of Hamburg, which seems to me the loveliest continental city I ever saw. It is all avenues, open spaces, lakes, and harbour. Our first banquet was in the Rathaus, with the Burgomeister in the chair. It was a splendid and elaborate function, and the President's speech was the most notable oration from a civic dignitary I ever heard. It was the more significant as he is a close friend of the Emperor, and his declarations for peace had no uncertain sound. Then we went round the harbour, which is quite a wonderful sight, and at night had a second most sumptuous banquet in a great hotel on the lake. The speeches were good, and received with great enthusiasm. At the close we went out into a perfect night for illuminations and fireworks on the lake. The scene was like a glorified Venice, with multitudes of boats carrying Japanese lanterns. The rockets were tremendous and the set piece most elaborate. Then the military band

played music to an immense crowd, and we got home about midnight. . . .”

“BERLIN,

“June 13, 1909.

“ . . . It is hopeless to try to write to you all that has happened to us since we arrived here, for every available hour has been filled. First of all I must tell you about my hostess, who is a very charming person connected with the Von Rankes—the great historian and his family. Did I tell you that she broke her arm the day before I arrived, but most pluckily got up and received me at the house? In the evening Fräulein—whose name I have discovered is Von Heylen-Linden—took me down to the great Philharmonic Halle, where there was by far the biggest and most brilliant audience we have had. There were two thousand people present, and the Hall was covered with little tables at which they served tea. This was the meeting at which I had to speak, and as I had taken some trouble, you will be glad to hear that I got on pretty well. The thing that pleased me most was that Harnack came up and thanked me, and declared he was honoured to meet me. This pleased me more than anything that ever happened, for I think him probably the greatest living literary man in Europe. After this I was smothered with congratulations, even our Roman Catholic representatives being more than kind. Next day we visited striking places in Berlin, which is certainly a most stately and beautiful city full of avenues and statues, and monuments celebrating victory. At midday was the grand municipal banquet, at which we were received by the Burgomasters with their chains of office. It was a fine occasion; but the great sensation of our table was caused by the scepticism of a very demonstrative Burgomaster as to my age. He would not believe that I had been a pastor twenty years in London. Then he asked me if I had any children

and to satisfy him that I had seven I produced their photos. This excited him beyond words. He jumped up and showed it to another Burgomaster, who by chance had seven children too, and he seized me by the hand and shouted with laughter. There was quite a scene, and we English enjoyed the fun hugely. 'Ach!' cried this German Burgomaster, 'Germanie must grow if you haf families so big—Yes?' (Great guffaws.)

"I did my shopping for the children in the afternoon, and then at night we went to the house of Graf (Count) Douglas, where we were entertained by the Prussian House of Commons—glorious in orders and decorations and uniforms. I sat next to Herr Graf von Recke-Wolmerstein—there's a name for you!—a dear, benevolent old gentleman, who chatted away about England and peace. . . ."

In the spring of 1909 Horne was elected chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in succession to his friend J. D. Jones. He entered on the work of the office a year later, of which more in its place. Meanwhile other and wider interests claimed him. For some time past it had become clear to students of politics that a conflict between the Commons and Lords was inevitable. The flagrant partizanship of the Upper House and the consequent impotence of any Liberal Government, however strongly supported by the people, had produced a situation that could no longer be tolerated. Matters came to a crisis when the Lords threw out Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, which, among other things, made provision for the first time for old age pensions. Such a challenge the Liberals were bound to take up, and it became the leading issue at a General Election early in the New Year. In this election Horne was invited to contest Ipswich in the Liberal interest, along with Sir Daniel Ford Goddard, "than whom no man ever had a finer and kinder colleague." After careful consideration

and consultation with his friends, he accepted the invitation, and after a brief but brilliant campaign, was triumphantly returned. He had himself no compunction as to his duty in the matter. He felt that the action of the Lords had raised an issue of such supreme importance that it called for unusual sacrifices. He felt that "the claim of the Peers to determine the financial policy of the country carried us back to the days when John Hampden broke the power of absolutism on this very question of the hereditary right to tax England apart from the consent of her representatives. No good Independent could be outside that fight." On the question as to whether a minister should become a Member of Parliament Horne was equally emphatic. He had no use for the glass-house theory of the ministry. He regarded a minister, not as an ascetic or recluse, but as one who was bound to put into practice the principles which he preached to others. He contended that the point at issue had been practically conceded by allowing ministers to sit on various local authorities, and that therefore there was no logic in their exclusion from the national Legislature. It was but another and necessary application of those democratic principles for which Congregationalists stood. He was therefore proud to think that he was probably the first minister in charge of a church who had sat in Parliament since the days of Mr. Praise-God Barebones. When the invitation from Ipswich came, he could see no reason for refusing it, except the obvious one, that he had already quite enough to do. It was the gravity of the issues at stake which drove him to make the sacrifice, and he, at least, never regretted it. Before the year was out, however, the death of King Edward caused the dissolution of Parliament, and a second election had to be held at Ipswich. Horne's colleague was ill at the time, and though he himself was then chairman of the Congregational Union, he had to bear the brunt of the fight.

It is a remarkable testimony to his hold on the constituency that he and his colleague were returned by very much the same majorities as on the previous occasion. Horne himself attributed some of this success to two very fine and characteristic speeches delivered by Mr. Lloyd George on the eve of the poll.

In May 1910 Horne entered on the chairmanship of the Congregational Union. Among the duties of the chairman is the delivery of two addresses, one at the spring and the other at the autumn meetings, in which he is expected to speak his mind and give some lead to ministers and churches on some question affecting their life, work, or witness. Horne's choice of subjects was characteristic. At the spring meeting he spoke on "Anarchy and Brotherhood," and in the autumn on "The Church by Grace established." In the former he dealt with the new valuation set by Christianity on the individual, its disintegrating effect on society, and the need for its legitimate fulfilment in a wider fellowship and brotherhood. He pleaded for an international conception of the Christian Church, and claimed that Congregationalism, with its traditional emphasis on both freedom and brotherhood, had a unique opportunity in a time of social unrest and despair. His words were timely when they were first uttered, and recent events have only rendered them the more so. The second address was a powerful vindication of the Free Church ideal set forth with humour and eloquence, and without a trace of bitterness. This, too, has something more than a merely ephemeral interest.

For some time past the Congregational Union had been seriously disturbed by what came to be known as the New Theology controversy. It was caused by the teaching of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, then minister of the City Temple, who stood for a thin type of modernist doctrine hardly distinguishable from Unitarianism. Mr. Campbell had a certain following among the

younger ministers, and his teaching received an attention in the religious press quite out of proportion to its worth. This led to a reaction among some of the more conservative elements in the churches, and it was feared that an attempt would be made to raise a heresy hunt and drive Mr. Campbell and his followers from Congregationalism. The matter came to a head at the May meetings, when Horne was in the chair. Mr. Campbell was given a hearing, and Horne then stated the position of the Union in a very wise and conciliatory speech. The Union has always taken up the position that it has no power to excommunicate. It suffers men to sow their theological wild oats, and lets the wheat and tares grow together, trusting in that Divine Spirit Who leads men into all the truth. Its tolerant attitude was never more signally vindicated than in this case. The controversy soon ceased, and later on Mr. Campbell joined the Church of England, and withdrew his book on the New Theology from circulation.

Part of Horne's work as chairman of the Union was to visit the churches up and down the country. He could hardly do more of this than he was accustomed to in the normal course of things, but he gave himself to it with his usual unsparing enthusiasm. His position as a Member of Parliament added to his prestige among the churches, and both in the pulpit and on the platform he carried with him a message of inspiration and encouragement that was good to hear. It is not too much to say that among the Free Churches and Brotherhoods all over the land he was looked to with confidence and affection as the leader of their choice. In addition to his other duties, he was vice-chairman of the Brotherhood Council, and in this capacity he went to Paris, with a number of his Brotherhood members, in the spring of 1911, to attend the fourth international conference. Both at Paris and Rouen he had a great reception, and made a very marked impression on the French by the

vigour and vivacity of his speaking. He wrote of the visit to his wife :—

“ April 17, 1911.

“ . . . I postponed writing to you until our great meeting was over so that I might tell you about it. It was at five o'clock, at the Temple de l'Oratoire, in the Rue St. Honoré, and it was a wonderful sight. They say there has been no such Protestant meeting for years. Every inch of space in balconies, galleries, and area was thronged. We had a Monod, a D'Aubigny, and a host of other famous Frenchmen, including deputies, on a large platform. All the addresses were interpreted, but we sang the hymns in their English and French versions to the same tune, and the singing was very impressive. I think you would agree that I made a good speech. All the French people metaphorically fell on my neck afterwards ; and Pastor Gonnelle, the Editor of the *Christian Socialist*, or something, discoursed on me in French in a way to make me blush. The thing that brought the house down was a declamation of Danton's 'L'audace, et l'audace et toujours l'audace.' They fairly shouted with joy. I went home with D'Aubigny, and we have spent hours talking politics. He is a charming man, and full of information. To-morrow we are to have a magnificent reception at Rouen. They meet us with a band and banners, and the whole city is, we understand, to be *en fête*. The Mayor and dignitaries receive us.

“ Our men are splendid ! They are behaving magnificently, and are elated beyond measure. Of course the weather is superb. Versailles was perfect, and Paris looks its best. They are acquiring heaps of information. Their great idea is to find out about prices, cost of living, rent, and so on. Their good humour is inexhaustible, and they are most popular everywhere. I am very proud of them.”

The following extracts from diary and letters deal with Horne's early experiences in Parliament :—

“ I ought to set down here a full and particular account of how I became a Member of Parliament. All good Liberals and Free Churchmen had been profoundly stirred by the action of the House of Lords in rejecting a Finance Bill—this being the first serious interference with finance by the Peers for 250 years and more. All of us felt a call to do the best possible for our country in this hour of her danger; but I confess that no thought of standing for Parliament crossed my own mind until I got a sudden letter from Jowett saying that he must see me on a most urgent matter. It turned out that he had been at Merthyr Tydvil, and a deputation had seen him, to ask whether he would use his influence to persuade me to stand. He agreed to do so, and not only talked me round, but talked Mr. W. H. Brown and others round, so that I agreed to stand if I was asked to do so. Meanwhile, and before the decision of Merthyr was made, my old friend Sir Daniel Ford Goddard, of Ipswich, rang me up on the telephone to ask me to stand as his colleague. Of course I could only await events; and when the Merthyr people decided that they must have a bi-lingual candidate, Goddard rang me up again, and so urged matters that I consented, went to Ipswich, addressed the four hundred, and was unanimously and most enthusiastically adopted. The following week we had a huge opening meeting of our campaign, and then a whirlwind fortnight. I fancy it would have been impossible to crowd more thrills into any election fight. They tell me that in all the political history of Ipswich there have been no meetings to compare with ours. Then, as it happens, we had visits from both Balfour and Asquith. The former let his party down pretty badly, and in a speech replying to him I fastened on to a sentence of his in which he said that Tariff Reform would give the

‘hope of the promise of employment.’ Of course we rang the changes on the dear food and the cheap ‘hope.’ The phrase caught on, and wherever I went the people shouted ‘hope, hope.’ I came to be known as ‘Hope.’ Literally, I believe, we killed Balfour with that phrase. Asquith was in excellent form, and after the meeting a few of us sat chatting for an hour or two. Asquith was most genial. He unbent over coffee and cigars, and discussed the Cabinet, especially laughing good-humouredly about John Burns, who, he assured us, would rush out of a Cabinet Council to follow a fire-engine, would stop a runaway horse *en route*, and always continue to be snapshotted by a photographer in ambush. Well, the fight went on, and the eventful Saturday came. The amazing thing to me is how cocksure the other side were. On the eve of the poll they had a big meeting, and they congratulated one another as if they had actually won. They smothered the town in blue on polling day, and their motors were as the sand by the sea-shore innumerable. But elections are won by voters, not by motors, and when the votes were counted we were in. My majority was under 300, but Sir Daniel’s over 400. The wildest scenes of enthusiasm followed the declaration of the poll. All Ipswich seemed to go delirious. There was not a Tory to be seen anywhere. They carried me about the town, and it was nearly three in the morning before the demonstration ceased.”

To his Mother

“January 16, 1910.

“It is Sunday evening, and I am lying in bed resting, luxuriously. It was a tremendous fight yesterday, and I can never put down on paper the final scenes. On the eve of the poll the Tories had a meeting to celebrate their inevitable victory. They talked in the most amazing way of winning the greatest triumph East Anglia had

ever known. They issued the vilest print ever published, consisting of one horrible travesty of all I had ever been or done. A compositor sent me an advance copy, with a letter saying he thought it the deepest depths of blackguardism. Then they unloosed the public-house influence against us. It was all part of the concerted attack. The word had gone forth that I was at all costs to be beaten. Well, we had our chance. It lay in the constancy and enthusiasm of the working-men, and they rose to the occasion. Threatened by their employers, tempted by the trade, they remembered the issue at stake, and they saved Ipswich.

“When the result was declared, the scene baffled all description. The crowd made one great rush for me, and swept me up on their shoulders and heads across the square and down the road to the Liberal headquarters. I was conscious only of trying to shake thousands of hands and that great grimy fellows were laughing and crying all around me. Some of these working chaps tried to kiss me! I heard someone shout, ‘Don’t make fools of yourselves, chaps.’ It is amazing that I did not go back to the hotel in sections. To speak seemed impossible. Everybody was delirious with joy. From the Liberal headquarters to the Hotel was one seething host of triumphant men, who had many of them risked everything to save liberty. From the balcony of our hotel we looked down on thousands and thousands of waving, cheering people. How they rent the night air with shouts! How long it went on I don’t know, but somewhere about 1.30 we did get away and to bed.

“This morning I came to London, and this afternoon had the most extraordinary ovation I have ever seen at Whitefields. The men were overwhelming. They all stood up and waved handkerchiefs, I should say for fully five minutes.

“L. has come in, and also my Father-in-law, who seems highly delighted.”

To his Mother

“ HOUSE OF COMMONS,
“ February 17, 1910.

“ I felt I must write a line to you from this historic house, just to assure you that I actually am here. A few minutes ago I made an Affirmation of everlasting loyalty to the King and the Constitution. I sincerely hope that means loyalty to the People and especially to the poor. There is no other reason why I should be here that I can see.

“ It is an immense place, and I am very far from knowing my way about yet. This Library is a magnificent suite of rooms. Most of the policemen seemed to know me, and they are most friendly and solicitous for my welfare. I have had a very cordial welcome from heaps of Liberals, and by and by shall begin to feel at home. At present I am rather weak and shaky as the result of the ‘ flue,’ and am taking as much rest and quiet as I can get. But this wretched influenza knocks the very life out of one. . . .”

To his Mother

“ LONDON,
“ March 12, 1910.

“ I am sorry to say it was not a very good maiden speech, but perhaps nobody’s maiden effort is very good. The House was kind, even cordial, and the Press quite too complimentary. The worst is that we talk and talk, and the poor Congo wretches die and die. All the while I was thinking of them and how small a thing it is to make a good speech when what is needed is to *do* something.

“ However, public attention is directed to the matter, and we can only pray that those in whose hands the matter rests may be inspired to make another effort. I will send you the Ipswich paper, which has a fairly long report. The actual speech took about twenty minutes.

I did not exactly feel nervous ; but it is a weird sort of feeling, unlike any other. I am not at all sorry to have had the taste of it for once ! . . .”

To his Mother

“ LONDON,

“ April 15, 1910.

“ It was very jolly to receive so many letters to-day, even though they do come as a reminder that five and forty years have stolen away. The eve of this birthday I am never likely to forget, for nobody who passed through last night will be able to dismiss the scene from his memory. Indeed, I felt it was well worth while to have passed through all the fag and trouble of the election to have been present in this House when that historic occasion was witnessed. Nobody could possibly describe the intensity of passion, excitement, and enthusiasm crowded into a few pregnant hours. Asquith acquitted himself really well for almost the first time in this Parliament ; and he shone by contrast with Balfour, whose early tactics seemed to me to be thoroughly unworthy. The jubilation of Liberals who have seats to win or seats to lose over the frank disclosure of policy is overwhelming. Last night we were like men from whose hearts a great load has been lifted, and who were in a very reaction of delight and confidence. We felt now that we were free to fight our battle with hands absolutely unmanacled, and that means victory I think. We shall also get the Budget, and that will help us in the country, for we shall have done something in this Parliament.”

To his Mother

“ IPSWICH,

“ November 30, 1910.

“ . . . I am drawing all the lightning, as most unfortunately Sir Daniel is laid up seriously, and will probably not be able to be at another meeting. I like

being handicapped and having to fight against odds. Last night the most wonderful thing of all happened, and it struck this funny old town dumb. The Tories have made personal attacks on me, of course, and the workmen devised a great stroke. When I left the schools, where we had had glorious meetings, they met me with a carriage all decorated—oh, very dandy!—and dragged Katharine and myself all round the town amidst scenes of enthusiasm which they say are unparalleled. The whole street opposite our hotel was then densely crowded with a wildly excited throng, waving flags, and shouting and cheering tremendously. The whole town seemed beside itself.

“Of course we do not build on these demonstrations. We are fighting hard, and the issue is with the Higher Authority. If He wants me in Parliament He will elect me on Saturday, and if not, it is Amen and Amen. Anyhow it is a good fight to be in, and I am glad and cheerful and quite offensively gay.”

To his Mother

“HOUSE OF COMMONS,
“February 23, 1911.

“ . . . We had a most wonderful time last night when the Parliament Bill was read a first time. It might have been a Whitefields Men’s Meeting, so splendid and vociferous was the enthusiasm. Old, staid, respectable people stood up and waved handkerchiefs, and Mr. Asquith had quite an overwhelming ovation when he walked up the House with his Bill.

“You would have been interested in the opening of the Manchester Church House on Tuesday. It is a very fine pile of buildings, admirably adapted for its purpose, and likely to be invaluable as a social centre for all our churches and ministers in Lancashire. It was delightful to see the commemorative tablet to Mrs. Rylands and hear the many tributes to her. . . .”

To his Mother

" LONDON,

" April 24, 1911.

" . . . You have no idea how delightful and successful our Paris trip was. The men behaved like the perfect gentleman they are, and formed the happiest party imaginable. Then the weather was perfect — real weather, gay and blue. We saw Paris, Versailles, and Rouen, to say nothing of the Seine Valley, to perfection. Though I have been to Paris several times, I never saw the City look so splendid and sumptuous. Of course it was crowded with visitors, and the Easter functions at the churches were as elaborate as ever. You will see from the *Christian World* some account of our meetings. The one in the Oratoire in Paris was an astonishment to the Paris people. The great church was crowded to suffocation, and the enthusiasm was contagious. Of course, speaking through an interpreter is a little trying, but I had the impression that the great majority of people understood what I said in English. The Rouen people were quite wonderful in their hospitality and simple kindness, and they would have done anything for us. My own impression is that there is a bigger and better day dawning for French Protestantism if only the leaders are brave and enterprising. Everything depends on that. We had a glorious Men's Meeting here yesterday. . . ."

The following extracts from his book *Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament* (now out of print) give Horne's views as to his entering the House of Commons :—

" I know quite well that theoretical objection is raised against ministers of religion entering the House of Commons ; but certainly there is no place where, so far as the subjects discussed are concerned, they are more likely to feel at home. And surely, if these subjects

are definitely religious and involve for their settlement religious considerations, are there not others which may be pronounced so, unless religion and humanity have no connection with one another ? What of the Bill regulating the administration of coal-mines for the superior safety and welfare of the miner ? What of the Bill constituting a tribunal to which he can appeal for a fair living wage ? I would add, also, what of the Bill giving to the Trade Unionist the right to protect his interests and the interests of his fellows in Parliament ? Above all, what of the Bill which passed in review every class of worker in the kingdom, and took counsel for their insurance against ill-health and unemployment ? The fact of the matter is, that there is no Church meeting held in this country that is more constantly and practically concerned with living religious problems than the House of Commons."

"If anyone ever doubts the truth of the famous saying that every political question is at its roots a religious question, let him come to the House of Commons. No doubt if we in England were not so persistently and incurably religious we should be a much easier people to govern. That is why the statesman is often so impatient of those fundamental beliefs which can neither be extinguished nor ignored. What impressed me most of all, as a new member, was the amount of time which the House of Commons devotes to arguing religious questions. Now the historic attitude of England has to be asserted on the subject of slavery, in the Congo or on the Putumayo. Now we have to reargue the whole problem of education, into which this element of religion enters so deeply. Now we are invited to discuss ecclesiastical disorders, and to suggest a remedy. Now we are plunged into the pros and cons of the *Ne Temere* decree, and the relations of Church and State in respect of marriage. Now the Census Bill affords a

plausible pretext for raising the question of enumerating Church adherents. Now passions are aroused over proposals to modify the King's Accession Oath; now the Regency Bill revives ancient controversies over Church Establishments. Later on comes the great Home Rule issue, renewing in its crudest form the old 'No Popery' agitation. Welsh Disestablishment is accepted as the opportunity for stating the positive argument for a Free Church in a Free State. The Scotch Temperance Bill comes to us demanded by religious men on religious grounds. The Bill for suppressing the White Slave Traffic is backed by the whole force of the Churches, and nobody can expect them to be silent on the reconstruction of the Poor Law."

"There has always been a sort of unwritten law against ministers of religion being members of the House of Commons ever since the Cromwellian Parliaments of 1653 and 1654. It is not easy to see why. There are literally dozens of them in the House of Lords; and it must obviously be better that if they have a voice in Parliament they should owe it not to privilege, but to the desire of the people freely expressed. More than one ex-minister of religion has attained a position of influence in the House of Commons, such as Mr. Henry Richard and Mr. Allanson Picton. But since the days of Praise-God Barebones I question whether any minister in charge of a Church has been returned as a Member of Parliament until my own election in January 1910. Yet for the life of me I cannot see that there is any difference in principle between sitting on a parish council or an education authority or a board of guardians and sitting in the Legislature that deals with national affairs on a more majestic scale. All the reforms which experience had taught me were most urgently needed, if Christian righteousness was to be more than a pulpit phrase and was to become an established fact, were jeopardized by

the predominance of the House of Lords in the national counsels. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, to be at least as much a part of my business, as a democrat and a social reformer, to seek to perfect the machinery through which the national conscience can express itself as to endeavour to educate and stimulate that conscience.

“When the unexpected invitation from Ipswich came to me, I could see no reason for refusing except the obvious one that I had as much work on hand as one man could reasonably undertake. As to criticism, you have to learn sooner or later that if you escape criticism it is only because you are not doing enough to deserve it. My Church and congregation, by this time, thoroughly understood the ideal which we were striving to realize. It was an extraordinary step for a minister to take; but then, as I said in my opening speech in Ipswich, it was an extraordinary crisis. Not for hundreds of years had so grave a constitutional issue been raised; and to my thinking all social progress was bound up in the decision. No Government deserves to be in power in modern England that will not seek to effect by legislation the more equitable distribution of wealth. The Budget was a courageous attempt to accomplish something in this direction, and I for one felt that it had the sanction of the principles I am proud to preach.”

It must not be supposed that Horne's political preoccupations in any way diminished his interest in the great work at Whitefields. His superintendency of the mission was always his first charge. But the very problems it raised and the interests inseparable from it drove him into wider activities. The social environment of the place and the work connected with the Brotherhood suggested, in an imperative form, the need for a closer application of Christian principles to public affairs. Horne's own consciousness of his

mission, supported by the urgency of many of his friends, notably of Dr. Jowett, drove him to become a protagonist in the cause. But all the time his life was centred in Whitefields, and from it he drew his inspiration. With him the religious side of the work always came first. He believed profoundly in the adaptability of his Gospel to the people who crowded his Sunday evening services, and he gave them of his best. They were evangelistic in the truest sense of the word, and the story of the good they accomplished will never be fully told. Horne was a true shepherd of souls, and the great mission which he conducted in the Oxford Music Hall, along with Dr. Campbell Morgan, with its careful house-to-house visitation and its bold and sane presentation of the Christian message, was a model of what such efforts should be. He had no belief in the common complaint that the working classes were unwilling to listen to the Gospel. But he was convinced that it needed to be presented to them in the right way, and that a thoroughly democratic atmosphere of sympathy and brotherhood was the first condition of success. This atmosphere he succeeded in producing at Whitefields, which became a spiritual home for all sorts and conditions of men. He gathered round him a band of eager workers, and was well backed up by able and devoted assistants like Mr. Holmes and Mr. Chisholm; but the central inspiration and driving force were his alone. Whitefields was a really great achievement, and remains to this day the best monument of Horne's wisdom, energy, and faith.

CHAPTER VII

WORK IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

(Contributed by L. T. HORNE, C.B.E.)

IN the House of Commons, Horne, while supporting the Liberal Government in the great measures of political reform which occupied Parliament during the years from 1910 to 1914, devoted himself chiefly to those subjects—such as religious education and Welsh Disestablishment—on which he could speak with some authority as a representative Free Churchman, or which made a direct humanitarian appeal—such as the treatment of the natives of the Congo, Angola, and New Hebrides, the proposed arbitration treaties with the United States of America, the possibility of mediation in the war between Italy and Turkey, and the improvement of the condition of children under the Poor Law.

His more important speeches were on the Congo (two), the Prevention of Destitution Bill (founded on the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission 1905–9), the Accession Declaration Bill (intended to relieve a new sovereign on accession from having to make in public a declaration against some of the distinctive doctrines of Roman Catholicism), the appointment of justices of the peace, the Education Acts (Single School Areas) Amendment Bill, the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and the Government of Ireland Bill.

His maiden speech was on the Foreign Office Vote, and was occupied in urging Sir Edward Grey to use to the full the influence of Great Britain in support of the reforms in the government of the Congo Province, which

the Belgian people, under the leadership of their new King Albert, were beginning to effect. The speech ended on a note reminiscent of the action of Cromwell and Milton on behalf of the oppressed Protestants of Piedmont. He said :—

“ I do not suppose I am a very great authority on the value of the mailed fist in politics. Whenever I discuss the question of the Army and the Navy with my friends, they always tell me the great advantage a large Army and Navy give is that they increase our weight in the councils of Europe. We are shortly to be asked in this House to vote a very great increase in the British Navy. I should like to know how many extra Dreadnoughts we shall have to build in order to secure the recognition of our Treaty rights, and to see that our word is respected in the councils of Europe.

“ Personally, I do not believe it is additional material weight we need ; I believe it is additional moral weight we need. I believe that the great loss is the loss of the old English spirit, something of that fidelity and loyalty to the cause of the poor and weak and the oppressed which once made the British nation not only respected but feared throughout the world. And we want to say, if we may, to the members of His Majesty’s Government and to the Foreign Secretary, that we regard this matter as a matter which is going to test the reality of the English character and English spirit ; and we beseech them to understand our sense of how deeply British credit and British honour are involved in this matter of the Congo.”

The proposal to modify the King’s declaration at his coronation met with hearty support from Horne :—

“ We sympathize,” he said, “ with those whose desire it has been all through that the Roman Catholic subjects

of His Majesty should be relieved from a slur and stigma upon their religion. Personally, my objection to the old form of Declaration is just as strong as the objection which any Roman Catholic can feel to it. I think we insult ourselves when we insist that our King should use such words as ' idolatrous ' and ' superstitious ' in regard to what are the sacred convictions of those who belong, it is true, to another part of the Church, but which is none the less the same Church to which we belong ourselves.

" I do not regard Roman Catholics as idolaters. I regard them as fellow-Christians, and I am a great deal more sanguine of their ultimate destinies than they are of mine."

How, he asked, could Roman Catholics be expected to co-operate in united Christian movements, such as that in support of better international relations, if Protestants insisted on the King publicly insulting the Roman faith ?

But yet Horne would not drop the King's declaration of faith altogether. No doubt the Protestant succession of the British sovereigns was secured by Acts of Parliament and not by any such declaration. From a legal point of view there was no more case for the coronation than for the declaration. But, he held, " it is absolutely right, proper, and advisable that the Sovereign, on this occasion of his coronation, should make on behalf of the Empire, and in the face of the world, a distinct and deliberate proclamation of the position he holds."

The substitute form of declaration as originally drafted had run, " I am a faithful member of the Church by law established in England." To this Horne objected, " because we do not think the Coronation of the King is a suitable or opportune time for him to insist publicly on the fact that he is in any sense the ecclesiastical

monopoly of a single denomination." The form originally proposed separated by implication the King from the vast majority of his Protestant subjects throughout his dominions.

Owing largely to the criticisms of Free Churchmen, the form was altered to "I am a faithful Protestant"; and while approving the change, Horne hoped there would be no attempt to say that the amendment was the triumph of one particular branch of the Protestant Church over another. In all such matters his policy was immediate co-operation and ultimate unity among Christians of all creeds and varieties.

In urging that benches of magistrates should be "more representative of the interests over which the jurisdiction of the Commission of Peace extends," he spoke from intimate knowledge and experience of the disadvantages under which Liberals and Nonconformists labour in country districts, where no one of their way of thinking is a magistrate. But he showed that the question was not merely a party or sectarian one.

"I am," he said, "one of those who believe that there is no question more vital to the social well-being of England than this one. A very eminent man once said that the greatest asset of England was its belief in justice. We shall have another asset one of these days for England, and that is the belief in the certainty of getting justice. It is all very well to believe in justice as an abstract proposition, but the people in the rural districts want to believe that they can get some kind of real justice, and that they can get it with some degree of certainty. The most necessary thing for our country at the present time is that the people shall really come to believe that in the administration of justice particular prejudices will not merely be accepted for principle and that property will not be above human life."

For a solution of the controversy about the religious

teaching in the public elementary schools of the country, Horne laboured incessantly, both by public speech and by private negotiation in Parliament and outside.

In March 1912 he spoke in support of a Bill introduced by Sir G. Croydon Marks for dealing with the special difficulty of single-school areas. In nearly every case the religious teaching in such schools is superintended, if not given, by the Anglican clergyman, and Nonconformist parents of children compelled to attend such schools have an admitted grievance.

The Bill proposed that in schools serving areas where there was no other public elementary school, the religious teaching should be on the simple basis common to the denominations. The idea of finding common ground in religious teaching was due to men like W. H. Smith and the Earl of Shaftesbury. In the Second Reading Debate he said :—

“ I am one of those Nonconformists who have fought year after year for the maintenance, if possible, of a Bible lesson as an integral part of the curriculum of the public schools in this country. I agree that it may not be possible to maintain that position, but I shall deeply deplore it if it is not. The secularists of this country have never raised any strong objection to that. They feel that to exempt their children from that which has had so large a part in the history of the world and in the history of our own literature, and which stands for so much in the life of the English people, would be a misfortune, and they are willing, as we are, that their children should know the contents of the Scriptures of our faith. As long as it is possible to maintain that, I hope the House and the country will maintain it. But if the price we have got to pay for that is that in those districts where, after all, we are probably in a small minority, and have most to stand against, there is to be this unjust and unfair discrimination as regards our children, then

I believe the great body of the Free Churchmen of this country will pass over to the purely secular side of this question, and will agree that the only possible solution is to exclude the Bible altogether from the schools.’

The proposal to disestablish the Episcopal Church in Wales gave Horne the opportunity of pleading before the House of Commons for some of his dearest ideals and convictions. A free church in a free land, a voluntary union of all the Christian bodies in the promotion of the Kingdom of God, was his aspiration and aim; and he was convinced that a necessary preliminary was to set the Episcopal Church free from State control.

In May 1912, on the second reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, he made a comparatively long speech. After vindicating the motives of the Liberationists from the accusation of malice and cupidity by referring to Mr. Chamberlain and other former advocates of the cause, he said :—

“ There are two propositions contained in this Bill, which I take everybody opposite will agree are at any rate arguable and tenable propositions. The first is that so far as the people of Wales are concerned, they have the right as a people to clothe themselves in those religious forms and in those forms of faith and of worship which they believe to be appropriate to their own life, and that they do not believe that it is in the power of any outside authority to impose upon them as a people forms of worship and forms of faith with which they are out of sympathy. In the second place—and this is perhaps a more disputable proposition, but one which has had very sound experience behind it—we believe that tithe is, as has been maintained, essentially a tax; that it is imposed by the State; that it is recoverable at law; and that in connection with a resettlement, it is within the power of the State to consider whether a

tax which it levies may not be, in its application, devoted to other uses that might be more to the general interests of the community. Those are the two propositions contained in this Bill. I venture to suggest that they are perfectly honest and straightforward propositions, and, at any rate, we may advocate them without being accused of such motives as have been stated from the other side."

To condemn the religion and morals of a country which has no established Church was, he pointed out, a reflexion on the Dominions of Canada and Australia, where that condition held good.

"What is one of the consequences of this situation? It is that out there they are all favourable and confidently talking about Christian union. There, under their freer conditions, all classes of the Christian Churches are coming together to plan their strategy and to consider how they can best co-operate one with another. Christian union, everybody will tell you, is distinctly in the air."

The argument from the experience of other countries was a favourite one with him, and was further developed.

"Let me ask hon. Members to consider, not the case of Wales, which has been so well argued from that point of view, but an illustration which has not been advanced in this debate, but which, to my mind, is exceedingly striking, and which, as it happens, I can use in this House without offending the feelings of some hon. Members opposite, who would say, 'Oh, yes, you are talking to us about what would be good for our Church just at the time when you are proposing to disestablish it.' Take the States of America. In America, as the House knows, for many generations there were two

established Churches. The Church to which I belong, the Congregational Church, was the established Church of New England. The Episcopal Church was the established Church of the Southern States. It was Dr. Pusey who said that the Episcopal Church in America first struck root when it was deprived of all State aid. Then, and not till then, did the Episcopal Church begin to exercise and to wield the influence which to-day it undoubtedly does wield in the American States.

“ Now let me put this fact, which is much more striking. If hon. Members have ever seen the list of the great Christian communions that hold the people of the United States within their borders, they will have noticed that at the bottom of the list numerically stand the two Churches that were once established. The Congregational and the Episcopal Churches are at the bottom of the list, and the Free Christian Communities, that came in with no State power behind them and simply flung themselves upon the affections and voluntary suffrages of the people, outnumber the Episcopalians and Congregationalists, sometimes two, three, or four to one. In the face of a fact like that, which is to me extremely striking, I wonder if hon. Members opposite really believe that the mere fact of Establishment helps a Church so far as the people of the country are concerned. I should like to make one quotation on this question from an interview in November 1892 by the special commissioner of the *Western Mail* with the Right Reverend Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. I do not give the whole of the advantages which he said the Irish Church reaped from Disestablishment. I confine myself to this :—

‘ . . . the more favourable attitude as regards our influence upon the surrounding population which we occupy because of our severance from any State connection . . . the gain outweighs the loss.’

“ As a matter of fact, he had discovered that from the action of Disestablishment the Church in Ireland has gained in influence over the surrounding population exactly as the Churches are gaining which have been through the same process in other lands. But let me complete this part of what I want to say by referring to the latest instance of Disestablishment. I do not know whether I am speaking to hon. Members who have seen anything at all of the very poor small Protestant communities in France. I have myself visited some of these Protestant communities. We know their history. They were pitifully small up to the time of the severance of Church and State. These bodies, equally with the Roman Catholic bodies, received State grants, and it was a very great question whether, in the face of the sudden withdrawal of those sums, these little Protestant communities would be able to survive. Last week London was visited by perhaps the most distinguished member of the Protestant community in France, Dr. D'Aubigny, who gave these facts about that case. He said that they had got through the crisis not only without harm, but with distinct gain to the Churches. Their churches were in a better position than they had been for the last fifty years. The loss by Disestablishment to the Protestant Churches had been £80,000 a year. They thought at first it would be necessary to abandon a number of their churches, but from the very first year the £80,000 was made up. They were now getting £40,000 more than they received from the Government. The curious thing was that immediately they were disestablished the salaries of the ministers rose. Do not hon. Members opposite look upon this question with a not sufficiently brave heart? They cannot believe so little in their Church as to think that the Anglican Church in Wales will not respond to its opportunity as nobly as those Huguenot Churches in France or the Churches across the water to which I have referred.

“ We have been asked more than once what it is that the people of Wales can possibly get out of this Bill. I quite agree that if it were simply a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, the whole thing would be paltry and pitiable. In dealing with this point, I am quite conscious that I am treading on somewhat delicate ground, and that it is a position which is not easily susceptible of treatment in an Assembly like this. But I am somewhat encouraged by the noble way, if he will permit me to say so, in which the Noble Lord [Lord Hugh Cecil] presented his case to an admiring House this afternoon. I want to put our side just as frankly as he put his. Everybody knows that there are two supreme interpretations of Christianity, and that up to now it has not been possible for any man skilled in Church statesmanship, however wise he may be, to engineer successfully a bridge that shall cross the gap. One is the sacerdotal and the other is the unsacerdotal interpretation of Christianity. One is the priestly and the other is the unpriestly interpretation. Both of these have had very distinguished adherents and exponents. Both in their time have had the devotion of large sections of the British people, and to-day they represent still, as centuries ago, two practically separate camps in the Christendom of our time. This would matter little, I confess, if it were a religious organization within a people who cared very little about religion. People who thought that all religions were equally true or equally false would probably take very little stock of whether the Church were organized on sacerdotal or non-sacerdotal lines. But the Welsh people are not like that. They are perhaps in all the world the people the keenest and most eager upon questions of religion. Wherever you go in Wales you find the people ardent and anxious to come together to listen to you on religious questions. Their young men read religious books ; they are always thinking out religious problems. Wales

has taken her side, and the side she has deliberately taken is the unsacerdotal interpretation of Christianity. There is one thing that a nation like that feels more than anything else, and that is the misrepresentation of its religion. If you make the representative Church of a people like that a Church that is founded upon the sacerdotal interpretation of Christianity, you offer them a Church which they feel utterly misrepresents their faith."

In committee on the Disestablishment Bill Mr. (now Lord) Cave asked his opponents, "Why are you here trying to destroy the Church of England by impoverishing it and destroying its connection with the State?" To this Horne replied by pointing to the members of the Church of England who believed that disestablishment would not weaken, but be for the good of the Church. As to Nonconformists, their action was determined by the serious conviction that a Church ought not to be controlled by the State.

"Every true Nonconformist is a High Churchman, in the sense that he resents the connection of the State in regard to the creeds he holds, and the forms of worship he follows. He is taught in his schools and in his Churches that a Church ought to be free. He is taught that the highest prerogative of the Church is that it should be free—free to frame its own dogmas and its own forms of worship, and to determine its own forms of government. If he believes that that is the highest conception of the Church, surely the hon. and learned Member might assume in this House that there are those who advocate this policy from motives that are at least as fair and as sincere as those of any High Churchman. We have been asked from the other side whether we resent certain privileges that are held by State Churchmen at the present time. Let me discuss, for instance—perhaps

I have the greatest right in this House to discuss it—the question of the ministry. What would the hon. and learned Member think if there were an artificial line drawn clean across the profession which he represents, drawn by the State, dividing the orthodox from the heterodox, separating the sheep from the goats? I wonder what he would think? Let me suppose, for a moment, that there was a party in the legal profession which stood by the unchangeable character of the law as it stands, and that the State established and endowed that particular profession and set the mark of its sanction and patronage upon them, while those who advocated some reform and change in connection with the law were regarded by the State as standing in a totally different position. The hon. and learned gentleman knows perfectly well that it would introduce a cleavage which would run through his own profession, which would be mischievous and injurious to his profession, and which would inevitably create a feeling of friction and division.

“Just in the same way there is at present a ministry in the Church which is sanctioned by the State under the Act of Uniformity, which is treated as being worthy of the sanction and the patronage of the State; and, on the other hand, there is a great body of ministers of the Free Churches in Wales, men well educated, men who have increasingly been taking the highest positions in their Welsh universities, men many of whom have made great contributions to theological literature, men who absolutely have the esteem and regard of all Churchmen whose esteem and regard are worth having; and yet these men, by these artificial arrangements, are regarded as outside the fold which could receive any sort of recognition by the State—these men whom the Welsh people trust and love. Disestablishment means to us religious equality in this sense, that henceforth they will all stand on an absolute equality in the eye of the State, as they ought to do.”

Horne's vision of a free united Church of the nation to be realized in the future led him to propose as an amendment to the Government's scheme that, whereas the parish churches in Wales were to be handed over to the disestablished Episcopal Church, the cathedrals should be retained for national religious purposes.

"The proposal is," he said, "that the Cathedral Churches should be vested in the State, and that their maintenance, repair, and restoration should be a charge upon the funds that will be available on Disendowment, that they shall be subject to all the present existing rights, and that it shall be possible for the representative body on application to secure that they shall be used for the purposes for which they are at present employed. That, of course, does not prevent the Commissioners using them, or permitting them to be used, for other purposes.

"Cathedrals ought to be treated as national monuments. Very often really necessary work in regard to these fabrics has to be postponed because there are not sufficient funds at the disposal of the Church for this purpose.

"We think strongly on this subject, and I ask hon. Members opposite to believe that, however much we are divided from them over other matters in this Bill, we are all with them in our admiration of the great national cathedrals, and we are all desirous of maintaining them in the highest degree of efficiency. If it is necessary that the State should take over and maintain such places as the beautiful Abbey of Tintern, it is even more indispensable that the State should see that the fabric of St. David's Cathedral does not fall into ruin. Therefore, we submit, especially having regard to the fact that as many of us believe tithe always had a reference to the repair of the fabric, it would be very proper to make the maintenance, repair, and restoration

of the cathedrals, so far as the external fabric is concerned, a charge upon the commuted tithe rent-charge. I take it the House will agree that, if the State did accept this obligation and responsibility, there must be a certain condition attached. I know it is difficult to argue this question without wounding susceptibilities and prejudices which are very strong with hon. Members on the other side of the House, and which all of us on this side would willingly, if we could, respect ; but it is not possible ; and may it not enter into the vision of the Church, as it will be in Wales to-morrow, to make these cathedrals once again central to the religious life of the whole of the people of Wales ? Surely no one will consider we are saying anything which can be construed as offensive if we can show this has proved to be a possibility in the history of other countries. Anyone who has travelled in South Germany has seen buildings just as noble as the Welsh cathedrals used alternatively for Lutheran and Roman Catholic services, and, so far as I know, no one was any the worse. They may not have led to any religious or ecclesiastical agreement, but the mere fact that people came together for worship under the same roof did make for a measure of appreciation and agreement among the different religious communities which met in those buildings.

“ I do not really think anyone opposite can say that in the form in which it is presented it is an attempt to do something which is making a serious inroad upon Church property. I remember on one occasion my right hon. friend the Chief Secretary for Ireland [Mr. Birrell] was trying to explain to the right hon. gentleman the Member for the City of London [Mr. Balfour] exactly what a Nonconformist was. He said that the general impression of a Nonconformist among hon. Members opposite was that he was a person constantly trying to thrust somebody else's corpse into a churchyard that did not belong to him. This has been the sort of impression that has

grown up among Nonconformists themselves. Nothing has belonged to us. I am not saying who is responsible, but by a series of conditions and circumstances, well known to every Member of this Committee, we have been outside a great many national institutions. We have not only been outside, but some of those institutions that stand for most, not only in the history of our country, but in the history of the world, have been institutions in which we have had no part. I think it has had a very mischievous effect upon Nonconformity. I think that lack of the historic sense with which we are frequently accused by members of the Church of England is an accusation that has a certain amount of point, but, if so, I put it whether their refusal to share with us even to a moderate extent like this what should be ecclesiastical property open to the uses, I think, of all religious people in a great community like that of Wales, has not been responsible for some of that which they deplore on our part. If it were possible for us to enter into a certain new measure of agreement and take a new step which would make for ultimate unity, I do not believe they would deplore it, and I believe the general body of Nonconformists in Wales would be grateful."

Mr. Asquith expressed his sympathy with this proposal, which he had himself formerly advocated. He had, however, been convinced that it was advisable to leave the cathedrals to the Episcopal Church because three or four of them are used as parish churches, and because two of them, or perhaps three, had within the lifetime of living people been restored or even entirely reconstructed by private benefactions for the use of the Anglican Church. In view of this attitude of the Government Horne's motion was defeated. Evidently in the mind of some of the speakers was the direful apprehension that, if he had his way, the cathedrals would be changed into bustling "Whitefields"!

His last speech, made on the eve of his departure for America, was on the Second Reading, for the third time, of the Irish Home Rule Bill. It was in the main intended to meet appeals from Ulster Protestants to British Free Churchmen to oppose Home Rule on grounds of prejudice against the Roman Catholics. Such appeals Horne rejected with scorn. To him toleration was of the genius of Protestantism; democracy and free conference and co-operation between men of different creeds were the hope for the future of religion.

At the same time, he hailed the suggestion that in the federal principle lay the possibility of uniting parties to give self-government to Ireland.

The following are extracts from the speech :—

“ It seems to be the fate of this Bill while it is passing through the House of Commons to raise every problem that can be raised in regard to the government of a free people. We have had the question raised of the rights of minorities. We have had the question raised of the best method of ascertaining the judgment of the constituencies. We have had the question raised—the very critical question in any country—of the limits of civil obedience. We have had the question raised of the limits of military obedience. And now it does seem, in its final stages through the passage of the House of Commons, that we are called upon to consider—and I think rightly called upon to consider—the reality and the effect of a federal system of government in this country, and whether it may not be possible to secure greater efficiency in regard to the administration of Imperial affairs, while at the same time giving the fullest possible rein to those local feelings which are so strong in various parts of our country, and which this measure in one particular is intended specially to conciliate.

“ It does seem to me, sometimes, as if there is a danger that in the discussion of this great and important point we may be distracted from the merits or demerits of the special Bill, the Second Reading of which we are now discussing, and that we may not face, as I think we ought to face, the real feelings that are animating the men who, greatly to the distress of us all, have armed themselves in Ulster, have drilled in Ulster, and have taken up an attitude certainly of potential rebellion in Ulster. Nothing astonishes me more than the contrast between the arguments that are advanced against Home Rule in this House and by hon. gentlemen opposite and the arguments that are advanced against Home Rule in Ulster and that are incorporated in the manifestos that are sent across the Channel from the Ulster people, and some of which, at any rate, I hold in my hand to-day. I venture to say that there is not a single right hon. or hon. Member on the benches opposite, although he is championing the cause of these people, who in this House takes upon his lips the sort of thing that is being used by the Ulster people, and adopts the arguments they have adopted against Home Rule.

“ I am going to quote from two of the manifestos that have reached me and that are made the special appeal, if I may say so, to the Free Churchmen of this country, and then ask hon. Members whether they imagine that the mere fact of a bare majority on a Referendum would make the slightest difference in the world to people who believe what these people believe. Let me take, first of all, a manifesto that is being issued by the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland. I understand—I want to be perfectly frank in this matter—that this is not a very large body, but these men are part of the Covenanting Army. These are the men who have been drilled, and who have enrolled themselves under the leadership of the right hon. gentleman the Member for Dublin University [Sir E. Carson].

“ In their manifesto, as sent to me, these words occur :—

‘ It will be for ever impossible to fight Home Rule successfully so long as it is contended or admitted that the Romanists and other open enemies of the true religion ought to have any political power. We regard the so-called Catholic Emancipation Act as the first great step towards Home Rule. From the time of the passing of the Act which gave the Romanists the franchise dates the beginning of their power to threaten the liberties of the Protestants.’

“ I repeat that these men, and those whom they represent, are members of the Covenanting Army. These are the watchwords that are going through the North of Ireland. These are the men whose cause hon. Members opposite are championing. All I can say is, if any of them ever said upon the platform that all the Covenanters of the North of Ireland are standing for is perfect equality, and that they are not asking for ascendancy, then they have to face the manifestos of people who ask that their Catholic neighbours should be disfranchised in order that they may have absolute political power themselves. I quite admit that I do not lay any great stress upon that particular manifesto, but I hold in my hand a manifesto which is much more serious.

“ It is a manifesto sent by the Rev. Dr. Macaulay, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. I am bound myself to take note of a document of this kind. This is an appeal to the Free Churchmen of England to support them, and I hope that the House will understand that I have read it with every desire to see things, as far as I can, from their point of view. Let me ask the House what is the position that is adopted by these gentlemen, and let me ask hon. gentlemen

opposite once again whether they can suppose that any Referendum that can be taken in this country would make the slightest difference to people who believe the kind of things that are put into this document. I will only quote four short sentences from this appeal :—

‘ You may be assured that nothing will be left undone by the Vatican to form Ireland into a submissive and efficient instrument of its will.’

“ This is the first point they take up—that this is a sort of ecclesiastical conspiracy against the well-being of Ireland ; that the Vatican is behind it all ; and that the Vatican’s one determination is to form Ireland into a submissive instrument of its will. If I believed that, I would go out with the Covenanters.

“ The fact of the matter is that this agitation in the North of Ireland has nothing whatever in common with the arguments that are used. When the right hon. gentleman the Member for Edinburgh University [Sir R. Finlay] to-day came, in the last part of his speech, to certain practical difficulties, and pointed out, as he believed, defects of machinery and so forth, there was weight, no doubt, in his criticism, as there has been much weight in the criticism passed from those benches ; but for the criticism passed from those benches not a hundred men in Ireland would drill or arm themselves. They are not out there as Covenanters because they believe there is a difficulty in adjusting local and Imperial finance ; they are out there because they believe a pure hallucination, which is that there is a sinister Roman Catholic conspiracy to bring them into a submissive instrument to the will of the Vatican. Take the second :—

‘ You are under no illusion as to the persistence and resourcefulness of the ecclesiastical crisis, as you know that, under an Irish Government, the worst form of sacerdotal lordship will have an open field.’

Take the third :—

‘ We entreat you not to take part in thrusting us and our children under this insidious and intolerable rule.’

And finally :—

‘ Would it not be an amazing spectacle to see the Free Churches of Great Britain in alliance with Irish Roman Catholics to put their Protestant brethren under the heels of a Papal absolutism ? ’

That is the document which represents the real opinion of the Covenanters, and it is a document I defy any hon. or right hon. gentleman opposite to rise and say is the reason why he himself is supporting the Covenanters or opposing Home Rule. In point of fact, we have come to this position : that nothing that this House can do, no concession that this House can make, can possibly alter the judgment of men who believe that they are going to be put under the heel of a Papal absolutism.

“ I have fought as hard as most people against what is called sacerdotal lordship, but throughout it has never occurred to me to go to the Chief Whip of the Unionist Party and ask him to organize the whole forces of Unionism in this country to prevent me from being put under the heel of Papal absolutism. The whole point of the Irish situation is simple. You have a large body of people who, on the score of their industry, of their integrity, and their commercial genius, are deserving of all respect, but on the other side of their nature, on the side of their theological and ecclesiastical opinion, they are the victims of a pure hallucination. That is just the difficulty with which we are confronted at the present time. It may be possible we shall have it urged upon us that, after all, our sympathies ought to be enlisted with men whose creeds in some respects we

share, and with whose general witness and testimony we are associated. But I absolutely deny on the floor of this House that that is Protestantism.

“After all, Protestantism as we understand it, the Protestantism of which I am a most sincere and earnest supporter, has, as part of its genius, the genius of toleration, and when we are told that in supporting the Home Rule Bill we are doing an injury to the Protestant faith, I ask the Government to believe that the Home Rule Bill is, in our judgment, by strengthening the power of the people, the most important weapon that can be used in support of that faith in Ireland. And we believe, as was pointed out by a previous speaker, that to bring all types of people together, to bring all forms of creeds into one assembly, not to discuss the merits of Transubstantiation, but to discuss the well-being of the Irish people and the promotion of the welfare of Ireland, is the best way to deliver Ireland from this nightmare on the part of the Protestant community.

“We have had put before us the federal principle as a possible development of the problem. The right hon. gentleman the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as has been pointed out, hinted that this is the line on which we might possibly seek a peaceful solution. I should like to say a few words about those bitter years around 1886, when a multitude of Free Churchmen and their friends deserted the Liberal ranks. We know quite well how the wedge of division was driven into the Nonconformist ranks in that year. The two leaders of Nonconformity—the two greatest leaders at that time—were both associated with the life of Birmingham. One was the right hon. gentleman the Member for West Birmingham, who, we all wish, was able to be present here to-day, and the other was Dr. Dale. The Life of Dr. Dale has since been written. In it there is a remarkable letter in regard to the position of Mr. Chamberlain, and I mention it here to-day because it shows that he was wishful, even at that

time, to see such a settlement as pointed to an eventual federal settlement.

“ Dr. Dale wrote these words, and they have never been denied. The book has been published for many years :—

‘ Mr. Chamberlain’s own settled convictions have been long familiar to me. We discussed them at a time when they were considered perilously rash by members of the present Cabinet. I always told him that his proposals were inadequate, and that a body in Dublin with powers which would justify the name of a Parliament was a necessary element in any final solution of the difficulty. When Mr. Gladstone’s Bill was brought forward, he recognized the gravity of the new conditions of the case, and was willing to accept a Dublin Legislature on condition that the Irish Members were retained at Westminster, and that the Bill received the modifications which were necessarily involved in their retention.’

“ Immediately afterwards Dr. Dale wrote to the *Contemporary Review* a remarkable article on Home Rule, which drew from Archbishop Walsh the testimony ‘ that it contained in it practically all the elements of a thoroughly satisfactory, because complete and final, settlement of the whole question.’ The Nonconformists at that time—the dissentient Nonconformists at that time who have so largely come back to the Liberal Party over the question of Education—were represented by Dr. Dale and Mr. Chamberlain, and they took the action they did because they thought Mr. Gladstone’s original scheme lacked a certain vital element which was going to point to the federal solution of ‘ Home Rule all round.’ If I could speak to the right hon. gentleman the Member for East Worcestershire [Mr. Austen Chamberlain], I would ask him to make himself the trustee of that noble tradition of Liberal-Unionism.”

One at least of the veterans of Liberal-Unionism—Mr.

Jesse Collings—warmed to this appeal, and spoke subsequently of the speech with high appreciation.

The question may arise in the mind of the reader whether it was worth while for Horne to enter Parliament, to give up so much of his time and spend so much bodily and mental energy to winning and holding a seat and to the duties of an ordinary Member. It is not easy to give a definite reply. It was no doubt a satisfaction to his fellow Free Churchmen to have in the House of Commons one who was so competent to give clear and distinguished expression to their views and ideals. They felt like the Welsh miners' representative who thanked the Hon. Member (for Ipswich) for his splendid vindication of the conscientious motives of the Welsh members in prosecution of this measure (disestablishment). As for the party opposite, while all who followed him in debate recognized the high tone of his speeches, his fairness, his desire so to put his case as to avoid hurting the feelings of any earnest opponent, it was those whose standpoint was farthest apart from his who listened to Horne with the most careful attention, and were apparently won to a better comprehension and even sympathy with the Nonconformist position. Men like Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir A. Cripps (now Lord Parmoor), Mr. (now Lord) Cave, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton recognized in Horne an earnest and reverent spirit like their own, and could appeal to him to appreciate their zeal for religious education and to join them in pursuing a reform of the Church which they imagined could be secured without disestablishment. He seemed to them a new and interesting type of M.P. This gave him considerable advantage in the conferences and negotiations on the education difficulty which took place during the whole life of the Liberal Government. During the later months he gave much time and thought to the work of a committee on which he served, with Cabinet Ministers and others, striving to arrive

at an arrangement which should put an end to the long controversy about denominational teaching in public elementary schools. The scheme never saw the light. The outbreak of war was fatal to it.

Of course, in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, Horne made many friends, and the programme of speakers at the Whitefields men's meeting was more than ever effulgent with the names of Members of Parliament. After Horne's death Lord Reading wrote to the Master of the Rolls as follows :—

“ Of all the men I have met I always singled him out as having the loftiest conceptions of public life and as actuated by the noblest purposes. I was always the better for a talk with him. He always lifted one to his higher planes of thought. In the present day it was an inspiration to hear his political conceptions and purposes of life.”

As an example of Horne's political activity long before he entered Parliament, the following story is of interest. It was at the time when the question of establishing a Roman Catholic university in Ireland was before the country. Nonconformists generally were very uneasy about the project, and at the request of his friend Mr. Birrell, then Chief Secretary, Horne went to Ireland to investigate the subject for himself.¹ He wrote of his tour as follows :—

“ DUBLIN,

“ *January 8, 1908.*

“ . . . I had a busy and interesting day yesterday. Old Principal Hamilton is really a great man. I take it that he is a Tory in politics, but if so, it is all the greater achievement for Birrell to have captured him, which he has most thoroughly done. The old man was most kind,

¹ See above, p. 198.

and simply would not let me go, pouring out information for hours. I am profoundly glad I came here, for no amount of reading in Blue books would have taught me what I learned in my four or five hours with Hamilton. It is really an interesting situation, and there is a bare possibility evidently that Birrell will succeed where all his predecessors have failed. If so, he will leave his mark on the destiny of Ireland. . . .”

“ CORK,

“ *January 9, 1908.*

“ . . . For six mortal hours did I travel this day through the heart of this most melancholy land. The rain had literally never ceased since I landed early on Monday ; but it cleared awhile as we were nearing Cork, and it is now moonlight. When I say that it was well worth while the toilsome journey to hear what President Windle had to say about Catholics and Ireland from the inside, you will judge that I had a good time with him. I cannot write the details, but decidedly I have gained an enormous amount of what should be information—for I am sure it comes through an honest man. Birrell has again scored here, and Windle, contrary to some big prejudices, is quite a believer in A. B., and prepared to be his henchman.”

“ DUBLIN,

“ *January 10, 1908.*

“ . . . I got back from Cork this morning, and have come to this hotel because it is so much more central and convenient. Most of this afternoon I have been discussing education with two very clever men from Belfast ; both Unionists. To-night Sir James Dougherty is entertaining a large party to meet me—judges and divines and all sorts. Birrell will possibly be there. To-morrow I finish up by interviewing the head of the

Jesuit College and the Provost of Trinity. I shall have much to tell you when I get back. . . .”

On his return home he contributed to the press several articles on the subject, the sane and judicious tone of which did much to reassure Nonconformist fears and to disarm opposition.

CHAPTER VIII

AN ITINERANT MINISTRY

(Contributed by DR. J. D. JONES)

FOR several years Silvester Horne and I were in the habit of devoting the inside of a week to the visitation of the small churches of some chosen county or district. It would be difficult to say how the habit came to be formed. Perhaps the idea first took shape after I had heard of a cycling tour which Mr. and Mrs. Horne had taken through Shropshire, in the course of which he preached and spoke at several of our small country churches in the villages through which they passed. I remember thinking the idea was an excellent one, and the next time I met Horne I suggested we should combine forces and conduct a similar visitation the following year amongst the Hampshire churches. But while Horne's cycling tour in Shropshire may have given the idea body and shape, back of these annual visitations of ours there lay a great sympathy and a great conviction. There was, to begin with, a great sympathy with the country minister and the country church. Horne felt a chivalrous admiration for these men and these churches who were doing their work often amidst great difficulties and discouragements. He was eager to help and encourage them in every way he could. These visitations gave him the sort of opportunity he desired. For though we might begin, or in some cases finish, our series of meetings at what might be called a town church, it was always understood that the tiny country and village

churches were our special concern. We desired to "strengthen their hands in love." Some of the tenderest and most beautiful addresses I ever heard Horne deliver were given in these small country churches. I shall never forget the address which he gave at Ripley, at the first meeting of our Hampshire visitation, on "Living a Great Life in a Small Place"; or the exquisitely gracious and encouraging address he gave at Berrynarbor, at the closing meeting of our North Devon visitation, on God justifying us by our faith and taking the will for the deed. The address was a veritable benediction, full of balm for tired minds and weary hearts. I was often made to feel that those who only saw Horne addressing crowded audiences, flaming with passion himself and kindling others with flame as well, saw only one side of him. It was a great side, no doubt. He was a great master of assemblies, a first-class fighting man. But I, who was privileged to be his associate in this quieter work, saw the other side of him—his sympathy, his beautiful courtesy, his exquisite tenderness. We had no such trumpeter of the Lord's host as he, no one who could nerve us, as he could, with courage for the battle; but the man of war had also a touch as gentle as a woman's. And much though I admired him swaying the crowd at the Albert Hall or the City Temple, I cherish with equal fondness my recollection of him speaking words of healing love to congregations of village people in the churches we visited together. Nor was it by speech alone that Horne showed his sympathy. It was impossible for us to preach or speak at every village church in the district we were visiting. But we never passed through a village where there was a Congregational church without calling at the manse and giving our greetings to the minister. And what these brief calls meant to lonely men who can tell? I remember still the surprised thankfulness with which we were received at many a village manse, and I can picture to

myself now one country minister who followed us about, and who told everybody whom he met that two ex-chairmen of the Union had come in a motor-car and visited him at his manse.

But behind these annual visitations there was more than a deep and genuine sympathy—there was also a great conviction. Horne believed in the country church. He believed in its witness and its mission. He believed that it had done a great work for England, and that it was doing a great work still. A friend of ours had declined an invitation to minister to a country church on the ground that he did not feel he was justified in leaving his own church, where he preached to hundreds, to go and visit a small country church where he would only preach to scores. “But,” said the minister of the country church in question, “don’t you think you are neglecting the sources?” Horne and I felt that the country churches were the “sources,” and we were resolved that we would not neglect them. These “visitations” of our seemed to us to give us exactly the opportunity we wanted of doing our share in the way of cultivating “the sources.” For, with all the will in the world, men who hold heavy and exacting town pastorates cannot spare very much time for work in the country. A visit to a church in Shropshire or in Devon, either from London or Bournemouth, occupied the whole of two days. But by arranging for a series of meetings on successive days, and by employing our afternoons as well as our evenings, we were able to do in the inside of a week what would have been the work of a couple of months if we had had to journey specially to each individual church. And that these “visitations” of ours did really stimulate and encourage our village churches certain letters and resolutions which lie before me as I write amply prove.

It was mainly and primarily to help our country churches that we undertook these annual “tours”; but I should not be telling the whole story if I did not add

that the chance of having five days in one another's company was also part of the attraction. I do not know how or when Horne and I became first acquainted, but the acquaintance soon ripened and deepened into a fast and close friendship. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." But Horne was all his ministerial life a Londoner, and I have been all my ministerial life a country man, so that our opportunities of meeting were not frequent. We welcomed, therefore, the chance which these visitations afforded of having a few days of happy fellowship together. For it was a rule with us that though afternoons and evenings were devoted to meetings, the mornings were kept free for play. That was why we generally made our headquarters in the vicinity of golf-links. When we were making our arrangements a post-card would usually reach me from Whitefields with the peremptory message, "Bring your sticks," and amongst my sunniest recollections of Horne are those of the golf-links, when he was gay, care-free, and happy, especially when he and I, representing the church, gained the victory over Frank Tribe, of Bristol, and Alfred Sargeant, of Hove, representing "the world." The mention of Frank Tribe and Alfred Sargeant reminds me of another characteristic of these tours of ours. After the first two tours—both of which we did by the help of the train—we pressed the motor-car into the service. And as we had no motor-car of our own, we used to commandeer the services of some well-to-do layman, who would put himself and his motor-car at our disposal. We never lacked friends to help us in this respect. Sir Arthur Nicholson, Mr. Alderman Bantock, Mr. Edward Cozens-Hardy, the late Mr. Martin Lullen Moss, the late Mr. J. J. Allen, and Mr. J. E. Beale, of Bournemouth, at one time or another piloted us to our various engagements. But the two friends who did most for us were Frank Tribe and Alfred Sargeant.

Frank Tribe acted as our chauffeur, both for North Devon and for Gloucestershire. Meetings, hotels, golf—everything was arranged by him. Alfred Sargeant placed his car at our service, both for Gloucestershire and Sussex. And these two companions of ours were not content with piloting us about and playing us at golf: they took their turn, also, at presiding at the various meetings we addressed, and so added to the usefulness and happiness of the tours. When the idea of these visitations was first suggested, it was a cycling tour that was in our minds. That was what our tour in Hampshire was to have been. But the weather put cycling clean out of the question, so we fell back upon the train. Our second tour was amongst the churches in the border counties and in Wales. It was never our intention to do this in any other way than by train, the distance being so great. But from that time on it was always the motor-car. In these early days the motor was not so reliable a thing as it is now, and we had sundry adventures in our peregrinations. Once we had what might have been a rather serious accident. We had been on an excursion to the Birmingham water-works, when between Rhayader and Llandrindod something went wrong with the steering gear. The result was we bumped into a stone wall, but happily at such an angle that the car was sent to the other side of the road, where there was a green hedge and a ditch. There it overturned, flinging all four occupants out. With the exception of the driver—who had his collar-bone broken—no one was seriously hurt. But I always maintain that I saved Horne's life on that occasion, for I fell first into the ditch and he came tumbling on top of me. There might have been a different tale to tell had the positions been reversed. Our other adventures were mostly of the humorous kind. I remember very well a series of mishaps we had one day during our Norfolk tour. The final disaster came when we were motoring to Fakenham

for the evening meeting. Just outside Melton Constable our tyre went off with a bang, and as we had used up all our spare tyres and tubes, there was nothing for it but to walk back to Melton Constable and wait for a train. We wired to Mr. W. H. Brown, who was presiding at the meeting, in the words of the old hymn, "Hold the fort, for we are coming." We got there an hour late. Mr. Brown was still bravely "holding the fort." But I am sure no beleaguered garrison was ever more pleased to see the approach of the relieving force than he was to see our faces as we came in at the front door. But with the exception of an incident or two of that sort in the early tours, the motor-car carried us to every engagement without lapse or failure.

It was with Hampshire we began. I had arranged for meetings at Ripley, Throop, Ringwood, and Romsey. Let the meetings at Throop suffice by way of illustration of the work we did. Happily the day was a fine, warm day in a week of pouring rain. The Throop "picnic," as it is known, is always a great day in the annals of local Congregationalism. Throop is sufficiently near to both Bournemouth and Christchurch to be a convenient rallying-place for the Congregationalists of the neighbourhood. They pour out on foot, on cycles, in carriages and chars-a-bancs and motor-cars. But never did such a crowd gather as on this particular occasion. The little chapel was thronged to the roof. It was terrifically hot—but who cared for heat! Horne, in his afternoon sermon on "Give alms of that which is within," was on the top of his form, while his speech on Congregationalism at the evening meeting simply kindled his audience with flame. Then, as if two meetings were not enough, on the way home we stopped for a crowded meeting at Winton, where a packed audience waited for us, who were amply rewarded by the speech which Horne delivered. Not until after 10 o'clock did we arrive back at my manse, a tired but happy couple.

Although the weather was unkind to us in Hampshire, Horne's comment after the last meeting was, "Well, J. D., we have had a rattling good time." We felt that the experiment had so justified itself that we resolved to undertake a similar visitation the following year. Mr. John Hugh Edwards (now M.P.) claimed us that year for the border counties and for Wales. We began our tour at Shrewsbury and finished it at Aberystwith. It was perhaps less of a "country" tour than any one of the series. But in its own way it was interesting. At Newtown Horne and I had a taste of the Welsh *cymanfa* practice—for we both preached at the same service. The Aberystwith meeting was a grand climax, and was memorable to us for the kindly words of appreciation and gratitude spoken by the late Dr. Denney (of Glasgow) at the close.

The following year we were back again in the real country, for Norfolk was the scene of our labours. Norfolk had a special attraction for Horne, for at the time he had a seaside home at Sheringham, and he had made fast friends with the fisher-folk of that place and with the people of the country-side. And besides, Sheringham had a famous golf-course! The Norfolk tour was one of the happiest and most fruitful of them all. Certain incidents still stand out amongst my most vivid recollections—the visit we paid to Shipdam, the birthplace of Henry Barrowe, and the happy tea-hour we spent subsequently with Judge Willis, when he dubbed us Paul and Barnabas, and called Mr. Kenward (who was then minister at Norwich, and who had accompanied us on that particular excursion) our "Timothy." Of meetings during this tour the one we held on Aldborough Green was the most memorable. I had often heard of this annual demonstration on Aldborough Green. Horne had been there before, and used to speak of it as something almost unique in the way of country Free Church demonstrations. After seeing for myself, I felt no surprise at his enthusiasm. On this particular occa-

sion over 600 people had sat down to tea. For the meeting which followed double that number packed themselves into the tent. Mr. S. Cozens-Hardy was in the chair; Sir William Brampton Gurdon, the M.P. for the division, was on the platform, while Horne and I were the speakers. What a meeting it was—responsive, electric, full of fire! He would be a dull man who could not speak to such an audience. They had come from all parts of Norfolk to attend it; but one man, who had ridden thirty miles on his cycle to come, and had to ride another thirty miles after the meeting was over, said he would have cheerfully done double the distance for the privilege of sharing in the inspiration of that meeting. The remembrance of that great meeting tempts one to remark, in passing, on the influence our staunch and convinced Free Churchmen can exert in the country side. The credit of the Aldborough meeting was all due to Mr. Cook, of Aldborough Mill. He was a man after Horne's own heart, and again and again has he spoken to me about him in terms of unstinted praise. A man of conviction as well as of influence, Mr. Cook had become a tower of strength to Nonconformists throughout the whole of Norfolk. One other feature of our Norfolk tour deserves notice, and that was the attention given to us by the press. The daily newspapers reported fully all our meetings. So much public interest was aroused that the Anglican clergy began to be curious, and wrote letters enquiring what was the object of our "passionate pilgrimage." I don't know that either of us cared personally for publicity, but we were grateful for it in so far as it helped forward the cause we had at heart.

To Norfolk succeeded North Devon, for which tour Mr. Frank Tribe acted as our guide. The motor, this time, was supplied by Mr. Butler, of Bristol, who was his own chauffeur. We appreciated Mr. Butler's kindness the more as he was not a Congregationalist, but a member of the United Methodist Church. We began this

tour at Bridgwater and finished it at Berrynarbor, a tiny village not far from Ilfracombe. In the course of the tour we visited Wiveliscombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, Lynton, Muddeford, Braunton, and Morthoe. It was a delightful tour, spent amid delightful surroundings and favoured with delightful weather. And we had glorious games on the links at Wollacombe and Burnham and Westward Ho! Looking back after this lapse of time, I have vivid memories of two things: first, of a sermon Horne preached at Wiveliscombe on "We are come . . . to the general assembly and church of the first-born"—one of the most moving sermons I have ever heard from him. And secondly, of an incident that happened at our Lynton meeting. Sitting in the very front was an old man, accompanied by his elderly daughter. It was my turn to speak first. This old man drew and held my attention. There he sat, dull, stolid, irresponsible. I did all I knew to bring some gleam into his face, to extract from him some sign of appreciation—but all in vain. He acted on me as a very wet blanket. During the singing of the next hymn, I ventured to wish Horne better luck with my stolid friend. "He's deaf," Horne said. But he wasn't deaf at all, as the issue proved. Horne had proceeded some way with his speech without eliciting the slightest response, when he had occasion to refer to a visit he paid to Dundee. "Now," he said, "whenever I visit a town for the first time I consult an encyclopædia to find out any things for which it may be famous. But all I could find Dundee was famous for was marmalade." At that there was a tremendous guffaw from the old gentleman in the front. All my own best stories and attempts at jokes, and some of Horne's, had failed to touch him, but somehow or other "marmalade" opened his heart. After that Horne had him in the hollow of his hand. It became a joke with us ever after that when things were going badly with us we must "try marmalade."

The following year our work lay amid scenes very different from those of North Devon, for we divided our time between the Black Country and the Potteries. Mr. Bantock took charge of us during the days we spent in the Black Country and Sir Arthur Nicholson did the like for us when we migrated north to the Potteries. We never worked so hard, for in the afternoons we were separated, and had each to conduct a preaching service. But it was a great week, and some of our meetings—like that at West Bromwich—were nothing less than triumphant. But I remember best a meeting we held at a little country place called Outwoods. It was a favourite place with Horne, for he used to go out there to preach in his student days, perhaps even before he was a student. The good people there had erected a tent for the crowds they had expected to gather. But it turned out a pouring wet day, and, though an amazing number of people came, the weather no doubt kept many away. I had been preaching in the Potteries in the afternoon, but I joined Horne at the Outwoods for the evening. I shall never forget that first meeting. Sir Arthur Nicholson was in the chair, and in the audience was Horne's mother. We were both of us like schoolboys let loose. I began to chaff Horne about the number of his birthplaces. I said that the seven cities of Homer were nothing compared to the number of Horne's birthplaces. To my certain knowledge I knew he had been born in Sussex and in Norfolk, but now I felt I had really tracked him to the hole of the pit out of which he had been digged, for there I could see his mother before me. It sounds nothing in the repetition, but Horne's mother, and Horne himself, the chairman, and I were all helpless with laughing. Never was such a meeting held at Outwoods: it has become a legend by this, and whenever I visit Shropshire I am almost sure to be asked, "Do you remember Outwoods?"

The following year (1908) witnessed a change in our

programme, for instead of visiting an English county, we went as delegates to the Irish Congregational Union at Sligo. We had the company on this tour of Mr. C. W. Toms, of London. It was a happy week we spent with our Irish friends. They turned us on at every conceivable occasion, but as we were able to spend most of our afternoons on the glorious links at Rosse's Point, we managed to survive even the inordinate appetite for speeches of our Irish friends. We came away from this visit with a great admiration for the brave little congregation at Sligo, and with a deepened respect for the ministers who are maintaining our Congregational witness amid very inhospitable surroundings. Horne left before I did. I saw him off at Belfast for Stranraer. He had landed in Ireland with a bag and a rug and an umbrella. He left us that day with a rug as his only luggage. The other things had got lost *en route*—though I believe that subsequently most of them turned up.

We were back amongst our English counties in 1909, and as it was my year of chairmanship, I was allowed to choose the scene of our labours, and I voted for Dorset, the county on the very border of which Bournemouth stands. For our companion on this tour we had Mr. (now Sir) Stephen Collins, then M.P. for one of our London divisions. Sir Stephen is a great Dorset man, and was in his element presiding over our meetings. And great and enthusiastic meetings they were. We began proceedings on the Monday at Wareham and finished up on the Friday at Weymouth, and amongst the churches we visited were Swanage, Shaftesbury, Blandford, Wimborne, Sherborne, Poole, Bridport, and Dorchester. The particular meeting of this tour that stands out in my memory was the service we held at Poole in the afternoon of Thursday, when Horne preached on "What is your life?" The audience was all accommodated in the body of the fine old church, and Horne spoke from

the communion rails. Perhaps he did not so much preach as speak to the people. I mean there was no rhetoric, no declaration, no dramatic action. It was all quiet and simple and still—but so searching. From some points of view, I never knew Horne greater than on that day. It was the kind of message which one never forgets. In 1910 we toured Gloucestershire, and in our choice of Gloucestershire I think I can trace once again an influence of Mr. Frank Tribe. He had planned a most delectable tour for us, with headquarters at the Amberley Ridge Hotel. Now anyone who knows the Amberley Ridge knows that it is an ideal place, for not only is the air crisp and bracing, but the famous Minchinhampton links are at the very door. Mr. Tribe himself was our companion all the week. In addition to Mr. Tribe, we had the pleasure of the company of Mr. Alfred Sargeant, of Hove, who put his great Lanchester car at our service. We really made up a perfect quartette, for not only did Mr. Tribe and Mr. Sargeant take part in the meetings, presiding over them in turns, but they were both keen golfers. The games we had on those Minchinhampton links! For the most part they were four-somes, the two ministers against the two laymen. I don't think the ministers always won—in fact I am quite sure they didn't. But I have a picture before me as I write, taken on those links, in which Horne is caught executing a sort of war-dance, and it is entitled "The Church Triumphant." The Gloucestershire meetings were excellent meetings, and the gratitude was lavish. But again one memory stands out sharp and distinct in this Gloucestershire tour. Amongst other places we visited was Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Now Moreton is a great place for Hornes. I don't know whether the family really originates from Moreton, but the Horne clan is well represented there. We knew, therefore, that we were in for a great welcome from the cousins and the aunts. We passed through Cirencester on our way, and

while Horne was in a shop buying something for himself, others of us slipped into a little fancy shop and bought all the tiny flags we could lay our hands on. Then, when we came near Moreton, we stopped and decorated the car. Then, as luck would have it, the village band was parading the place just before service time, and happened to be at the entrance of the village just as we arrived. It was an easy matter arranging with the conductor to turn his men round, to play a certain well-known piece of music, and to march through the village to the tent while we in the motor followed majestically behind. And so it came about that in a decorated car, behind a band playing "See the conquering hero comes," Horne made his triumphal entry into Moreton-in-the-Marsh. It was great fun—and yet perhaps Moreton never welcomed a better or greater man.

Then came our last tour together, when we visited the country churches of Sussex. This was Horne's own choice, for though he had genius (as I have already hinted) at finding all sorts of connections between himself and the various counties we visited, he was really Sussex born. Mr. Sargeant was once again our companion and conductor. We made Crowborough our headquarters, and began proceedings there. We finished up at Chichester, and between Crowborough and Chichester we visited Uckfield, Battle, Heathfield, East Grinstead, Haywards Heath, Horsham, Arundel, and Midhurst. It was a gorgeous week. The weather was perfect, Sussex was at its loveliest, and the company was delightful. I got to sympathize during those spring days with Hilaire Belloc's passion for Sussex. But after all, we were out, not for scenery, but for the help and comfort of men and women bearing their Christian testimony, often amid great discouragement. To use a phrase which our Anglican friends have made familiar—we were out on a "mission of help." And I do not think we journeyed in vain. By sermons and addresses and talks

across the tea-table we tried to breathe fresh courage and hope into the hearts of the ministers and members of our little churches. If gratitude and thanks, pathetic almost in their intensity, are any proof of pleasure and inspiration given them, our Sussex tour was as successful and practically useful as any one of the series. But alas! although we did not know it, it was our last. In 1913 Horne was ill, and whatever strength he had was needed for the unavoidable duties connected with his chairmanship of the Brotherhood Movement. In 1914, while he was in America and I was on my way to Australia, he was summoned home. There has been no visitation since for me. But I look back upon those nine or ten tours we took together as amongst the happiest episodes of my life. And they count in the story of Horne's life. They were not "conspicuous" occasions. But I question whether anything Horne did was better worth doing. For it was not a fleeting impression he made: he left behind him an abiding inspiration. When I visit these little churches which he and I visited together, one and another will say to me, with glistening eye, "Do you remember when Silvester Horne and you came together?" Well, I am not likely to forget. Nor are they. The memory of his words abides. At every thought of him their hearts warm. In many a village church he, being dead, yet speaks.

CHAPTER IX

CHARACTERISTICS AND INTERESTS

THE story told in these pages would hardly be complete without some more detailed reference to certain aspects of Horne's life and work which his almost breathless activities served to obscure or keep in the background. To outsiders he often seemed a favoured child of fortune. He was successful, popular, happy in his home and family, and had hosts of friends. He had a bright and winning temperament, and in public speech an ease and freedom which concealed the labour spent upon it. All this however, was quite compatible with a very real self-sacrifice such as his work in the ministry involved. A genuine lover of the country and of all country ways, he was condemned to spend most of his life in London. Though passionately devoted to his home, he was compelled to see but little of it, and except in holiday times had not the leisure to enjoy it. He had genuine literary instincts and ambitions, and but little chance of gratifying them. Such work as he did in this direction had to be done amid a thousand distractions, and good as it often is, is no real measure of his powers. He was constantly handicapped by ill-health, and during the greater part of his public life often laboured under grave physical disadvantages. But he toiled on boldly and cheerfully, always hoping for a time when the tension might be relaxed and leisure won to do the kind of work he loved. At the time of his last journey to America he had made up his mind that he would never return to the ministry, and that he would retire from Parliament

when the first opportunity offered. His hope then was to devote the remainder of his days to the cause of international peace. He had half-formed plans in his mind that anticipated what we have now come to know as the League of Nations, and of that scheme he would have been unquestionably a most earnest and devoted advocate. But it was not to be.

Of his published sermons it may safely be said that they give little indication of his real power as a preacher. They are well written, simple, and forceful, and full of insight and sympathy. But they lack the glow and fire which the preacher put into them. Though he preached generally from manuscript, Horne was perfectly free in the pulpit. The paper served to guide but not trammel him, and he put so much of himself into his sermons that the written word can do no justice to his power. On the platform he let himself go more completely, and in speeches and addresses rose to rare heights of passionate eloquence. When asked why he did not speak in the pulpit quite as freely as he did elsewhere, he used to confess to feeling the restraint and solemnity of public worship so deeply that he dare not let himself go. There is no doubt that this sense of reserve and even awe in the pulpit added greatly to his message.

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., who was one of Horne's most regular hearers both at Kensington and Whitefields, writes of his preaching :—

“ I put almost first his extreme fearlessness. He never hesitated to explore any new realms of suggested truth. He was, in the old Elizabethan sense, a great adventurer. The vast unknown spaces did not trouble him. He delighted to go on his quest if perchance there was anything really valuable to be found. He had firm faith in guidance from on high. Next I would place his great reverence. He was no iconoclast, as many thought. The great verities ever held him fast. It was the old

gold reminted, the old Gospel expressed in the language of to-day. It was by no tricks of rhetoric that he captured the attention of his audiences, though he fully realized how important form is as well as substance. The sincerity of the man was so apparent that you felt that here was someone who had a message. There are indeed many who thank God for the privilege of having heard him, and had their faith renewed under his wonderful influence."

One of the best of his volumes of sermons is that on the Book of Job, entitled "The Ordeal of Faith." It is a genuinely pastoral utterance, positive and persuasive in tone, and is still in demand.

Of the other books which Horne published in addition to the volumes of sermons, the best are the histories of the Free Churches and of the London Missionary Society; the small *Life of David Livingstone*; and his Yale Lectures on *The Romance of Preaching*. All of these were written in the intervals of an exceptionally busy life, but they are more than merely ephemeral productions. Horne put into them a great deal of conscientious industry, which is almost concealed by the easy and graphic style in which they are written. The Yale Lectures, in particular, were most carefully prepared, and are certainly worthy of a high place in the great series in which they stand. They were written from the heart on a subject which the writer had made his own, and they remain a lasting vindication of the glory and greatness of the preacher's office.

The novel *A Modern Heretic*, which was written early in the Kensington ministry, bears all the marks of youthful authorship. It is a novel with a purpose, and in its delineation of the difficulties of Dissent in country places, it recalls experiences with which the writer had been only too painfully familiar. There are some good portraits in it, and some shrewd touches, which show a real

acquaintance with human nature. It is just the work of a clever and keen youth who has a real message to deliver, but is not yet master of the form in which he has chosen to cast it. A far nobler and more convincing vindication of Free Church principles and activities is to be found in the two histories already mentioned. Horne wrote of the novel as follows :—

“ *January 1894.*—It is difficult to say precisely what impelled me to write a novel. For a year or two I have had it in my mind that if a novel could be written showing the true *raison d'être* of Dissent and its justification, the cause of Religious Equality would be served well. Consequently, one day I began the thing for fun. As I went on I got thoroughly interested, and chapter on chapter followed; the result was *A Modern Heretic*. The design of the novel came to me from reading *Evan Harrington*. I felt that Meredith had sought out the most extreme case he could find in which snobbery could show its contempt for an ‘inferior’ grade in society, and he chose tailordom as the most despised grade. But after all a Nonconformist minister is the *bête noire* of the cultivated squirearchies; and I consequently tried to represent the struggle of a young squire who felt a call to be a Divine Teacher, and yet could not honestly subscribe the Articles. Of course Dissent was the only alternative. Clarke’s have got the novel now, and it will be published anonymously in a week or two; and then for the fun of the fair! Whether any of my friends will recognize the handiwork I don’t know. Nobody but Katherine knows anything at all about it.”

“ *February 1894.*—*A Modern Heretic* is out. The first two reviews are in my hands. Horton reviews it with singular kindness in the *Christian World*. He speaks most about its humour, and certainly praises it far beyond my utmost expectations. The *Glasgow Herald*

pronounces it a 'very remarkable and distinguished book,' but is angry at my calling it frankly 'a novel with a purpose.' The *Herald* says I have done for the Oxford of 1850 what Mrs. Humphry Ward did for the Oxford of a later date. All this is encouraging for the ultimate success of the book: but I quite expect its sale will be slow. Anonymous books rarely get at once upon the market. All the people who have read it seem to have found it interesting and amusing. I only hope it may really do good, and then I don't much care what becomes of it."

Reference has already been made to Horne's incursions into the realms of poetry. As a young man he wrote verse with boyish exuberance, and later in life used to pour out clever doggerel for the delight of his children. But it was all versification rather than poetry, though it showed his easy command of the English language, and here and there is lit up with something of divine fire. One hymn of his, at least, will last, and is already much used at commemorative and anniversary services. Its refrain is, "For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God" (No. 654 in the new Congregational Hymnary). The following poem may be quoted as characteristic. It was published in the *British Weekly*:—

CROMWELL: APRIL 25, 1599

BY C. SILVESTER HORNE

To the memory of the Great !
 (And a grace to the God who gave)
 To the uncrowned King of the English State,
 Heaven-sent her soul to save
 From the minion and the knave ;
 And a broad, safe path to clear,
 Her Great-heart Guide, with sword on side,
 Meet chief for days austere.

To the memory of the Strong !
 (And a grace to the God he knew)
 To his hate divine for the deed that was wrong,
 And his love for the speech that was true.
 Fair league of brain and thew,
 The Hero ripe for the Hour,
 With his powder dry for the sceptred lie,
 And the mitred pride of power.

To the memory of the Brave !
 (And a grace to the God who sent)
 To the hope of the weak that arose from the grave
 Where the Lord Protector went.
 For the bigot-crook he bent,
 And the tyrant-throne he brake ;
 Till trembling stayed their brand and blade
 When the Lord Protector spake.

To the memory of the True !
 (And a grace to the God he feared)
 To the faith he gave where the gift was due,
 And a man's plain word revered.
 Died craft when he appeared,
 In the clean, pure air he breathed.
 For the vow fast sworn ere the sword was drawn
 Was kept ere the sword was sheathed.

To the memory of the Free !
 (And a grace to the God who taught)
 To the right to see what a soul can see
 In the viewless realms of thought.
 And the Charter of Faith blood-bought
 To the ever-broadening Day ;
 Mind for Light, and our Manhood's right
 To think, and speak, and pray.

To the memory of the Good !
 (And a grace to the God who made)
 Stand, freemen all, as this free man stood
 To play the part he played.
 Hearts pure and unafraid,
 Faith simple, souls unstained,
 Kept strong and calm by the prayer and the psalm,
 To guard what he hath gained.

To his friends Horne was far more than his work.
 They admired his powers as preacher and teacher, but

they loved him for himself. He was the most loyal and delightful of comrades, always the same, with a gay and easy friendliness that could put the shyest individual at his ease. Among his brethren in the ministry, and at meetings of "fraternals," his presence acted like a tonic. His busy life allowed him all too little leisure for social intercourse of this kind; but he made the most of his holidays, and many of his friends have precious and exhilarating memories of days on the golf-links and nights of conference and laughter at Sheringham and Church Stretton. He had a wonderful faculty for combining the grave and gay, and would pass from solemn discussions on some theological or ecclesiastical point to almost boisterous jesting without any sense of incongruity. There was a rich and full humanity about him which delivered him from any taint of professionalism, and his religion was so deep and sincere that it expressed itself naturally in his whole demeanour. Even his most bitter opponents felt the charm of his rare personality, and did not hesitate to confess it. "No one," said one of his friends, "who hits so hard makes so few enemies." The following account of Horne's home life and of his relations with his children is contributed by his eldest daughter, Dorothy:—

"Those winning qualities which made my Father so deeply loved by all who knew him found their happiest expression in his home life. His radiant spirits, his humour, gentleness, and charm, made him the ideal companion for children of all ages. Not only his own children, but many others to whom his own child-like spirit was always enchanting, remember him as the best of playfellows and the most delightful of story-tellers. When his key sounded in the front door there was always a stampede in the nursery, and we almost fell downstairs in our excitement to be first to give him a welcoming hug. I think the reason why children adored him so whole-

heartedly was his entire absence of superiority and aloofness. Although he could be stern when there was any question of wrong-doing, he naturally met us children as a friend and an equal. We were never in the least afraid of him, but our love for him made us terribly afraid of doing anything which would make him sorry.

“ It would be difficult to imagine a happier childhood than ours. Religious teaching, if teaching it could be called, was a thing of joy. Very many people remember my Father’s preaching chiefly for the beauty of his addresses to children. I am sure that he devoted as much loving care to those as he did to his ‘grown-up’ sermons. He knew exactly how to appeal to little children, and his addresses were gems of simplicity and tenderness. He did not believe in the continual ‘Don’t,’ which has made religion seem harsh to some children. We learnt our religion in positive terms, through the love of nature, the love of each other, and the desire for service which our Father and Mother taught us. Sunday was always a favourite day with us, not only because Father was usually at home, but because the spirit of the day was a conspicuously glad one.

“ One shining reason why our home was such a happy one was the absolute consistency of Father’s example. He was an optimist because of his great faith in human nature, and it was because of this faith that not one of us ever heard him say an unjust or unkind word about any person. He never grumbled, never complained, and never spoke sharply to anyone. His genius for friendship made him always find the best in everyone, and made people anxious to show him their best. His generosity in this way he carried almost to a fault, and he would very often put himself out to do a service to someone who was quite unworthy of his charity. It is little wonder that our nursery days were wonderfully

happy ones. I remember the horror with which I realized the difficulty some people have had in reconciling the first words of the Lord's Prayer with the idea of a loving God. To us the thought of God as a Father meant a relationship of perfect love and confidence, which we had ourselves experienced.

“ As we grew older, the unquestioning love and trust which we felt for Father as little children blossomed into real companionship. This companionship was just as strong when we were apart as when we were together. He was a very busy man, and three of us were away at boarding-school after the age of 14. The separation only made the holidays all the more glorious. Father loved London, and he was heart and soul in his work ; but he always longed for the country and for the holidays, and was full of plans for making the most of every moment. His passionate love of nature was evident to anyone who knew him even slightly. ‘ It always makes me contented with life,’ he wrote to me at school, ‘ just to shut my eyes and think of the coming springtime, and the flowers and the lengthening days, and all the wonder of the leaves. You are lucky to be in the country and see it happen. When I was away at College at Glasgow I used to come home in April, after months of city life, and I can remember as well as anything going out into the fields near Newport and flinging myself down on the grass and crying as if I were a little child just for sheer joy and relief ! Now I have got used to being in London, and one can watch the leaves and flowers come out here ; but I still feel just as excited over it all as when I was your age.’ He gave himself over to holiday-makin, with tremendous joy and zest. In all our excursions picnics, and games he was the life and soul of the party, and just as full of excitement as any of us. He was very fond of all games, and played golf, cricket, and tennis enthusiastically. He played hard, but no bad play or bad luck ever made him irritable, and he was always

ready to spend his time teaching those of us who were only beginners.

“ We had three bicycling tours during the last summers of his life, and they were red-letter days. Each tour took about a week, and on the last occasion, in 1913, seven cyclists set forth, Father, Mother, and five of us. We planned out our route beforehand, and went through Monmouthshire and down the Wye valley ; but we left the question of accommodation to chance, and stopped at any inn we fancied on the way. These were great occasions. We were all in rollicking spirits, and we felt that time and speed were no object. Father’s interest in everything historical made the trips memorable, for we explored all the border country, and his vivid descriptions of the events of the past made them seem very real.

“ He was deeply interested in other countries and peoples, and always enjoyed his tours abroad, but was happiest when some of his family were with him. In 1908 he and Mother and I went with my Grandfather to France, Switzerland, and Italy. ‘ I am just longing for a few free and quiet days,’ he wrote to me just before ; ‘ and oh, when we get away to the Continent I think I shall just have as good a time as you will ! Won’t we go about together, and see wonderful sights, and rest our tired eyes on the mountains and rivers and lakes ! What larks ! Already I begin to dream about it all, and to wonder what you will think of everything you see.’ It was a glorious holiday for all of us, and for a schoolgirl who had never been abroad before Father was a wonderful companion. In Venice he, too, was a stranger, and he and I spent long mornings with Ruskin in St. Mark’s and the picture galleries, and in wandering about the shops and choosing presents for all at home. Often on our holidays we would go for long walks together, and in the talks we had then our friendship grew closer. I shall always remember many of the talks I had with

my Father when I was at a very impressionable age. He had a wonderful gift for making the past live, and for talking so simply and vividly that a child could appreciate. He would tell the stories of English History, especially of the Elizabethan and Stuart times, and most often of those whom he called 'your Puritan forefathers'; or he would let his imagination run riot, and together we would invent stories about the country-side where we were at the moment. Sometimes we would make up absurd poetry or discuss the plots of comic operas; and sometimes, in a serious mood, he would talk of the Church, of politics, our future plans, and his hopes and fears in his own work.

"Father was very fond of writing, and as with everything he possessed, he loved to share his ideas with others. One summer, when we were in Norfolk, he decided that we should collaborate in a novel. It was to be an historical romance of the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and the scene was to be laid in those parts of Norfolk which we knew best. We went for a walk, and discussed the plot and the characters, and we cycled to Blickling Hall in order to imagine Anne Boleyn in her proper setting. We settled to write alternate chapters, and I laboriously wrote the first, which I then took to Father for his approval. He started on the second, but, most characteristically, he got so enthralled with the story that he wrote about six chapters straight off, and then came and explained to me the purpose of all the characters which had appeared without being sanctioned by the original plan!

"He and I were most experienced collaborators. He gave me the impression that my contributions were most valuable, and was always ready for any suggestions; but all that was really skilful or amusing came from him. Our collaboration was principally in the musical plays we produced on Christmas Day. Ever since we were quite tiny children Father and Mother had devised some

wonderful surprise for us on Christmas evening: a fairy grotto in which the presents were hidden under the custody of Father as Father Christmas, Aladdin's cave, the North Pole, or something else which could be made to look attractive with snow and greenery and fairy lights. One Christmas, when we were rather older, the eldest being about 14, Father wrote a little play for us to act. The characters were Queen Elizabeth, Nelson, a Suffragette, and Father Christmas! We each had a song to a well-known tune, and a certain amount of blank verse. In the next play, and all that followed, Father and I collaborated. They were written in an extremely short time, and rehearsed in less, but we enjoyed them tremendously. On the day I got back from school for the Christmas holidays, Father and I would shut ourselves up in his study and evolve a plot and libretto and choose the music. We usually sat and laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks at our own absurdities. Father could toss off really amusing rhyming verse and songs to a particular tune with the most amazing speed. The plays gradually got more elaborate, and we had programmes printed, although the audience never consisted of more than the immediate household, and was generally outnumbered by the performers.

"How Father found time to read as much as he did it is hard to say, but he was an omnivorous reader, and he had a great belief in the power for good of the best books, fiction as well as other literature. In the evenings he would very often read aloud to us—most often he chose Dickens, Scott, or Browning; but Milton and the Puritan poets of America appealed to him strongly. He loved poetry above everything, as all knew who heard him preach, and he read beautifully. Browning and Milton he would have put first, for although he always delighted in beauty of expression, he gave first place to poetry with a moral appeal finely stated. The same

applied to the theatre. He believed intensely in the great possibilities of the drama, and was most anxious for us children to appreciate what was best on the stage, although he strongly discouraged indiscriminate theatre-going. I remember his delight in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and in *Everywoman*, to which he took me; and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were a continual joy to us all. We knew most of them by heart, and often had musical evenings, when we would take different parts, with my Mother as an unwearying accompanist.

“When we were away from home Father’s companionship was no less precious to us. He very seldom failed to write every week, and his letters were a continual inspiration. If ever we were in any difficulty or trouble we knew we had his unfailing sympathy and help. ‘In all your fights,’ he wrote to me, ‘whether it is up or down at the moment, my sympathies and prayers and love are always with you.’ His letters were full of interest: accounts of his own wanderings, discussion of his work at Whitefields and of events in the House of Commons, and, more than all, revealing a never-failing desire to enter into all our interests and to guide our steps in the light of his own experience. If I had to speak at a school debate, he would write and cheer me on with his own clear and reasoned views on the subject. If it was a course of action that bothered me, he would send wise and cheerful counsel, without for a moment attempting to hinder free judgment and action. The question of how we were going to use our lives in the future was constantly in his thoughts. The following passage from a letter to me expresses his view very clearly: ‘. . . you may find several competing fields of service, and then you will be able to exercise a free choice, untrammelled by any hindrances on the part of your Mother or myself. You know, dear lassie, that my one and only desire is to see all my children serving God and humanity

in the positions where they can be of greatest influence. My advice, therefore, is to you to keep a quite open mind, and at present run with patience the race that is set before you. Make your interests as wide as possible, but dig a good deep central channel by concentrating on your present work. I have great confidence that the light will come in which you will see clearly.'

"He loved to know about every detail of school and college life, and he shared in all our ups and downs, excitements, successes, and disappointments. When I went to Oxford he was especially keen to know everything, and on the occasions when he came to see me we talked over our mutual impressions, his work and my work, our plans and hopes. 'I am beginning to count the hours to my Sunday at Oxford. Keep that kettle bright. I yearn to see it shining on the hob! We must make the best of our hours. I intend to have a really restful day, and to luxuriate in old associations and new anticipations.'

"I really believe that Father used to get nearly as excited as we did when the time for home-coming arrived. 'We are all getting horribly excited about Christmas, and counting the days to your return. We have, of course, planned a triumphal arch at Ampthill Square, and engaged the Band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, and persuaded the Mayor of St. Pancras to read an address to you as you alight from your growler at this notorious establishment. Five balloons will be sent up, and I propose to celebrate the occasion by a first ascent in an airship.' Sometimes he would break forth into verse: in fact, several of his letters to the younger members of the family were in verse. The following was written in an outburst of Christmas spirits!

I saw a Father, old and grey,
Who seemed to ache in every bone;
His hair was like to ancient hay,
He spoke in quite a pulpit tone.

He seemed depressed, he seemed forlorn,
His back was bent, his eyes were dim,
His very clothes looked old and worn,
Even his public smile was grim.

He dragged his feet about the house
As though he could not run or leap ;
He sometimes whimpered like a mouse,
But mostly he would sit and weep.

There came an Angel to his side
With gauzy, feathery wings of pink ;
The Angel did not put on side,
But winked a sort of friendly wink.

A wreath of holly graced his brow,
Two mince-pies (rampant) were his crest ;
And as he made his courtly bow,
The mistletoe shone at his breast.

And what d'you think that Angel said
That made the old man laugh and grin,
And kick his heels and lift his head,
And dance around, and bark his shin ?

The Angel gaily twitched his ear,
The Angel slapped him on the back,
And in a jolly voice and clear
Cried, ' Dorothy is coming BACK ! '

“ One of the most striking and lovable traits in my Father's character was his capacity for sharing all good things with his friends. In special measure this applied to his own family. He never saw a beautiful sight, read a good book, or experienced a new pleasure without wanting to pass it on to those who loved him. He always longed to share with us his new friends, and on occasions when he was meeting someone whose friendship he valued, or whose personality he admired, he would often take a small son or daughter with him. He never really felt that a pleasure was undiluted unless one of us was there to share it with him. In the great moments of his life we were never forgotten. On the first polling day at Ipswich, though tired and harassed with claims

on every side, he found time to take me round the polling stations with him, and he never forgot to be generous to a child's intense excitement. At the time of the second election, in December 1910, I was at school, and bitterly disappointed not to be at Ipswich; but I was not forgotten, and in all the bustle and excitement of the day he seized a moment to write. 'We are in the midst of this eventful polling day. As I write to you those fateful ballot-papers are dropping into the boxes all over Ipswich, and no man knows what the hours will bring forth. . . . There is short time now, but I must send this to carry my love to Oliver and you. It is a good fight, the best in the world; and with all the stupid mud-slinging of the other side I wouldn't be out of it for a fortune.' And again on his first day in the House of Commons: 'This is only a line from this famous place just to let you know that I really am here, and have made an affirmation of unchanging loyalty to King and Constitution, which I hope means the People, for that is what I care for!'

"His friendship with all his children was no one-sided affair. He not only shared whole-heartedly in our interests and ideas, but he opened his whole heart and brought us in to share his own ideas and to understand his beliefs and the plan of his own life. Few people have had so many and so varied interests and enthusiasms. One of the last talks I had with him was on the blessing of a life which was full and varied. He distrusted over-specialization, and he believed that by cultivating all the noble things of life, art, music, literature, history, politics, social reform, the Christian life could best be sweetened and strengthened. In his case his joy in a multitude of interests and activities served only to bring into greater prominence his overpowering love of God and man, for which he would have sacrificed them all.

"The shock of his death came on us like a thunderbolt

from a clear sky. We could only find comfort in the knowledge that our relations with him had been perfect, and that his presence would continue to fill our home, as it has indeed done. I cannot better conclude than with some extracts from the last letter he wrote me before leaving England for America in 1914. It expresses better than any words of mine could what he felt about the relation of Father to children.

‘To me now in mid-life it seems so much greater a thing that Christ should judge, criticize, guide, correct, and control me than that I should worry about the critical theories which do not touch His essential authority over my life. Perhaps that is because I crave more and more for real practical help; and for hewing a way through the serried ranks of temptations and trials there is no sword like His. . . . There is one thing I do want to say ever so much. I shall be horribly jealous if any friend of yours is ever a more intimate friend than I am. . . . The glory of my own Father was that he was not only my Father but my friend. I talked everything over with him, and took no step without him of any consequence. That is why life has had such a blank space in it for me since he died. I know that I have been so busy here and there—too busy!—that I have not always seemed to you children the friend I have wanted so much to be. It is not too late to begin. However busy and engrossed I may be, you and your happiness are infinitely more to me than any other affairs can be. Dr. Dale once began a letter to me in these words, ‘Whatever troubles you troubles me.’ I pass it on to you, dear. Let us be great friends and allies. It’s a simple, natural camaraderie for which one comes to yearn. It is the solution of most difficulties and almost all troubles. Most of us suffer quite needless inward poverty, and even tragedy, because of our reticences and reserves; and all the while we might open our hearts and get the very

comfort we need. Let me be a better father than I have been by becoming a closer friend. Let us be as thick as thieves ! ’

“ The blank space which he felt for his own Father was left for us when he died two months after writing this letter. Even now we find it almost impossible to speak of him, and to write of him as we knew him is also impossible. We have a sacred and unfading memory, and we are happy in the knowledge that it is shared with us by hundreds of others who loved him and whom he loved.”

The following are some of his letters to his children :—

To one of his Daughters

“ February 23, 1914.

“ Your letter gave us the utmost delight. Do you know I did think of speaking to you at Christmas about the Church, but I would so much rather that the desire came from you. Your letter takes me back thirty years or more, to the day when your Uncle Fred and I resolved to take the first step. Things were perhaps a little more formidable in those days. We were interviewed by deacons ! They were very nice, however, and made everything quite simple.

“ Now let me put one or two points down for you, dear :—

“ (1) The only thing that really matters is that we give ourselves to Christ, to live, to work, think, and dare for Him. That is everything. You remember the passage in Matthew where Christ asks His disciples who they think He is, and Peter says, ‘ Thou art the Christ—the anointed one—the King and the Son of the Living God ’ ; and Jesus said in effect, ‘ Yes, that’s it ! On that confession I will build My Church.’ Anyone who accepts

Christ as King and Saviour ought to become a member of His Church.

“(2) We Congregationalists ask nothing else. We lay stress on no rites and ceremonies. We believe all true Christians are of equal value in His sight, and therefore our system is democratic. We were the first real democrats in the world. We choose our own ministers, pay our own way, and are free to have any kind of service or worship we prefer. Also we regard all other Christians as our brethren, though many of them will not recognize us as real Christians at all. The failure in brotherliness must never be on our side.

“(3) As to the Lord’s Supper, we believe it is best to have the very simplest form of it. We hold no superstitious view of the bread and wine, but regard it as a covenant service in which we realize Our Master’s presence and consecrate ourselves to His service and Kingdom.

“I will send you a little book, of which I was joint author, which puts all this quite plainly. Also, if you have time, read some of the first part of my *Free Church History*, which tells how we came to be. But the great thing is that we should be as close to the New Testament model as possible.”

“April 14, 1914.

How wonderful it is to think that you are really seventeen, and that you are getting to the end of school life and launching out on to the wide, wide sea! Here we are 3,000 miles away, crying, *Ave atque vale*. Last night I was lecturing at Whitefields on Abraham Lincoln. The Toplady Hall was crowded. You must read all about Lincoln. I put him second among my heroes, and just as Cromwell was ‘the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time,’ so Lincoln was the greatest because the most typical American. The more I read his speeches the more they grow upon

me, and no romance is more thrilling than how he came out of grinding poverty and became the uncrowned king of America. His wit, his common-sense, his generous soul made him an ideal hero for the democracy. . . .”

“ *November 14, 1908.*

“ . . . I am travelling north from Euston to Manchester, where I am to preach to-morrow, and I have just remembered that my letter to you is due; so here is some railway note-paper, and we can have a chat while the train does its sixty miles an hour. I have been so busy lately that it has been almost impossible to squeeze out time to write to anybody. First of all, there was an article on John Calvin waiting to be written for a book of essays, and it was promised for this morning. So for most of the week I lived in Geneva in the sixteenth century, and thought of Montreux, and the Bernese Oberland, and old John Calvin, who made Geneva a city of refuge for all the persecuted Protestants of Europe. Well, the essay got itself written somehow, and was duly sent off. But in the middle of it the Minister for Education, Mr. Runciman, sent for me, and all Tuesday I was at work trying to patch up a peace in Education so that there should be no more passive resistance, and the nation should manage the schools it pays for. We shall very likely not succeed, and my time will have been wasted, but one must do what one can to bring an end to all this strife; and I really do think that the Archbishop of Canterbury wants to be fair this time. Then there have been lots of meetings, and speeches to be made on all sorts of subjects, and that meant time, too; so that now you know why you haven't got a letter before this.

“ I did not tell you about the opening of the Rylands Hall, and how Mother made a very neat speech, which

was quite the speech of the day. We had a great time, and enjoyed everything hugely. The Hall is ever such a success, and you must see it when you come home at Christmas. We like your long, interesting letters immensely, and rejoice to think what a good time you have at school. What clever people you ought to be, for when I was at school we did not learn half the jolly things you do. Just now we are all John Milton mad ! I have been lecturing and speaking about him, and am arranging a great Mass Meeting on the subject for December 6. The 9th is the great day, for he was born on December 9, 300 years ago. . . .”

“ *January 25, 1908.*

“. . . I am very glad you are going to try to understand Free Trade. Free Trade means that we want to have in this country the best of everything, no matter in what part of the world it is made or grown. We invite all the world to send quite freely to us their best goods so that we may have the benefit of them. Suppose, for instance, you want one of those dear little Geneva watches, you can get it in London almost as cheaply as you can get it in Geneva. But in many countries you could not get it at all, because these countries say to the Swiss watchmakers, ‘If you send watches here, you will have to pay a large sum of money as a tax on each watch you send’ ; and that means that they cannot afford to send them. Now we believe that the people need the best of food from all quarters of the world ; so we let it all come in quite freely to feed our poor people. That is why quite poor folk can afford oranges and bananas and tinned fruits and cocoa-nuts ; and that is why bread is so cheap here while it is so dear in Germany. We get wheat from America and Canada and Russia and the Argentine Republic, and as we do not put a tax on it, the price is always low, and good food

is plentiful. There are lots of old people in the country who remember when bread was dear for poor people to eat, and they had to eat potatoes and cabbages and turnips, and hardly ever tasted bread. That was because we put such a tax on foreign corn that the price was very high indeed.

“You can see why this must be so if you try. Suppose that in Harpenden there is a large Market Hall where the country women come and sell eggs and butter. Now perhaps the people who own the Market Hall say to the country women, ‘If you want to sell your eggs in this building you must pay us a penny on every egg you sell.’ What does she do? When she sells her egg she charges that extra penny for it so that she shall not be out of pocket. If the egg itself is worth a penny, and she has to pay a penny to the Market Company for the right to sell it, she will charge the person who buys it twopence. So that the person who wants an egg to eat has to pay not only the proper price of the egg, but the tax levied by the Market Company. That is what you must try to say. The person who really pays that tax is the person who needs the egg and buys it. In political economy we call that person the *consumer*. We Free Traders argue that the consumer always pays the tax. Free Trade means cheap food, and Protection means dear food; and the people in the country, and not the foreigners, pay the tax in the long run. To talk about taxing the foreigner simply means taxing yourself, because you have to pay more for what the foreigner sends. . . .”

“IPSWICH,

“December 3, 1910.

“We are in the midst of this eventful polling-day. As I write to you those fateful ballot-papers are dropping

into the boxes all over Ipswich, and no man knows what the hours will bring.

“Bridget, Joan, and Ronald are here. Ronald is hugely delighted and excited, and carries his Teddy Bear everywhere with conscious pride. This morning your Mother, Lady Goddard, and I have been all round the place, and have had tremendous receptions. Everybody seems to think the town is much more yellow than it was in January, and the workers are confident; but we want every vote.

“Last night Lloyd George was here. It rained in torrents, but we had the greatest political meetings in the history of the town. You will see the full reports. Lloyd George was immensely delighted, and he had such ovations as only a great hero would ever receive.

“There is short time now, but I must send this to carry my love to Oliver and you. It is a good fight, the best in the world; and with all the mud-slinging of the other side I wouldn't be out of it for a fortune. . . .”

“January 6, 1911.

“I have told Mr. C. to post you the two books from Whitefields, and I hope you will get them to-morrow. You must let me know if any questions in your mind remain unanswered; and mark any passages in the books that are not clear to you. I can never forget the time when I joined the Church just before going to College. It seemed to me then, and it seems still, the greatest and most significant act of life—the choosing of the ‘side’ for which one was very definitely to strive all through life, and putting on the colours.

“Coming up in the train I was haunted by the fear that what I said to you might seem to emphasize the points of difference between one branch of the Church and another rather than the great point of membership of the great indivisible Church and Kingdom. I did

not mean to do that. When you join the Church, wherever it may be and under whatever form, you will avow yourself a member of Christ's historic universal Church, as one of His true disciples. We can confidently claim that all that is of His inspiring in history belongs to us, even as His Presence and Power are with us always, even unto the end of the age. . . ."

"January 27, 1911.

". . . Your Mother and I are going to Ipswich to-day to have a real good rejoicing over the triumph. The meeting is arranged by the women, and your Mother is to take the chair! I expect there will be quite 1,500 people present, and we shall have a glorious time. It would be perfect if you and Oliver could come too. . . ."

"THE WHITE HOUSE, CHURCH STRETTON,

"October 15, 1913.

"I am writing this in blazing sunshine, and the hills are bathed in it too. The bracken and bilberries have coloured them almost as the heather does. It is the glorious end of a glorious summer. I have just got back from staying in great pomp and glory at the Bishop's palace at Lincoln. He is a nice sort of man, but I felt no envy for him, and was glad my own lot in life, was a simple one.

"Your last letter interested me very deeply, as you may imagine. I am old-fashioned in my belief in the *Will* and in predestination. We want just that sense of 'destiny' which is sometimes so difficult to realize. But when it comes, it is the secret of peace and satisfaction. You have two years before you yet, and they should be splendid years, full of growing power and consciousness of development. Things *may*—I do not say they *will*—look very different to you as the time comes

for you to embrace some life-career. It is more than likely that with the very real gifts God has given you, you may find several competing fields of service; and then you will be able to exercise a free choice, untrammelled by any hindrances on the part of your Mother or myself. You know, dear lassie, that my one and only desire is to see all my children serving God and humanity in the positions where they can be of greatest influence. My advice, therefore, is to you to keep a quite open mind, and at present run with patience the race that is set before you. Make your interests as wide as possible, but dig a good deep central channel by concentrating on your present work. I have great confidence that the light will come in which you will see light clearly. . . ."

" *November 13, 1913.*

" If I were arguing the question I should concentrate on two main points :—

" (1) The unique character of land. Its limited quantity makes it easy to establish a monopoly. A rich stranger buys an estate, and buys the homes and livelihoods of scores and hundreds of people. He can clear them all out : it has frequently been done. If men do not vote as he pleases he can turn them out of their cottages, and they have to go outside his estate ; and a working understanding between a few Tory landlords means the mastery of a whole county. If you were dealing with any other necessity of life, the policy of Free Trade would make monopoly impossible. But land demands special treatment.

" (2) The labourer is more unfortunately situated than any other workman. Often wages can be improved by Trade Union action. But that is where hundreds or thousands of men meet at the same factory. The labourers are so sparsely scattered over large districts that they cannot combine effectively. They know little

or nothing of one another, and are conscious of their helplessness. The State ought to see justice done to them.

"In Ireland it will hardly be disputed that State interference has been invaluable. But in new countries like New Zealand they have a progressive land-tax. The more land a man owns the heavier his tax, until after a moderate amount the tax becomes practically prohibitive, and land thus cannot be monopolized by a few. . . ."

"CHURCH STRETTON,

"February 1, 1914.

"What a vigorous and merry life you seem to be leading! *Prosis!*"

"April 19, 1914.

"We have just got a splendid 'mail'—as they call it here—including letters from you all, and news of the tragic, ever-to-be-lamented decease of the little white pigeon. We wept four dewy drops of salt American tears. We have almost forgotten our unpleasant experience on the Atlantic, and are travelling around among the most delightful people, who are fêting us and feasting us to our hearts' content. Their houses are lovely, their motors adorable, and their meals epics! At Washington we did many interesting things. I saw the President, and had a very delightful talk with him. Then I had lunch with five members of the Cabinet, including Mr. Bryan. I was admitted to take a seat on the floor of the Senate in great pomp and glory. The public buildings at Washington are in white marble, and more gorgeous than can be found in any other city of the world. We came on here on Friday, and motored out from Philadelphia a few miles to this place (Haverford, Pa.) through the most splendid park by the side of the Delaware River. On Friday night I spoke to lots of people at

Haverford College on Home Rule for Ireland. Then yesterday we went a very long motor drive, some eighty miles through Pennsylvania. We saw where George Washington had his camp at Valley Foya. Then we went out to a very wild district till we came to a delightful farm-house run by the Quakers as a boarding-house. There we had lunch, and then went on over the worst roads man ever saw, with ruts so deep that it would not have surprised me to look down into them and see England on the other side of the world. However, I did not see you because I could not stop to look down, as I was made to bound upwards to the stars, and injured my best hat by hitting it against Mars (Mam-mars)—joke! Last night we had a swell dinner here, and to-day I preached in Bryn Mawr church, so called because this was originally a Welsh settlement. To-morrow we travel on to Yale, and my lectures begin. *Ora pro nobis.*”

Of her husband and his work, Mrs. Horne writes as follows :

“ It is impossible to write in a detached way of one with whom one lived in the closest of intimacy for so many years, or to express in any way the wonderful qualities which made him the ideal husband and father. In absolute unselfishness, an impartiality of judgment and the most serene of tempers, an incorrigible youthfulness and gaiety of spirit, a love of home which cost him more personal sacrifice than anything else, and above all intensely strong affections—all these counted more in his life than any of the qualities which made him loved and admired by the world outside.

“ My husband was a bad correspondent. He hated writing letters, and never did so unless obliged. The one exception he made was to his family. He and I always wrote to each other *every* day when absent, all

the twenty-two years of our married life, and he often wrote to the children—letters full of fun, and sometimes illustrated. Sister Esther—the most devoted worker at Whitefields—does not possess a letter of his. Others who pestered him with unnecessary correspondence had occasionally to be dealt with. He thoroughly approved of the view that letters answer themselves in time—but applications had to be tackled by his colleagues. Of all those who helped him in this way, Mr. Holmes was *facile princeps* as regards saving his time and strength. No bore or impostor could long escape his eagle eye, and he guarded the study with wonderful efficiency, and never minded the risk of making enemies if he could save him in any way.

“My husband always said that there was only one woman that he understood, and that was his wife. Women were mysteries to him, and he always felt that his message was specially to men. Of the empty-headed, purely society woman he had a horror. One woman vowed that she could get any man to flirt with her, and said she should try her hand on him. She wrote to ask for an interview, which was arranged, and confessed afterwards that she had been beaten for the first time in her life. He felt that men—and women—who did not attend church services were frequently more Christian than those who did. There was no one who cared less for form and conventionality. He welcomed Congregationalism not only for its principles, but for its freedom of thought and action. It was a great blow to him when, at the end of his years at Whitefields, certain members of the council felt that the subjects in the Men’s Meetings must be circumscribed, and more definitely ‘religious’ topics dealt with. He said that he felt his work to have been in vain if he could not make people see that *every* subject could be treated from a Christian standpoint. I told him—what he must have known—that these were only the views of a

handful: the members of the Men's Meeting were absolutely in accord with his views; but I felt that this was what definitely settled his future plans. He always discussed freely every phase of his work. He would come back and tell me that he had been preaching a sermon that he knew I should like—my taste was supposed to be somewhat more critical than many people's—and he liked me to tell him exactly what I thought. Those days cannot return, and it makes all who knew and loved him feel that other services can never be like his. He always said that he was a High Churchman, and felt that there was a special meaning in the celebration of the Lord's Supper that Nonconformists often missed. He sent his children to St. George's School, Harpenden, where the headmaster is a clergyman and the service of an Anglican type. His sympathies were broad, and he could appreciate the beauties of ritual as well as of the—ideally conducted—simpler forms of worship. There was no littleness in him, and he wished his children to mix freely with those of differing faiths, and to appreciate the best in each.

“No description of him could be complete without referring to his keen sense of humour. This is what made him so essentially human and non-parsonic to the average man. Yet he never lost his dignity. He suffered fools gladly—he was far too patient with intruders, and seldom could bring himself to say no to requests. Had he been less self-sacrificing, his own life might have been spared. It was in a real sense true that he laid down his life for others—and there were no words more fitting to put on his grave.”

CHAPTER X

CLOSING YEARS

IN the summer of 1911 Horne paid another flying visit to America on a preaching and lecturing tour. He spoke at Chatauqua and at the Lake Winona conference for students and teachers. The trip served as a holiday, of which he stood greatly in need. The excitement of politics and the late hours of Parliament had begun to tell on him, and he welcomed the voyage particularly as an opportunity of making up arrears of sleep. He wrote to his eldest daughter :—

“ NIAGARA FALLS,

“ *August 27, 1911.*

“ I am writing you a birthday letter from one of the famous places of the world. If only the railways and the steamships do their duty, this letter ought to post over land and sea and get to you somewhere about your birthday; but I fear it will be a little late. It was raining in torrents when I got to Niagara. The whole valley was full of rain and mist, so that you could hardly see anything. I went straight down from the hotel to the river, and stood by the brink and watched the rapids swirling and leaping along. There was not a gleam of sunshine, and it seemed to me to-day, as before, rather a terrible place. From the top where I was you cannot see the fall. You simply see where the river ends—just a straight line, and a column of white steam rising up. Beyond, you see the wooded cliffs of the great gorge, and you hear the sound of many waters, the hoarse roar of the tumbling billows. I came here from Buffalo,

down the Niagara river as it were, and it is wonderful how calm the river is till you get quite near the falls. The little ferry-boats ply across, and all seems so tranquil and free from danger. Then suddenly the high land begins to slip away, and the river goes downstairs, in leaps, until at last it just plunges over the precipice into space. After dinner I walked across the suspension bridge, and the American Falls looked like a white glimmering ghost, so weird and eerie. To-morrow I hope there will be some colour in the water, and then I shall see it as it was sixteen years ago.

“I came here from Chatauqua, and one day I must bring you to Chatauqua, for it seems to me one of the most interesting and unique places I have ever seen. It is on a beautiful lake and in the midst of groves and woods, and is wholly given over to a great summer school. There are Greek Temples for Music, Art, and Religion, a magnificent auditorium open at the sides and fringed with lovely trees, and holding 5,000 people. There are schools, colleges, gymnasias—everything you can conceive; and the loveliest wooden bungalows in every fascinating shape, and buried among the avenues, commanding lovely peeps of the lake. The people come from all over the States, and are really the leaders of American life. They get the finest speakers and preachers of the world here, and the audiences are certainly worth coming to see. When I get home I shall tell you all about it.

“I stopped on the way here at Buffalo, which some people think is the most beautiful city in America. The mansions and avenues and public buildings certainly surpassed all my expectations; and this notwithstanding the fact that it rained cats and dogs all the time. Your Mother was strangely deluded when she thought it was going to be hot here. I wish it would be even decently warm.”

Before he went to America Horne had the disagreeable

task of bringing a libel action against two papers called *John Bull* and *Mrs. Bull* for a scurrilous attack upon himself in an "Imaginary Interview," and other articles. Some of his friends thought that he would have been well advised to treat the matter with silent contempt. But he found that it was doing harm, not to himself, but to the cause which he represented, and he took the bold course. The case ended in his receiving an apology and damages. It was a vulgar and squalid business, and there is no need to rake up the details of it further. But it put an effective stop to a form of persecution which had been going on for some time. Horne's social and municipal work at Whitefields had aroused a good deal of enmity among some who stood for various vested interests, and his plain speaking and hard hitting as a politician did nothing to placate them. He was attacked with every device of low cunning and poisonous innuendo; but when his assailants at last brought themselves within reach of the law, he defended himself with entire success.

Meanwhile he was busy with another book, a short biography of Dr. Livingstone, for the London Missionary Society. He wrote it *con amore*, for Livingstone appealed to all that was high and adventurous in his own spirit. The result was a fine and moving narrative of a great career admirably adapted to kindle enthusiasm in the young folks for whom mainly it was intended. One outcome of this work was his collaboration, in the following year, with Mr. Hamish McCunn in the production of a Livingstone cantata, which proved very popular on missionary occasions. About this time, also, Horne began to think of obtaining a house at Church Stretton, a place which he greatly loved and intended to be his permanent home. It was in his native county, Shropshire, and he had for some time been accustomed to find rest and recreation there. It was becoming increasingly evident to him that he could not long continue doing the

double work of Whitefields and Parliament, and he was on the look-out for some place in the country in which to find refuge from the rush of London. For many reasons Sheringham was not suitable for more than holiday occasions. But at Stretton he found just what he wanted, and he took great delight in all the arrangements for the new home—destined to be his for all too brief a time.

In October 1912 his eldest daughter, Dorothy, went up to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. The following letters to her are characteristic :—

“ October 14, 1912.

“ We have been talking much of you, and I have been thinking about your great new experiences all the time. I wonder how you managed, who you saw, and what your first impressions are. It is a wonderful event, settling in at the University, and beginning life in the glorious historic, academic home of so many of the greatest of our English fathers. You ought to begin by reading Matthew Arnold's wonderful preface to his *Essays*. Do you remember the famous phrases about ‘ the lost enchantments of the Middle Age,’ ‘ home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs,’ and so forth ? Fortunately for you Oxford is showing herself more than this. She is still, I think, the Mother of new ideals—certainly of new idealists. The University that bred both Wesley and Pusey can never stand outside religious movements. Sometimes she calls us to reconsider and reproduce the past ; but sometimes she plays a braver and wiser part, and to-day there is in Oxford a progressive spirit with which you will find yourself in deep sympathy and agreement. When University tests were first abolished by Mr. Gladstone, and the earliest Free Church invasion of Oxford and Cambridge took place, many among us were timid and fearful as to the result. But since then we have learned to be secure in our own principles,

and to understand our own history and traditions better; and this is good for us in every way. We can do what so many Church people, to their loss, dare not do. We can get the best wherever we find it. We can learn from them, and join occasionally in their services, though they still stiffen and narrow themselves against public association with us in worship and service. That is why, outside England, we have won the day absolutely. The Protestant platform has got to be broad and generous and inclusive, and one can only feel sorry for those who are the victims of a sacerdotal view which cuts them off from helpful association with millions of their fellow-Christians.

"You will find that this is more and more the dividing line. Mere differences in ecclesiastical organization will count less and less in the future. But glad acknowledgment of the Christianity of all who love Christ, and willingness to unite with them in worship and at the Communion, and so forth, is the great thing, and it gives us an immense advantage in the modern world.

"All this is rather sermonie, my dear child, but I want you to realize it at the start, because it will keep you amid all problems and experiences true to the best and wisest conceptions of Christ's Church and Kingdom.

"Have the best of times; and get all the good out of Oxford you can, and give her of your best. . . ."

"October 29, 1912.

". . . Yours is a splendid letter, and helps us to realize your new life and its possibilities. You seem to be having a gay and strenuous time. The debate was quite a triumph. It is one of my hopes that you will become increasingly capable in putting things in this way before others. There are so many good ideas in the world which never get a proper show because of lack of competent exponents. After all, people are curiously willing to be taught; and in Oxford there is no indisposition to

accept new ideas. What we want always and everywhere is *missionaries*—what Aunt S. disapproves as ‘agitators’! These causes can only be won by people who will agitate for them. I now regard you as having definitely joined the ranks of the agitators! . . .”

“ November 19, 1912.

“. . . Wasn’t this House disgraceful last week? It really made me ashamed and horrified. In a way I think it has done good, for all sorts and kinds of people have joined in protest; and the Tory vandals now see that to wreck the proceedings of the House of Commons is not to win but to lose their cause. Asquith has really come out of the mess magnificently. His dignity and courage have never been more perfectly illustrated. We on our side are tremendously proud of him and loyal to him.

“ Let me tell you another piece of news. You remember Hamish McCunn, who wrote the music to the Orient Pageant. Well, he and I have collaborated over a Livingstone Cantata. It will be quite short, but I think it will be a great success. I have, of course, written the words; but we are going to have as a climax a setting of words chosen from Myers’ *St. Paul*, and McCunn has written a really glorious tune. . . .”

“ December 2, 1912.

“. . . When you come home we must talk about this question of disendowment. It is too big for a letter. But in the main, of course, it is a question of tithe: and tithe is a tax levied on land for the support of a Church. You cannot free a Church from State control and still allow it to tax all sorts and conditions of people for its own support. In multitudes of parishes in Wales not more than half a dozen people go to the parish church, yet the whole parish is taxed through the tithe to support a parson who is not in the least acceptable to the people. The whole system is ridiculous, and ought to be abolished.

It has been an open scandal for years. The tithe was, of course, originally imported from England and imposed on the Welsh people against their will. The whole case is conclusive against the perpetuation of tithe. Beyond that there is a case, though not a very sound one, for allowing the Episcopal Church to have the exclusive enjoyment of those ancient endowments which were, in point of fact, originally the property of the Roman Church. We say, and say truly, that when the Church became Protestant these endowments were transferred to a Protestant Church, and now the Church is overwhelmingly Free Church another disposition of this property ought to be made. It cannot be made to us, for it is against our principles to accept State endowments; but it might be used for charitable and philanthropic purposes common to all the Welsh people. That roughly is the case. . . .”

“*January 21, 1913.*

“ . . . We are steadily working through our business in this House, and the excitement of the Franchise Bill is at the door. Everywhere you find animated groups discussing ‘Women.’ There is no interest left in men! Ought women still to be ranked with peers and lunatics, or do they deserve to be treated as rational, responsible beings? The discussion is all the more interesting because violent partizans are found in both lobbies, and you are never sure what view your neighbour will take. You start a friendly conversation on the subject, and in a few seconds vials of boiling oil are poured out over you. Fortunately on the main question I am not convertible one way or the other; but when it comes to the degree of enfranchisement possible just now, it is of course another story. We have the best chance of getting Mr. Dickinson’s amendment, but a limited franchise would certainly ruin Liberalism, and nothing will persuade me to vote for a new propertied vote. . . .”

" January 27, 1913.

" You seem to be in for a high old time politically, and you must, of course, acquit yourself in a way worthy of the two distinguished families you represent! So I will sketch for you the line I would myself take if I were arguing the Referendum proposal. First of all, its impossibility in our mixed community. Scottish law is quite different from English, and Irish law from both. You could not have a Referendum on Scotch Land Reform because no Englishman would understand it. Again, a Referendum on Welsh Disestablishment would not be fair if the matter were to be decided by people who would not be affected at all one way or the other. In America—which is sure to be quoted—the Referendum only applies to *separate States*. Woodrow Wilson, the great advocate of it, told me that it could not be applied over the whole Union. That shows the practical impossibility of applying it here to all parts of the United Kingdom.

" (2) You cannot get a pure Referendum on a single subject. That must be clear to everybody. You cannot tell *why* an elector votes Yes or No. If he is a strong Tory he does it, probably, to embarrass the Government, and not because of any views he takes on the particular question. Look at Women's Suffrage, which is the most favourable subject for a Referendum. Just think what variety of motives have been influencing people lately as to how they should vote on the subject in the House of Commons.

" (3) You cannot *refer* general principles because you would never get both sides to agree on a statement of them. You must therefore *refer* complicated Bills, like the Home Rule Bill. Every objection possible to any clause might lead someone to say No, even though he strongly approved of the principle of the Bill. The Referendum is thus a device for uniting against reform every carping critic, and every conceivable school of

objector. It would thus make Reform frightfully difficult in a country like ours.

“(4) The Referendum is really the end of Representative Government. Our belief is that we should choose our man and make him a responsible representative, answerable to us. But if you have the Referendum, he will say, ‘Oh, let us have a popular vote to save me trouble.’ The system must undermine parliamentary responsibility and do a great deal of mischief. . . .”

In 1913 Horne became President of the National Brotherhood Council. This meant further demands on his time, but he met them ungrudgingly. His experience at Whitefields had convinced him of the great possibilities of the Brotherhood movement as an active adjunct of the Church, and as a means of mobilizing the Christian manhood of the country for social and philanthropic service of many kinds. In his presidential address at the annual meetings in Birmingham he described the movement as a new Protestantism which stood for “the full religious rights and privileges of what old Piers Plowman called ‘the common man,’” and he outlined a practical programme of applied Christianity well calculated to appeal to all that was best in his hearers. Among these Brotherhoods Horne was immensely popular. The men felt that he was their friend, that he understood them, and was able to voice their aspirations as well as their needs. They followed his career with the deepest interest as that of one who meant what he said and who was not afraid to practise what he preached. After his death no more sincere or touching tributes were received than those from working men who had been accustomed to look to him as the leader of their choice. In one of his last public utterances Horne paid tribute to the movement as one of the most remarkable in the recent history of Christianity, and described the secret of its attraction as twofold: “Firstly, it

presents for the acceptance of men a very simple faith ; and secondly, it brings them to close quarters with certain giant social evils which we of the Churches have ignored too long."

What leisure time Horne could obtain during this busy year was occupied with preparing the "Yale Lectures on Preaching," which he was under promise to deliver in America in the spring of 1914. It was a task quite after his own heart. He chose for his subject "The Romance of Preaching." Beginning with a discussion of prophetic and apostolic preaching, he went on to deal with his theme historically, illustrating it from the lives of great preachers of every age—Athanasius and Chrysostom, Savonarola and Knox, John Robinson, Wesley and Whitefield. The lectures are printed just as they were spoken ; but they give evidence of careful preparation, and even the written word glows with something of the energy and enthusiasm of the speaker. The book is full of good things, unexpected sidelights and wise counsels : Horne loved to magnify the preacher's office, and it is easy to read between the lines and see how true he was to his own great ideals. As delivered the lectures made a very great impression. Dr. Charles R. Brown, of Yale, wrote of them : " Few lecturers have ever so gripped the divinity students, the larger audience of pastors in active service, and the thoughtful people of Newhaven as did Silvester Horne." " The intellectual distinction which marked his utterances, the fine literary form in which they were phrased, the moral passion which gave to their delivery that energy which belongs to words which are ' spirit and life,' together with the rare spiritual insight displayed, all combined to make notable the service he rendered to Yale University."

The delivery of these lectures was practically the last service which Horne rendered to his generation. By the close of the year 1913 it was becoming evident that his bodily strength would not much longer be equal to

the strain he was putting upon it. He decided, under advice, that he must retire from Whitefields. It was a great wrench, but, in a sense, his work there was done. He had been a pioneer, and it was quite possible for others to carry on and consolidate that which he had so well begun. He was happy in being able to hand over his work to so competent a successor as the Rev. Charter Piggott, who had for some little while been his assistant definitely with a view to this end. For himself he meant for a time to continue in Parliament and give himself to public work.

The resignation from Whitefields took effect in January 1914, and in the spring of the same year Horne started for America, accompanied by his wife, to deliver his Yale Lectures and to fulfil other engagements in the States and in Canada. There was some misgiving about his undertaking the task, and the doctors told him that he would need to avoid all over-exertion. It was hoped, however, that the rest of the voyage would do him good, and in any case his programme was not an unusually heavy one. He greatly enjoyed lecturing and preaching at Yale, and his bearing was full of life and power. The visit was an unqualified success, renewing old friendships and making new ones. From Boston he went on to Niagara, and thence took boat to Toronto. As the boat entered Toronto harbour he was walking on the deck with his wife when he suddenly fell, and before aid could reach him his bright spirit had passed. It was a great and fitting thing that he should be thus called away in the midst of his work, but to his friends the shock was overwhelming. The great Brotherhood meeting which he was to have addressed on arrival in Toronto was turned into a memorial service, the first of many in which all sorts and conditions of people met to express their sorrow and to thank God for the gift of so great a life.

Horne's body was taken from the ship to the house of

Mr. Rowell,¹ whose guest he was to have been. He and his family and other Canadian friends were untiring in their sympathetic helpfulness to Mrs. Horne in this time of sore need. She bore herself with great bravery through it all, and it was arranged that she should accompany the body back to England a few days later. Here at home the sense of loss was acute and widespread, and found expression in innumerable tributes from all sorts and conditions of people, and in a great number of memorial services all over the country. The Congregational Union was then in session in London, and the City Temple was never filled by a larger or more representative audience than met to pay to Horne the last loving tribute. The note of the service was one of triumph and hope tinged only with the passionate regret that his time should have been so short.

The body was laid to rest in the peaceful little burial-ground of Church Stretton. At the service there Horne's lifelong friend, Dr. Forsyth, spoke words which may well serve to sum up the story we have tried to tell in this book.

“Silvester Horne belonged to those who are a bond between nations. He died while acting as a link between the old world and the new. But also in his death he is a living link between the seen and unseen worlds. These are the deaths that do not impoverish life, but enrich it. So Death is the Great Reconciler.

“Therefore draw no blinds down, pull the curtains aside, flood the house with sunshine, strew the place with lively flowers for our lively hope, bid the young not cease their play, and the old not cease from their wholesome talk of friendly things. It is all less joyous than the air of his place now in the house not made with hands. It is the note of blessing, and triumph, and glory, and gladness that answers best his present frame, if

¹ N. W. Rowell, K.C., a member of the Ontario Legislature.

our faith is true. The very Cross is submerged in the Resurrection joy. Let a solemn gladness keep our hearts and minds in Jesus Christ.

“He went quickly in one speechless moment. But do not speak of it as tragic.

As a guest, that may not stay
Long and sad farewells to say,
Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed,
Thou hast left us at thy best.

“I am here because (I am told) he would have wished it. But if we think of his wishes, and if any voice of his could reach us now, he would bid us speak not of him but of Christ, who was the supreme passion of his full and eager life. That quick manner of leaving life became the swift spirit of it.

“He was a ‘happy warrior’ (what a Sword of the Spirit he was, with a point, and an edge, and a flash, and a laugh). And as that warrior was in a crisis

. . . attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired,

so we may think of the sharp crisis of our brother's end. I think of that eagerness as he rushed—shall we say rushed?—at a sharp call, with a sudden and shining surprise, into the presence of his Lord. He went as the lightning flashes from this earthly end of heaven to the other. He went with a pure apostolic haste, tarrying to salute no man by the way, nor bid farewell to his ownest own. There is in Padua a fresco by Giotto of Christ's Resurrection in which He seems almost shooting upwards from the tomb, His face impatient to leave the world and return to His Father. And we can think of this soul now, taking his way through that heavenly place to his Lord's side with more than all the raptness

he spent on his Lord's cause here. As who should say, 'This one thing I do. I praise and magnify His glorious Name. Let us exalt His name together. Rejoice evermore.'

"In the lives of true saints and great wrestlers with God (yea, and of some who know themselves to be neither!) there come times when they wish to pray no more. It is not weariness, nor impatience, nor despair. It is the other way. It is fruition. 'In that day ye shall ask Me nothing.' It is not even repose. It is the old energy in a new and higher form. It is praise. It is adoration. We just worship. So death comes to such a soul as once filled this clay before us. Here his life was one ceaseless labour, one urgent and sustained prayer. Toil and prayer were one. It was a divine, sleepless importunacy. No one more incarnated the words—

I will not cease from mental strife,
Nor let the sword fall from my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

But all that now gives way. Quest ends in conquest. And he does not simply rest from his labours. He 'triumphs in conclusive bliss.' The energy of his blessed spirit goes out in praise, and all that is in him is stirred up to bless and magnify his Saviour's Glorious Name, in such high offices as suit the perfect energies of heaven. That should be our frame if we follow him in spirit.

"It is not well at such times to say much about heaven or about the dead. They know more than we do. And I am not praising Silvester Horne, but God's Grace in him. I would join him as he praises—as in worship we forget the man next us. We cannot praise too much Him in whose worship our dead are lost to the world. But is it heartless praise, his worship now? Can he forget us? No more than the bride forgets her father's

house when she goes to be always with her new lord. Once he was ours, now he is much more Christ's—yet ours still. And there are great reunions."

To the multitude of his friends the news of Horne's premature death came as a staggering blow. Letters poured in upon his widow from every quarter of the globe. They give abundant evidence not merely of his widespread influence for good, but of the deep affection and regard in which he was held by friends and opponents alike. The Bishop of London wrote: "I had the greatest respect and affection for him," and the same note was struck by many others who were not of his way of thinking.

His memory will long remain in "lives made better by his presence." But it was thought that there should be some tangible public memorial of a life so long dedicated to the public service. A movement to this end was set on foot soon after his death, and the scheme ultimately took the form of a village institute at Church Stretton, which should serve as a religious, social, and educational centre for all the people of the district. Subscriptions came in from far and near, and a beautiful and convenient building was erected from the design of Mr. Garrett Horder. It was opened and dedicated to his memory in September 1917, when the Bishop of Hereford, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and Dr. J. D. Jones joined in paying fitting tribute to the man and his work. May this record of his life serve also to keep his memory green, and to stimulate others to follow where he led.

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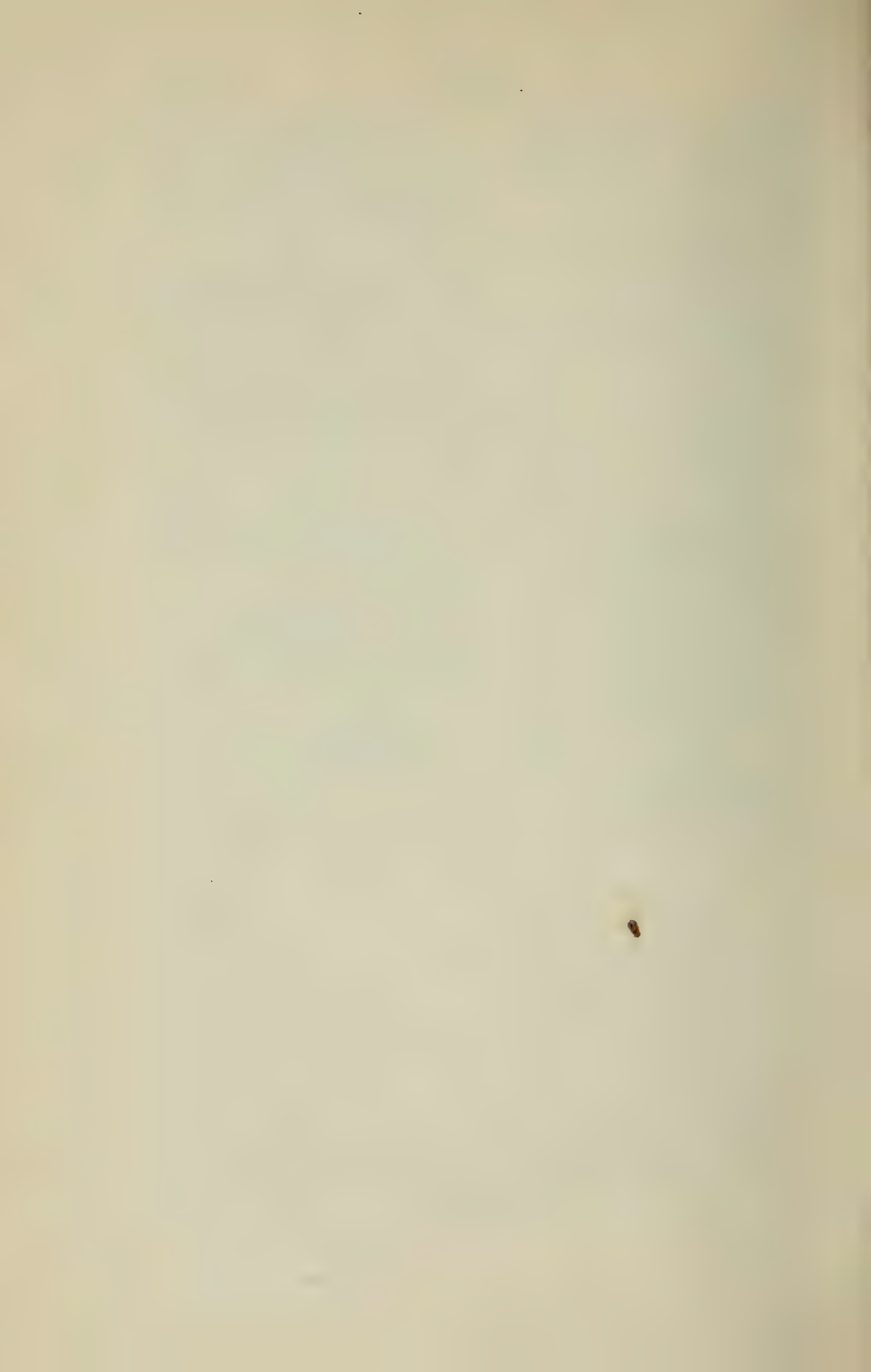
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